WALTER BUTLER MAHONY
Editor

JOHN PELL
Associate Editor

KENNETH WILCOX PAYNE
Editorial Director

The North American Review

ONE-HUNDRED-SIXTEENTH YEAR

Volume 230 — *July 1930* — Number 1

Mr. Hoover's Hair Shirt	*John Pell*	1
Eavesdropping in Russia	*Joshua Kunitz*	7
The Revolt Against the Tariff	*William O. Scroggs*	18
So This Is London	*R. H. S.*	25
The Shadow Business	*Howard McLellan*	29
Absurdities of Prohibition	*Harry Hibschman*	36
Red Hansen's Romance	*Don Knowlton*	44
New Things in the Air	*Howard Mingos*	53
Sport Psychology	*J. B. M. Clark*	60
Hell's Shootin'	*Charles Wood*	62
The Crisis in Cuba	*The Rt. Rev. H. R. Hulse*	71
Mint Tea and Couss-Couss	*Eleanor Hoffmann*	76
Algerian Nightfall (Poem)	*Jo Hartman*	84
Curse or Coincidence?	*P. W. Wilson*	85
What Price Baby-Tending?	*Avis D. Carlson*	93
The Great Word War	*Louise Maunsell Field*	101
Sarajevos in Asia	*Raymond Fuller*	107
High School Poets	*Nellie B. Sergent*	113
Stuff and Nonsense	*Donald F. Rose*	121

Index to The North American Review, Volume 229 (January 1930–July 1930, inclusive), is now ready and will be mailed upon request.

Published by the North American Review Corporation
Editorial and Executive Office, 9 East 37th Street, New York, N. Y.
Cable address: Rahbow
WALTER BUTLER MAHONY, *President;* CHARLES BATES DANA, *Secretary*
ERNEST FISHER, *Business Manager*
The price of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, appearing monthly, is forty cents a single copy, or four dollars a year, in the United States, Porto Rico, and the Philippine Islands. Subscribers in Canada should add to the yearly subscription price, 50 cents for postage, and those in foreign countries one dollar. THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is on file in public libraries and is fully indexed in *The Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature.*

Title registered U. S. Patent Office. The contents of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW are copyrighted. Republication is permissible only upon special request in each instance.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Literary Landscape

By Herschel Brickell

The present confusion of human values, the whole scene of foundered traditions and decaying institutions, may largely be blamed upon the immeasurable changes ordered by the industrial revolution. (In the ulterior sense, a mechanistic philosophy of decades and centuries is actually at fault.) At any rate, changes, new rhythms, were introduced, for which no adequate moral resources were imaginable. We live now in a time of peace which has all the air of war. — From *Portrait of The Artist as American*, by Matthew Josephson. (Harcourt, Brace, $3.)

The Landscaper returns, as might be gathered from the foregoing quotation, to a favorite subject, which by this time may have become somewhat wearisome to his readers; namely, the state of civilization in the United States, and the chances for human happiness in our own time. Mr. Josephson has attacked the subject, although his concern is with the artist rather than the mass of humanity, from the point of view of Americans who, in the past, have not been able to live and work in their own country. In general, his theory is a familiar one, and it lies in the plaint that our machine-made culture is not sympathetic to the sensitive person who wishes to create beauty, although before the book is quite finished, we find him yielding a point, and even going so far, in these optimistic words, to believe that some good may come out of Babylon after all:

"Artists may become centurians of Soap for a time, pro-consuls of Hydro-electricity; they may improvise before the microphone, dance before the television box. A period of training, a phase of discipline, will elapse; and in the end the force of mind in them may again leaven this society which has known only material occupations. The dispersed and scattered beauty of automobiles and spotless kitchens and cubic office buildings will have been organized and given meaning through their understanding of the *ensemble*. A spiritual equilibrium will have been reached in which they will have been active factors."

America and Its Art

This is another way of stating a familiar belief that in time America will produce great art, which will be closely related to the very elements in our national life that seem to be farthest removed from the creative life of the individual, although these elements may contain in themselves much beauty of the most stirring sort. These columns have not been free from the Landscaper's observations concerning the thrilling and dramatic vision that is New York, the symbol of modern America; the difficulty, of course, is to detach one's self from the life that swirls ceaselessly up and down and around the city's towers so that this drama may be enjoyed. Perhaps Mr. Josephson's artists will have achieved this happy detachment, and perhaps they may, as he says, succeed in giving form and meaning to so much that now appears fortuitous and only accidentally lovely. Certainly there is no harm in hoping that his mild optimism may be justified.

As for his central thesis, it has less interest for this commentator than the way he has worked it out. There is nothing easier than to set up a case against any civilization if it be measured by its suitability to the life of its artists; it has been pointed out by other reviewers that the artist must be so sensitive that he can hardly expect to be happy, no matter where he is placed. Indeed, if he were happy; if, in short, he had succeeded in striking a perfect balance he would immediately cease to be an artist and become a vegetable. The Landscaper does not believe that very many of Mr. Josephson's examples would have been happy anywhere; their difficulties arose out of their own inner conflicts and had, at bottom, little to do with their environment. That a good many of them found a more satisfactory adjustment in the older countries was a perfectly natural circumstance; they were brought up in the shadow of older cultures, and returned to them as naturally as a child to its own rooftree. But men like Bierce and Hearn, for example, would have been pretty miserable anywhere in any period, and Emily Dickinson would have made her own marvelous world within a garden wall even though she had been born in Athens in the time of Pericles, supposing that this legendary period was really as ideal from the intellectual point of view as it has been made to appear.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books about People

BIOGRAPHY, which has not been especially active for a month or two, appears to have taken a new spurt, and there are now available many books about a great variety of men and women. One may read for example William H. Allen's *Rockefeller, Giant, Dwarf, Symbol* (Institute for Public Service), a wholly iconoclastic study of the head of Standard Oil, which the author says was refused by a number of publishers because they were afraid of it, and may learn there a good deal about the vast gifts to philanthrophy that have been given during the later years of this billionaire. Mr. Allen goes deeply into the origins of the Rockefellers and their fortune; he treats seriously a good many of the stories that are to be found somewhat flippantly related in John Winkler's *Portrait in Oils*. His is a badly written book, which may have had something to do with its rejection, but it contains a tremendous amount of interesting material, and will be enjoyed by all those who refuse to accept the Rockefeller myth at its face value. Mr. Allen contends that the elder Rockefeller has no intellectual interests, and is, in fact, a dull person, which is not at all hard to believe, for not even the best of public relations counsel have been able to make Mr. Rockefeller an attractive personality. There remains in this case the fascinating change in attitude on the part of the American public toward Rockefeller; once regarded as one of the greatest villains of our times, he has come to be looked upon as one of humanity's most important benefactors. Mr. Allen will not have it this way, and he is not at all without evidence to back up his conclusions.

Americans and Others

HOWARD K. BEALE has dipped into American history for his *The Critical Year: A Study of Andrew Johnson and Reconstruction* (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75), a scholarly study of the times so hotly treated of in Claude Bowers' *The Tragic Era*, or so judicially handled in Robert W. Winston's *Andrew Johnson: Plebeian and Patriot*. Mr. Beale is another apologist for Andrew Johnson, and his book another sound reason for the reversal of conventional history's judgment of the Tennessee shoemaker. Owen Wister has written charmingly of himself and Roosevelt in *Roosevelt: The Story of a Friendship: 1880–1919* (Macmillan, $4), a volume made up largely of intimate letters, and a sort of combined biography-autobiography, with much material of the sort that should eventually get into history books.

Of outstanding European figures there are books about Briand and Von Hindenburg. *Briand, Man of Peace* by Valentine Thomson (Covici-Friede, $5) is an intimate portrait of the

The Virginia Quarterly Review *for July*

Can Religion Blend with Modern Science?
By H. M. Johnson

Sanctuary in Porcelain
By James Branch Cabell

England Has Lobbies Too
By E. Pendleton Herring

Chicago—Believe It or Not
By Graham Aldis

Nobody Loves Me
By D. H. Lawrence

Where the World Had Gilt Upon It
By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

The Last Trump
By Hugh Walpole

Other Articles, Poetry and Book Discussions

"One of the only two worthwhile Quarterly magazines in the country."
—*Boston Evening Transcript*

"The best literary or idea magazine in America." —*Burton Rascoe*

THE VIRGINIA QUARTERLY REVIEW
University, Virginia
75 Cents a Copy ***$3.00 a Year***

95742
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

French political leader, written by the daughter of one of Briand's most intimate friends, and from many conversations between the subject and the author. Madame Thomson has quoted Briand freely upon Clemenceau, Millerand, Joffre, Foch, Lloyd George, Kitchener, Poincaré, and Pershing, among others, and she has tried to clarify his aims, which are of such prime importance to the peace of the world. The book is the first full length study available in English. *The Biography of Von Hindenburg* by Rudolph Weterstetten and A. M. K. Watson (Macmillan, $2.50), is the full story of the German general who became President of the Reich, and who today at eighty-three is one of the most powerful figures in European politics. *Krupp* by William Bedrow (Lincoln MacVeagh — The Dial Press, $5), is a collection of letters from the founder of the Krupp works, edited at the request and with the assistance of the family, a sort of official collection that is more interesting than it might sound; it tells the story of the rise in business of one of the principal factors in the World War.

A biography in the modern manner is *The Madcap Queen* by Paul Rival (Putnam, $3.50), which tells the tale of Margaret of Navarre, and her amours. The translation is by Marvin McCord Lowes, and while the book would not appear to have too much value as a piece of scholarship, it is entertaining enough. General Max Weygand has done a life of *Turenne: Marshal of France*, (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), which lays full emphasis upon the military genius of the man, but which also attempts successfully to set him in his proper environment and to make him human.

"The Little Review's" Story

Of RECENT literary biographies by all odds the most interesting the Landscaper has seen is Margaret Anderson's *My Thirty Years' War* (Covici-Friede, $4), which is the story of the life to date of the founder of *The Little Review*, and a fascinating history of the experimental side of modern literature. One doubts if it will give the Babbit-More group of New Humanists much pleasure, since the people with whom Miss Anderson has associated have all been engaged in setting up new standards and worrying not at all about the sin of excess, but to all those readers who have watched the rising influence of men like James Joyce, and, indeed, to all those who care for self-portraits of striking personalities, the volume will prove worthy of mention. In Miss Anderson's crowded pages appear not only the Irish god of Shakespeare and Company's shrine in Paris, but also John S. Sumner, who first brought *Ulysses* to the attention of the public — without his assistance one doubts that the book would ever have gone past its first printing, and now a new edition has to be done every spring to satisfy the American tourist, demand — Pablo Picasso, T. S. Eliot, Otto H. Kahn, Ernest Hemingway, Brancusi, Amy Lowell, and Gertrude Stein, to mention only a few of the cast of characters. Miss Anderson's own story is quite enough to make the book good reading, but because of her intimate association with the people mentioned, and others, it takes on added interest; as a matter of fact it is permanent value as a history of certain phases of contemporary literature. Perhaps the Landscaper has succeeded in conveying something of his pleasure in the perusal of the book; if not, he will add that it is one of perhaps a dozen books he has read this year that he knows will be read again. A generation from now it will be more valuable than it is today, and of how many books may this fairly be written?

The only other literary biography at hand just now is an excellent study of Baudelaire by Lewis Piaget Shanks, called *Baudelaire, Flesh and Spirit.* (Little, Brown, $3.50.) Mr. Shanks has devoted years of study to the life and works of the author of *The Flowers of Evil*, and has even made English verse of Baudelaire's poetry; his is a scholarly book, but by no means a dull one. Stefan Zweig's *Balzac, Dickens and Dostoevsky* (Viking Press, $3), is in a measure, at least, a continuation of the same author's *Adepts in Self-Portraiture*, in which he discussed Casanova, Stendhal and Tolstoi. The new book contains biographical-critical studies of the three great writers of the Nineteenth Century, and is brilliantly done, in fact one of the most readable and sound of recent attempts at literary interpretation. Zweig's position as a critic in Germany should assure him of a hearing in this country, although he has not as yet had the recognition he deserves. Eden and Cedar Paul are the translators of the new book, as they were of its predecessor.

Papini on St. Augustine

A RECENT religious biography is Giovanni Papini's *St. Augustine* (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00), the first book from the pen of this gentleman, so far as the Landscaper can recollect, since his overwhelmingly popular *Life of Christ.* Papini feels that he and the African saint have much in common, which is as may be; at any rate Augustine is of especial interest to our own time, since he has often been called the first modern man, and this new biography represents a great deal of research. One supposes that those who admire Papini will buy it in quantities. The most the Landscaper can say for it, after a somewhat cursory examination, is that it seems a better and far more important book than the *Life of Christ.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Light Fiction Crop

THE current crop of fiction is a light one, with only a few novels worthy of any especial notice, the prevailing state of the book trade probably having exercised a restraining influence on some of the publishers, and caused them to hold back on their "big shots" until times are better. A few of the English novels that were attracting attention in London during the earlier months of the year are now available, among them one of the best, if not the best, story of circus life the Landscaper has ever read. This is *Red Wagon* by Lady Eleanor Smith (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50). Lady Eleanor is the daughter of Lord Birkenhead, and has a passion for circuses and gypsies that must touch a sympathetic chord for all those who have a streak of the tramp in them. She has told an excellent story of the travelling circuses of England, weaving it around the figure of a circus-born protagonist, who eventually owns his own show. No attempt is made to drag in the color and glamour of the circus, but the author has managed to make her book a good deal more than a mere account of life among the circus-folk and the English gypsies; the red wagon becomes a sort of symbol of the eternal circus — a venerable institution the eternal appeal of which could not be better exemplified than by mentioning the excitement occasioned in New York upon the annual visit of our own mammoth circus, which even if it is not housed in a big top, remains strangely appealing. Not a great deal of literary skill has gone into *Red Wagon*, perhaps, but Lady Eleanor's characters are very much alive, and one must respect her evident knowledge of the life she writes about.

Well Liked in England

HELEN ASHTON'S *Dr. Serocold* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50), which has the good fortune of a book club choice, is the story of one day in the life of a country physician, very well done indeed, but hardly of the widest appeal because of its quietness. It will be interesting to this observer to watch the reception of *Dr. Serocold* by the American public. Kathleen Coyle's *Flock of Birds* (Dutton, $2.50) is an admirable addition to Miss Coyle's growing list of good novels, a story of Dublin during the terrible days of the Blacks and Tans, and a story, more especially, of a mother. Miss Coyle writes exquisitely; here is a distinctly feminine and minor talent, but the quality of it is excellent. The new book takes high rank among her fiction.

Two of the English war novels that have created sensations across the Atlantic are *Her Privates We* (Putnam, $2.50), and *War Is War* by "Ex-Private X" (Dutton, $2.50). Both are anonymous and wholly realistic accounts of the War, of the type which by this time has become quite familiar. They are among the best of the lot, and in a way it seems a pity to have them come along when the edge seems to have been lost from the public's interest in what happened during 1914–1918. *War Is War* comes nearer to being a pacifistic document than *Her Privates We;* R. C. Sherriff, the author of *Journey's End* has called the former book the English *All Quiet. Her Privates We* and *War Is War* are both said to have been written by men of established literary reputations, and argument in England over their identity no doubt helped to sell the books. There was a limited, unexpurgated edition of *Her Privates We*, which was bought up at once, and which no doubt had something to do with the popular demand for the book. What will happen to the two novels here would be very hard to forecast, although if they fall by the wayside, it will not be because of any lack of merit on the part of both. One suspects, though, that the public appetite for novels of the war has been satiated for a time, at least.

ROCKEFELLER
giant • dwarf • symbol
by William H. Allen
author of Efficient Democracy

Uncensored biography and personality portrait — stories, anecdotes, records, pictures, adventures, ways to double benefits from big giving, dangers with benefits of big business — will entertain you and help you entertain as host, guest, companion, writer and fellow citizen.

"Important literary work," Rossiter Johnson. *"Immeasurable service,"* John Haynes Holmes. *"Remarkable human document,"* Minneapolis Tribune.

Ask bookshop or library, order C.O.D. or send $5 to

PUBLIC SERVICE 53 CHAMBERS ST. NEW YORK CITY

Dr. Stemmerman's Great New Book
INTESTINAL MANAGEMENT
Will Bring You Longer and Happier Life

If you seek freedom from the results of constipation: high blood pressure, acidosis, rheumatism, kidney troubles, headaches, nervousness, inability to concentrate, sleeplessness, etc. — if you would be free from the slavery of constant dieting, pill taking and enema habit, begin thus: Send for our free brochure. It reviews "Intestinal Management" fully, contains three full chapters (to give you an idea of its readability and good sense) viz., "Insomnia," "Is Exercise Worth While?" "Shall We Eat Fruits and Vegetables?" and includes a biographical sketch of its internationally known author, William H. Stemmerman, M.D. (New York University and Bellevue Hospital Medical College.)

He tells you in simple language, how to permanently banish constipation and its serious consequences; how to flush the intestinal tract daily without the use of drugs, minerals, oils or enema. He gives you the fruitful results of 35 years' active experience as a regular medical practitioner and as a specialist in intestinal hygiene.

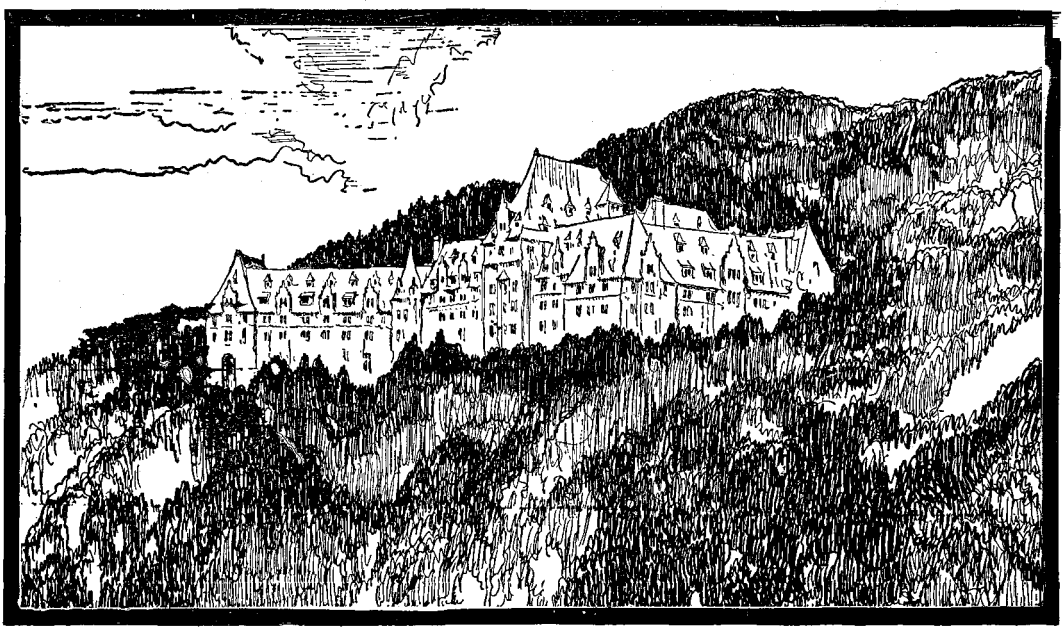
EVERYONE who values health and longevity should SEND POSTAL TODAY for this free brochure, to

ARDEN PUBLISHERS
Dept. 380, Highland Park, Los Angeles, Calif.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MANOIR RICHELIEU

AT MURRAY BAY, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, CANADA

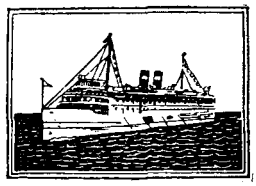


WHERE THE ST. LAWRENCE BECKONS TO THE SEA

SMOKE-BLUE mountains to the north and water of Mediterranean brilliance stretching as far as the eye can see—salty breezes from the St. Lawrence blending with the scent of pine and balsam from the eternal hills—Murray Bay.

A manor house, thrusting up above the tallest trees, looks out upon this gorgeous view. Its many windows, facing the river, catch the morning sun. The MANOIR RICHELIEU lords it over a vast domain. Here is metropolitan hotel comfort on a grand scale and every sport that summer can suggest. The famous golf course in turn overlooks the Manoir, being laid upon the crest of its mountain background. Salt water flows through the outdoor swimming pool. Saddle horses know woodland trails. Tennis, on splendid *en-tout-cas* courts, is much in vogue. You will not think of any pleasure or entertainment which is not offered to you here.

An illustrated booklet tells you everything you want to know about the MANOIR RICHELIEU and Murray Bay, in summer and winter. Write for one. And a special leaflet, "Freedom From Hay Fever at Murray Bay" may interest you or a friend. Please ask for it.



CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES

715 VICTORIA SQUARE, MONTREAL, QUE.

MR81

Agents in leading cities of Canada and the United States or your own Tourist Agent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

The North American Review

VOLUME 230 JULY, 1930 NUMBER 1

Mr. Hoover's Hair Shirt

BY JOHN PELL

WHEN Admiral Dewey returned from Manila, New York City and its harbors were bedecked for his triumph. Staten Island and the Jersey Coast were illuminated with flares. A triumphal arch was erected at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street. Thirty-four thousand troops marched in the parade. A sword was presented to the Admiral and a special uniform designed for him. Congress passed a vote of thanks. But that was not enough. The newspapers of the country collected fifty thousand dollars, bought a house in Washington, and presented it to him. People were beginning to talk of his Presidential possibilities.

At about that time Dewey married. Like many other husbands he put the house in his wife's name. The newspapers found it out. They turned on the hero of a few months before and showered him with abuse and sarcasm. He was forgotten by the people and never again considered for any political office.

Herbert Hoover was swept into office on a tidal wave of enthusiasm. He was elected President by the greatest majority on record. A San Francisco paper of November, 1928, expressed the opinion of a great part of that multitude of voters:

> We predict that Herbert Hoover will enroll his name with those of the greatest Presidents the nation has had. We foresee under his guidance a constructive period likely to eclipse anything of its kind that has gone before. He is a constructive man. He will, we believe, drive so forcefully at the tasks now before the nation that the end of his eight years as President will find us looking back on an era of prodigious achievement.

A FEW weeks ago House Minority Leader Garner of Texas expressed the opinion of a great part of the country in these words:

> The titular party leader in the White House is either lacking in courage or capacity to lead, and the consequent bewilderment of Congressional leadership is a reflection of the deepening disappointment of the American people in the promised and expected major part the President was to play in shaping national affairs to the better ends of national needs.

Copyright, 1930, by North American Review Corporation. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There is not a Republican leader in either House who has the faintest glimmer of what the President wants and, worse still, they haven't the slightest idea that he wants anything particularly constructive or progressive.

* * * * *

I WAS talking to the corner druggist. He belonged to the old school. He scorned lunch counters, candy counters, book counters. "I've been a lifelong Republican," he said. "I voted for Hoover. But I never will again — him or any other Republican."

"Why?" I asked.

"Look at the service!" he exclaimed.

"Whose — Hoover's?"

"No!" he expostulated. "Chain stores. We small independents give real service and honest goods. But the chain stores are driving us to the wall. We're being ruined by big business. What can you expect with Hoover as President?"

* * * * *

"How did the market close?" the taxi driver asked.

"Weak," I replied. I didn't know, but it was a safe guess. "Do you play the market?"

"Used to." He began to warm up. "Until I was sold out, of course."

"Of course."

"I had a nice profit. I was trying to decide whether to buy a Paramount or a Luxor. Then Hoover began to monkey with the tariff."

"I don't understand the tariff," I ventured.

"Well, the tariff was all right until Hoover came along. Here you are, sir."

* * * * *

There is the story about the millworker out of a job who asked a friend how Smith was getting along in the White House.

"Smith?" the friend replied. "Smith isn't President."

"Oh, yes, he is," the millworker insisted. "I was told that if Smith were elected, the stock I bought would stop paying dividends, the bank I put my savings in would bust, and I'd lose my job. They all happened. Smith must be President."

THERE are bankers and brokers who voted for Hoover because they knew that a Democratic régime usually brings a weak market. Now they realize that the consequences of a weak market would have been nothing compared to the consequences of the crazy bull market that followed Hoover's election.

There are Drys who voted for Hoover because he promised to try to uphold the Prohibition Law. The country is as wet as ever.

There are Internationalists who voted for Hoover because he advocated the World Court and Disarmament. We are not in the World Court and our delegates returned from the Disarmament Conference with neither reduction nor parity.

There are hundreds of thousands of farmers who voted for Hoover because he promised farm relief. Since his election the price of farm commodities has fallen heavily while the price the farmer pays for clothing, food, labor, automobiles and radios is nearly as high as ever.

There are millions of men and women who voted for Hoover because they were enjoying prosperity and wanted it to last. It didn't. Now

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they are feeling poor, discouraged, and sore. Do they blame "Economic Periodicity," "The Business Cycle," "The Law of Supply and Demand," "Speculative Madness"? No. They blame Herbert Hoover. Why? For the same reason that for hundreds of thousands of years the greater part of humanity has worshipped in some form or other a personified God. Can you love, hate, sympathize with, or blame an economic condition?

A YEAR ago we were sitting pretty. The United States was on top of the world. Everybody owed us money, everybody wanted our automobiles, radios, and credit. The world was scrambling for equities in our corporations.

Today we are bewildered and disappointed. We are having difficulty collecting our debts. Exports have fallen off. England and Japan have refused to let us decide the size of their navies. Even after the panic was over we thought it was an incident of the speculative mania, that business would go on as ever. Now we know that the slump in security values was only a symptom of the let-up in business.

Last year thousands of farmers grew too much wheat and cotton, thousands of manufacturers produced too many goods, thousands of speculators paid too much for securities, thousands of people spent too much money. Why? Because it was in the air. Everybody else was doing it. Money was easy to get. All you had to do was buy a stock, hold it for a week, and sell it to somebody else at a profit. Then you could loan your profits to other speculators at fifteen per cent. Well, it's all over now. Money is cheap, stocks are low, jobs are hard to get. Do we blame ourselves for our folly? Do we blame the over-enthusiastic airplane manufacturers who built planes for thousands of people who didn't know how to fly? Do we blame the Investment Trust magnates who told us about a New Era? No. We blame Hoover. He was President. He should have done something.

Well, he did. The Secretary of the Treasury advised us to put our money in bonds. The Federal Reserve Banks fought speculation with its strongest weapon, the rediscount rate. What did we do then? We cheered when the chairman of one of our biggest banks laughed at the Federal Reserve. Discourage speculation! The idea of such a thing!

AGAIN, after the panic, the President helped us in the only way he could by encouraging the national and State Governments to rush building programmes which would give employment to idle men and money. He assembled the leading manufacturers of the country and asked them to do the same thing.

What do we care about his stabilization measures? He brought us bad luck. That's all that matters. "Hoodoo Hoover."

Does the President know how the people feel? He does. "Presidents have plenty of hair shirts," he wrote to his friend, William Oxley Thompson. "A vast clamor of half truths and untruths and injured facts will always fill the air and intoxicate people's emotions."

Let us look at the man who wears the hair shirt. What is this man whom we chose so vociferously a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

year and a half ago and now blame for all our troubles? He is an engineer. What sort of an engineer? Well, he might be described as a Horatio Alger engineer. Do you remember when you as a child used to read and dream about engineers who lived in the open, built bridges and dams, dug mines and fought with Indians? That is the sort of engineer Hoover was. His life was pure Horatio Alger from the beginning until he reached (in his own words) "the highest office in the world."

His father was an Iowan blacksmith, his mother a Quaker farm girl. The boy Herbert fished with crooked pins, swam in the swimming hole, played hookey from the little red schoolhouse, hunted foxes and rabbits. Like all successful American business men, he was once an office boy. He worked his way through college and qualified as a mining engineer. From the start he possessed heroic qualities. He developed a talent, a mania for facts. In mine exploiting, even more than in other enterprises, a knowledge of the facts is the key to success. Rumors spread as far as London that at last a man had been found who produced nothing but facts. Big companies competed for his services. They sent him to Africa, to Australia, to China. At twenty-seven he directed twenty thousand employees, built a huge cement works, constructed railway lines, operated a fleet of ocean going steamers, built a Chinese harbor.

At thirty-four he retired, unaware that really his life had only just begun. He became one of the highest paid consulting engineers. The war brought his great opportunities: Red Cross; Belgium; Russia; Mississippi; finally the Presidency, the overwhelming victory.

Votes are cast by people. From the people the politician derives his power, and to them he is responsible. In a sense, this was particularly true in Hoover's case. The people chose him in spite of the professional politicians, who were against him from the start. But the people were fed up with oil scandals, property custodian disclosures, Senatorial campaign slush fund investigations. They were disgusted with politicians, they wanted a business man, an engineer. The engineer in the White House.

Now, the engineering method of doing business is to learn the facts, decide what needs to be done, pick the best man available for the job, give him responsibility, and back his decisions. The political method, on the other hand, is to guess what is likely to please the greatest number of voters, pick a man to whom you are already indebted or who may be useful in the future and then, if anything goes wrong, lay as much blame as possible on him. The engineering method is the method of big business, of the chain store, of oligarchies. The political is the method of pioneer communities, of corner groceries and country stores, of democracy.

Have you ever punched a time clock? So has Hoover. But he has done more. He has guided the destinies of big corporations, has seen their inner workings. He knows what lies behind the time clock, how much the success of the organization depends on the efficiency of the employees. Law is law. If the clerks

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

don't get to work on time, fire them. If the laws are not obeyed, hire more policemen, build more jails.

The trouble is you can't run a democracy that way. The people aren't clerks afraid of losing their jobs, they are independent, tax-paying, vote-giving citizens. They won't obey laws they don't believe in. They never have and they never will. They don't want efficiency, they want flattery. The back-slapping, baby-kissing, gin-drinking, dry-voting, loud-mouthed politician is the natural product of democracy.

IN A business, the executive is told to save money. The more money he saves, the higher his salary is going to be. The present administration has reduced taxes a hundred and sixty million dollars. If Hoover were the president of a corporation, he'd get a raise for that. Instead he's being blamed from one end of the country to the other. But he doesn't care, he is too busy looking for other opportunities to reduce expenses. There are the battleships, for instance. Every year we spend millions of dollars building battleships to replace other battleships which have become obsolete because other countries have built newer and better battleships. If we could only reach an agreement with the other countries to stop building so many battleships, our relative strength would remain the same and a great deal of money would be saved all around.

Again the trouble is you can not (so far, at any rate) run diplomacy that way. The London Conference was not a success, mainly because England and Japan, unlike us, were not represented by big business executives but by diplomats. The result is going to be that without saving money our relative strength will be weakened.

About all the executive of a big corporation does is to make decisions. His value to the corporation rests on the proportion of his decisions that turn out to be right. Some of these executives are paid a million dollars a year. That is cheap when you consider that any one of dozens of decisions may have made more difference to the corporation than that.

In order that his decision may be right, the executive must know the facts. Corporations never try to cut down fact-finding expenses. So Hoover, with his business training, established his famous fact-finding commissions. He wanted to know the facts before he made his decisions. But what have facts to do with politics? If he had pounded his desk and roared "The higher, the fewer," or "Prosperity is good for business," the press would have been delighted, the people satisfied.

THE President is continually pestered by sight-seers with letters from their Congressmen, poetesses who want him to write prefaces, office-seekers and applicants for pensions. It is easier to see the President of the United States than the president of any of our larger chewing gum concerns. The professional politician is used to this sort of thing, expects and likes it. It is easier to shake hands than to think. But the business executive hates to have his time wasted, his efficiency reduced. People who are turned away are hurt in the tenderest spot in the human temperament — the self-esteem.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As stated above, when the business executive has a job to be done, he picks the best man available, gives him responsibility, and backs his decisions. When Chief Justice Taft was forced by illness to give up his duties in the Supreme Court, the President chose as his successor Charles Evans Hughes. This would seem to be an acceptable choice. Hughes was one of the best-known lawyers in the country, conservative, not too old, distinguished. But the politicians and the press were loud in their denunciation of this choice.

Another vacancy occurred in the Supreme Court. The President's advisers, the party leaders, insisted that politics be taken into consideration. Business methods might be all right in business, but they had notably failed in politics. The South had rallied to Hoover; it was time he did something for it. Why not appoint a Southerner to the Supreme Court?

He did. At last the politicians had him. The engineer was going to play politics, was he? They would teach him a lesson. Parker, the political choice for the Supreme Court, was rejected by the politicians. The President was officially snubbed by the Senate.

Did he mind? No. His opinion of politics and politicians was confirmed. It is doubtful if he will take much more of their advice. He knows that he is making what he can of his job. If he loses it, plenty of others will be offered to him. But he has the good fortune of having had his bad breaks early. Two years ago the people clamored for him. Now they are reviling him. Two years from now they may be clamoring for him again. Their fickleness is not a new discovery to him. Ten years ago he wrote:

> The crowd only feels; it has no mind of its own. The crowd is credulous. It destroys, it consumes, it hates and it dreams, but it never builds. Man in the mass does not think but only feels. The mob functions only in the world of emotion. The demagogue feeds on mob emotions . . .

What would he write about mobs and demagogues to-day?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Eavesdropping in Russia

By Joshua Kunitz

Random reports of conversations held or overheard which reflect varied phases of the common people's thought

"Comrade Militiaman, you are an idiot," comes the suave assurance from the heart of a small gathering on the corner.

"Citizens, you hear? He has insulted me." The delicate little militiaman sounds awfully hurt.

"Yes, you are a perfect idiot; and if you take me to the station house I will repeat the same thing there." (Gruffly) "What's your number?"

"I need not tell you my number; it is here for anyone to see."

An important looking citizen takes sides with the comrade militiaman; the latter, encouraged, escorts the offender to the station house.

* * *

It is a strange dictatorship, a most peculiar dictatorship. And the militia, that is, the police force, is the most incomprehensible in the world. Compared to our New York policemen these comrade militiamen look like frightened college freshmen! Compared to the austere, be-whiskered, red-nosed, palm-itching *gorodovois* of the Tsar's day, these apologetic, blushing youths are sweet cherubs. I can not imagine a Russian nursemaid, unless she be devastatingly ironical, attempting to frighten her obstreperous charge by saying: "Hush, here comes the militiaman!" Cherubs, regular cherubs — these iron hands of the implacable proletariat. Incomprehensible, incredible, absurd — yet true.

A cheerfully "lit" citizen, shaking his finger at a discomfited militiaman: "Comrade Militiaman, for such lack of civility I shall write you up in the paper tomorrow."

Hilarious laughter. "He can't write," tease the audience.

"Yes, I can, and I will, too," retorts the offended citizen, as he loses himself in the crowd, still mumbling some high sounding words about "cultural revolution" and self-criticism.

Plural pronouns speckle the average Russian's speech — us, we, ours.

"*We* are trying to outlive it; *we* are poor; *we* must learn."

The usual questions:

"How do you find *our* achievements? What does America think of *us?* Will you recognize *us?* Do you think America will again send soldiers to fight *us?* Have you seen *our* Red Army men; *our* schools, *our* chil-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dren's colonies, *our* nurseries, *our* rest houses, *our* prisons, *our* workers' clubs, *our* peasant house?" And so on, always *our*, *us*, *we*.

* * *

"America, that's a land for you! There everybody has an automobile."

"No, not everybody. I'm a college instructor, and I can't afford an automobile."

He looks incredulous. In his knowing little Nepman smile there lurks a suspicion that I am a Communist.

* * *

"AND who might those gentlemen be?" reverently inquires the pot-bellied, serious little man at the Tsarskoe Selo railroad buffet. He passes a plump white hand over his beautifully trimmed whiskers.

"A delegation of American professors."

Profoundly impressed. "And you, sir, are their Russian guide?"

"No, I am a member of the delegation."

Significant silence, as he elegantly pours vodka into my glass. Then: "And why, little father, have you come to our poor country? What will you see here?"

I feel that this prim little waiter relishes conversation with polite and well-dressed gentlemen. Indeed, he himself has a dignified, aristocratic bearing. His very beard is a survival of those glorious days when he had the pleasure of serving at the tables of dukes and princes at Tsarskoe Selo. His very manner of pouring the vodka is a champagne manner. He disdains wasting his elegant breath on the desert air of proletarian unappreciativeness. These beer guzzlers who come here in endless excursion, what do they know about style and etiquette? But silver-haired American professors, that's different, that's more like it. He leans delicately forward to catch my precious words.

"We have come," I say, "to see how the workers run their own Government."

He smiles deprecatingly, though sweetly; then in a counter-revolutionary whisper: "You'll see nothing, sir. They'll show you nothing. We are suffering, sir. I can not tell you how we are suffering. A Savior — Russia is waiting and praying for a Savior."

* * *

THE doorman at the hotel interests me not a little, but he looks so forbidding in his gilded — though worn — livery, so inaccessible, so generalissimo-like, that I hesitate to start a conversation with him. He opens the door and salutes you with the majestic air of a man who knows his own worth, and who realizes his grave responsibilities. A splendid relic, in this city of museums. A delightful incongruity, in this city of Lenin. Yet even he, not unlike the hotel where he officiates, or the buildings that surround him, shows signs of wear and tear, traces of war and revolution. Two of his front teeth are missing. He opens his mouth — and harmony is restored — and one feels that, after all, his is not quite so incongruous a presence.

"Hey, thititheneth!" I hear him hail a little flower girl from across the street. His missing teeth and the word "citizeness" — though I am

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not quite sure that he used it in good faith, without any touch of irony — make him a little more human and approachable.

I LOVE to hear this word "citizen," in Russia. They all seem to enjoy it so much. "Comrade" strikes me as a little too intimate, too esoteric, at times even a little forced. But "citizen" — "citizen" has a true ring here. I express this thought to the doorman.

"It was fine to hear you call the little girl 'citizeness.' More than anything else, this form of address makes me realize the profound changes that have taken place here since 1914."

"Great changes, indeed, sir; great changes, indeed!"

"Yes, life does improve. Slowly, painfully, we do march forward!" I try to draw him out.

"As to that, sir, it's hard to tell; it's very hard to tell, sir."

"We certainly do march forward, and it is not hard to tell," butts in a youthful looking citizen, whom I had noticed before gaping at the hotel and the passers-by. His first vehemence is followed by an harangue that sounds like an editorial in the *Pravda*. Long words, "isms" and "ations," a whole string of them.

I stand aghast. What speech, what vocabulary! An American college boy would not dare to employ such a vocabulary for fear of being branded a "high-brow," or of being accused of having "swallowed a dictionary." The burden of his argument is "the darkness of the past, and the light of the present."

"Light, indeed!" sneers the doorman. "The children have become hoodlums. You can't tell them anything. They know more, they understand more. Religion is nothing to them. God never existed. We are old fogies."

"And they are right. Religion *is* opium. I had enough of it in my day. They crammed my poor brain with 'miracles' and 'saints' and your old Bible. No, thanks, our children will be spared this nonsense!"

"The Bible, nonsense; and your *politgramta* (political education — given in all schools) is sense!" The doorman looks angry, but he restrains himself.

"Yes, nonsense, silly nonsense, fairy tales and legends. Jesus Christ is a huge myth."

"Just so, just so. You see, sir, they throw out the Bible and replace it by *politgramta;* they banish Christ and enthrone Lenin. Some improvement, eh?"

"But Lenin we know; Lenin lived among us; he was our guide and our teacher."

"And two thousand years from now Lenin, too, will be a legend, you stupid!" flares up the old man. And waving his hand, as if to say "But what's the use?" he hastens to open the door and salute a snappy looking Red Army officer.

THE young fellow, a peasant, who works in a factory in a provincial town, and who has come to the city on an excursion, turns to me in despair.

"What can we do with such fellows. They simply won't change. We just have to wait till they die off; we simply have to live them out."

Aloof and majestic, the old doorman turns the door and salutes the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

passing guests, and it seems to me that he likes to believe that the Europa is the old Europa, and that the guests are the old guests.

* * *

THE entrance to the Hermitage museum. A group of workers, excursionists.

"A delegation of American educators," whispers a worker.

"Hm, they have come to see how we are copying their methods," remarks a sturdy looking working-woman, two little pig-tailed girls at her side.

"Yes, we have come to study your achievements," I break in.

She flashes at me a mouthful of strong, white teeth, her blue eyes twinkle.

"We can't startle you Americans, I guess. It is we who are trying to learn from you. American technique, efficiency — we must acquire that."

And although I am not what you'd call a Simon-pure Yankee, I feel a little inflated. It is pleasant to have an illustrious name, even by adoption.

"Still, there is much that you can learn from us, too," continues the cheerful lady. "Our social organization, you see, our social order, is something you might well copy."

"Bolshevik propaganda, eh?" I remark, jestingly.

She laughs.

"Ha-ha-ha. Really, fair exchange is no robbery. We are helping ourselves to your technical sciences; you may as well get hold of our social sciences. The two'd go very well together."

Her point of view is echoed by another worker. I meet the peasant, whose acquaintance I had made in front of the hotel. A flash of recognition, a genial "Hello."

"When you get back to America, just tell them that we will fight to the last drop of blood, every one of us, man, woman and child, to save our revolution. Just tell them that."

I promise.

* * *

DIFFUSION of culture.

A young student, preparing to enter the engineering school.

"I love America—American technique, American jazz bands, American dances, the fox-trot, the Charleston, the black-bottom, heebe-jeebe."

"Heebe-jeebe? That's a new one on me."

I turn to my colleagues: not one of the American professors knows anything about heebe-jeebe.

The boy is appalled at our ignorance.

* * *

A Soviet steamer. The young sailors invite a group of Americans to their "red corner." A piano, a radio, numerous plectral instruments; dominoes, checkers, chess; a library, colorful posters, a wall newspaper; above all, a huge bust of Lenin.

Our hosts sing, recite, play. A Mongolian-looking cook, in apron and white cap, manipulates various kitchen utensils, producing a weird cacophony which, the sailors assure us, is an authentic Comsomol (Communist) march. This is followed by classical music, a duet — violin and piano. At the request of one of the Americans, *the Internationale* is sung.

It is hot, stuffy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A well-known Pittsburgh music critic and composer, a bit under the weather, gradually lapses into a reclining position on a bench right below Lenin's bust.

An offended sailor boy in a whisper:

"Tell your friend to sit up. It is not proper to sprawl out here. This is a place for *rest* and *culture* [great emphasis on the words "rest" and "culture"]. Besides, there is the statue of Lenin."

My discomfited American friend, lugubriously:

"It never occurred to me that this was a chapel, and that the cook's music was sacred music."

* * *

A YOUNG peasant fruit vendor, near his basket of apples. Gravely, concentratedly, he performs a series of bodily contortions, something like our daily dozen. "*Fizkultura!*" (physical culture), he shouts, as he notices my amused interest. He winks to me, smiles, and dutifully resumes his contortions.

The Russians seem to have gone mad over physical culture.

* * *

Class will tell.

"I never carry a portfolio," says a Russian journalist, a former aristocrat, as he fumbles in his pockets in search of his note book.

From his tone I conclude that it is not a matter of whim, that a great principle is at the basis of such self-abnegation.

"Why? It's quite handy, particularly in your line of work."

"Too many nonentities carry portfolios in Russia nowadays."

An American tourist genuinely distressed:

"Gosh darn it! There is not a pornographic picture to be bought in Russia."

* * *

WHILE perusing a general information test given to a group of administrators risen from the ranks in the marine transport, I come across the following bit of Marxian dialectics:

Question — Name the author of *War and Peace.*

Answer — The author of "War" is Capitalism; the author of "Peace," the Proletariat.

This man may be a little weak in literature, he may have never read anything by Tolstoy, but he surely knows the fundamentals of Communism.

A confession—In the above general information test I scored sixty-four; the Russian worker, seventy-eight.

* * *

A slightly intoxicated Soviet seaman in a Leningrad café —

"You have licked Germany, you have conquered Europe, you even have the British Lion by the mane, but, by the R-R-R-evolution, there is one country you'll never conquer, neither by threats nor by cajoling, neither with armies nor with gold — and that is the U. S. S. R."

He leans back and begins to hum a nauseating, blatant American fox-trot, played by the four-piece jazz band.

Just so . . . neither by threats nor by cajoling, neither with armies nor with gold. . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An experimental school in the suburbs of Moscow. In addition to the regular high school curriculum, the children are taught agriculture, horticulture, apiculture, etc.

I have never seen such a lot of happy youngsters and proud teachers. Everybody is eager to show off his work, students as well as teachers.

HERE is a youngster of about fifteen, a typical peasant girl, barefooted, sun-burned, bright-eyed, standing before her plot of land in the school garden and explaining to the American professors her experiment in pollination. She goes into such infinitesimal details, now pointing to one flower, now skipping to the next, now urging the audience to bend down and examine the pistils, that the principal of the school, anxious to show a hundred other things, becomes a little impatient.

"Cut it short, Akulinushka," he whispers, "not so many details."

But the youngster does not hear. She is now discussing the bees, the butterflies, and the other factors in pollination.

"Briefer, Akulinushka, briefer — our guests are in a hurry," he whispers again.

She waves him aside. With excruciating seriousness, she goes on to say: "But, Mikhail Pavlovich, I can't be any briefer. The details are very important. They won't understand unless I show them all these things."

The principal shakes his head in despair; the biology teacher chuckles proudly.

* * *

The self-confidence of the Soviet children is amazing. To me the contrast between these youngsters and those of my own generation is a source of perpetual wonderment. The faith, the self-assertion —

An eleven-year-old, flaxen-haired little rogue in Shatsky's school is typical. A homeless waif, he came to this institution two years ago. His arms akimbo, his voice a basso profundo, this bright little man assures me that he will be a great and useful scientist and inventor. He will fly to China. He will visit America. He will —

"Take down my name," he suggests.

I stare at him questioningly.

"Take down my name, so that when I come to America as a great scientist, you'll know that it's me," he says without batting an eyelash.

Suddenly he looks up at me, and in the deepest voice he can manage:

"And are there many *burzhui* (contemptuous for bourgeois) in America?"

I, guiltily — "We have our share, I suppose."

"We'll kick 'em out," he consoles me, as he confidently marches off to the platform.

* * *

MOSCOW, the Lenin Hills. The city is seen in all its barbaric magnificence. Hundreds of ancient golden domes glitter in the sun.

The guide: "This is the beautiful Church of St. Basil; there over to the right looms the majestic Cathedral of St. Isaac, and further left . . ."

An elderly Russian intellectual, ironically: "He is boasting of Communist achievement."

* * *

A city park. A textile worker just back from his two weeks' vacation:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"At first you feel rather queer and uncomfortable. All this care and bother — one isn't used to it. Now they worry about your diet; now the doctor tells you when you should rest, when you should exercise; now they arrange some lectures, or readings, or theatricals for your amusement. You know, at times, when I think of the past, of my youth, I begin to feel as if the present were unreal, a dream, something that is bound to pass as soon as I awaken — and I grow afraid —"

* * *

I DO not know the man's name. I just met him in a tram car. For three hours we walk through the streets of Moscow. Reluctantly, and in response to my persistent questions, he unfolds before me the gruesome picture of war, revolution, and hunger.

"Well, but it's all over," I say cheeringly. "Things do not seem so bad now."

"Things have certainly improved a great deal, and they keep on improving all the while. But, it isn't all over yet. We have still a long and painful road to travel."

"But you, as a worker, as a member of the privileged class, you must find it quite comfortable now. Much better than before the Revolution."

"Yes and no. I certainly am not better off in the matter of food and clothing. Wages are low and prices are high. The whole country is poor. We live in a besieged city. We stew in our own juice. No help from anybody, only interference. And there is always the danger of war. We are surrounded by a pack of hungry wolves, and we must make every effort to defend the gains of the Revolution. Think how much energy is consumed on that. We must liquidate the evil heritage of the past. You don't see any homeless waifs now. I mean you don't see many of them. But don't forget. We had hundreds of thousands of them. Where are they now? They are in homes, and in colonies, built especially for them. This alone shows how much of our strength was used up in fighting this evil.

"OUR army is the best army in the world. I don't mean in equipment; we are poor, you understand; what I mean is, it is the most intelligent army in the world. It certainly is not the Tsar's army, made up of dumb, illiterate brutes. There is not an illiterate army man in Russia. The first thing we do when we get an illiterate recruit is teach him how to read and write. Our army is a colossal school. Just try to speak to a soldier, and he'll tell you all about the Geneva Conference, the Kellogg Pact; he will explain to you why discipline is necessary. Observe him on the street — how well behaved he is, how courteous. Yet, when off duty, he is perfectly free; he can go to the theatre, to concerts, he can have a seat in a street car, things he could never dream of under the old régime. He has clubs, and theatres, and libraries. And when he is through with his service, he goes back to the village a different man; he is a seed of culture thrown by us into the village soil."

Just as my interlocutor is reluctant to stir the memories of the past, just so is he anxious to talk about the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

present and the future. His talk sounds almost inspired. He is certainly determined to tell me everything, to show me everything.

"And our air fleet, it is already the third in the world in size! Russia is a vast country, aerial transportation is well adapted to our needs; we all realize it, and every worker, in every factory, in every shop, gives his last kopecks to build up the air fleet. Before you know it, we'll have more airplanes than any other country in the world. Yes, my friend, without means, with little experience, we are building, we are creating, we are making things hum. Not so rapidly as we would like to, not so rapidly as our awakened people demand, but we are getting there, just the same. Believe me, it was a full-sized job to start the wheels of industry going, but we have started, and the wheels are gathering momentum. Give us three years of absolute security and, by the Revolution, we'll erect here skyscrapers as good as any you have put up in New York!"

Here he grows abashed of this obviously too wild a boast. Smiling, apologetically:

"You see, one must have faith. It is this faith, it is this feeling that we are laying the foundation of a new life, that sustains us through the most crucial moments. It is not that we live more comfortably; materially, I and my family suffer more than before the Revolution. It is in our faith and in our feeling of human dignity that we find our compensation."

I look at his intense and furrowed face, at his short and stocky figure, and I myself become infected with his faith; though somewhere in the back of my mind I know full well that the fellow certainly exaggerates the blessings of industrialization and the cultural value of skyscrapers.

We come to the hotel, just as Dr. O is about to enter. I introduce my companion to Dr. O.

"This is Dr. O, president emeritus of one of America's famous colleges, and this is —"

"A Moscow worker," hastens my companion to my aid, and he utters these words with such genuine dignity and pride that both the good old Dr. O and I are startled.

"It is a great privilege, sir, to shake the hand of a real Moscow worker," says Dr. O.

"And I, sir," (all flustered with excitement) "I can not tell you how happy we are to have you visit us, we don't feel so utterly isolated. We feel that once you come here, you'll remain our friend."

Again a warm clasping of hands.

Dr. O, later:

"You know, that was one of the most thrilling moments in my life."

* * *

Sunday. The country. Accidentally, I stroll into the beautiful grounds of a children's home. Tanned little bodies dart helter-skelter about the brilliant green lawn, gleaming through the trees. There are also quite a few mothers, workingwomen who have come to visit their children. This, apparently, is an institution for orphans as well as for children who are not taken care of by their parents.

One cross-eyed little boy (nestling against a matronly, sweet little

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLIC LIBRARY
NEWARK, OHIO

lady, the head of the institution), ruefully.

"I want mamas."

"Why, Vanichka, I am your mama."

"They all have mamas, I want mamas, too."

* * *

PROFESSOR WOODY and I, dressed up in tuxedos, waiting for a tram. An intoxicated worker stumbles and bumps into Woody. He looks up, notices Woody's attire, and begins to mutter something about *burzhui*, enemies of the people, Nepmen, etc. His voice sounds threatening.

To forestall any possible attack, I straighten up and begin to speak loudly in English, emphasizing the word America.

The denunciatory harangue ceases. Our detractor becomes all smiles, he cries:

"I beg your pardon, citizens, for my very grave social and diplomatic error. I humbly beg your pardon. Have a smoke!"

He offers his last cigarettes. We thank him, and turn to a bystander, a youngster, for some information about cars and directions. But the persistent worker is not so easily disposed of. He bends over the youngster, half-admonishingly, and half-threateningly, shakes his finger at him.

"Be careful, boy. See that you give complete, correct and precise information. These citizens here are foreigners, I want you to know. Foreigners who did not disdain visiting our proletarian U. S. S. R., you understand? They are our welcome guests, our precious visitors. Well, and if, boy, you fail to give them the most complete, the most correct, and the most precise information, I, Ivan Granov, worker by profession and inheritance, will hold you personally and eternally responsible."

Professor Woody:

"It's great to be a foreigner in Russia, and to dwell under the protecting wing of the mighty proletariat."

* * *

RUSSIA is a land of queues. Queues in front of the theatre, at the tram stations, at the railroad stations, in stores, in bakeries, everywhere. As soon as three people gather, they form a queue.

"When I see all your queues, particularly when I myself am at the very end of one of them, I feel an irrepressible longing to be on a subway station in New York," I remark to my Russian companion. "There reigns the iron law of the survival of the fittest. There, at least, a person who has push, initiative, ingenuity has a chance. There temperament can find an outlet. Here, things seem to be distressingly orderly. Where is the vaunted Russian's abandon, his love for chaos?"

My companion, a Moscow University student, smiles:

"You should have been here during the early years of the Revolution and civil war. We had plenty of chaos; we got fed up on it. That is why now we lean too much the other way. Order with us has become synonymous with culture. I love these queues, I am proud of them. Each queue, you see, is a symbol of the cultural revolution that is taking place here. And if we are a little

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pedantic about it, it does not really matter. We must break old habits, and form new ones. This is a painful process, and demands rigorous self-discipline. On some of the older people this is too much of a strain, and they certainly kick about it."

* * *

THE militiaman is giving us directions how to get to the Tverskaya. Suddenly another militiaman steps up, a neat little bundle in his arm. He uncovers it tenderly — a pink little body and clutching little hands. I look astounded.

"That's nothing," the militiaman reassures me. "We get them quite often. Some people are only too ready to shift their responsibilities on the State. The trouble is they know that their child will be well taken care of."

My American companion: "Perhaps their splendid children's homes are not quite such an unadulterated blessing."

* * *

The tram pulls out just as I reach the station. I run a few steps and leap on the platform.

A whistle. A militiaman.

"Fine, please."

As I pay the fine, I seek consolation in the thought that my punishment will serve as a deterrent to any "reactionary" who might take it into his head to impede the progress of the "cultural revolution" in Russia.

* * *

In my nonchalant manner, I ignore the refuse receptacle on the corner, and flip my cigarette butt into the gutter.

"You would not do it in New York; you would not do it in a *cultured* country," resents the pretty young actress at my side.

Culture has become an obsession here. Culture, culture, everywhere — I am sick and tired of this "culture." I long for a breath of American barbarism. When I get back to New York, I shall certainly delight in rehabilitating my crushed, injured, deflated ego by flinging burned matches and millions of cigarette butts any darn place I please. Yes, sir. . . .

* * *

THE railroad station is jammed. The weather is scorching.

The line in front of the ticket office is endless.

I resort to a ruse (histrionic ability and timely lapses of memory are occasionally very useful here; whenever I want swift service, I forget my Russian, I become intransigently American).

Gesticulating, smiling, and carefully mispronouncing a few Russian words, I endeavor to make the important-looking station master understand that I want a ticket for Kiev.

"*Ya . . . Kiev . . . billet.*" (I . . . Kiev . . . ticket.) I keep reiterating, holding out some money.

The official is really intelligent. He understands. Smiling politely, he takes my money, salutes, clicks his heels, bows, and vanishes. A few minutes later, he comes back with a ticket and a porter. He instructs the porter to take care of me, salutes, clicks his heels, bows, and is off.

The porter, a bearded peasant, scrutinizes my clothes. "*Amerikanetz?*"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"*Amerikanetz.*"

He grunts approvingly. With a shake of his head he summons me to follow him. We enter the carriage.

The place designated on my ticket is occupied by a haughty Ukrainian young beauty. She, too, is entitled to the same place. Something wrong, somewhere. The porter doesn't know what to do. He seems to be aware of a certain law in physics. He scratches his head, wipes the perspiration off his forehead with the sleeve of his shirt, and tries to persuade the Ukrainian beauty to relinquish her seat.

She is adamant. His store of arguments is exhausted, but she refuses to budge. Finally —

"But this citizen here is a foreigner, an American. It is a shame that he should see our inefficiency. . . ."

A miracle! The lady is transfigured. She is all graciousness and smiles. She rises with alacrity and offers me the place.

THE porter finds her a seat in the same carriage. After the train starts, I tell her of my little trick. She laughs. Everybody in the carriage laughs.

A Red Army officer moralizes: "Inefficiency? Certainly. But is there a country in the world, except our Soviet Union, where you could find a simple porter so socially minded, so socially conscious, so completely identified with the interests of the State?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Revolt Against the Tariff

By William O. Scroggs

A poll of American newspaper editors reflects increasing public impatience with Congress for its long muddling with the tariff

As these lines are written there is a nation-wide protest against the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill. The extent and character of this movement have been indicated by a poll taken by The North American Review of the editors of 343 daily newspapers in forty-three States. Four of the questions submitted called for answers which could be counted and tabulated. These were:

1 — *Do you believe that enactment of the Hawley-Smoot Bill with approximately its present schedules is to the best interests of the American people?*

The answers were: Yes, 86; No, 238; undecided, 19.

2 — *Do you believe that our foreign trade will fall off if this tariff bill becomes law?*

The answers were: Yes, 219; No, 60.

3 — *Do you believe that farmers in general will benefit under the Hawley-Smoot Bill if it is enacted in approximately its present form?*

The answers were: Yes, 73; No, 209.

4 — *Do you believe that the long discussion of the bill in Congress has had an adverse effect on American business and prosperity?*

The answers were: Yes, 215; No, 63.

Queried as to what rates they considered particularly burdensome and unfair to the American family, the majority of editors attacked first and most vigorously the duty on sugar. This vote, cast by editors of every shade of political opinion, and in every part of the United States, shows that a great change has taken place in the temper of the country toward the tariff within the last few months. Less than two years ago there was great rejoicing among the devoted disciples of Protection. It appeared that the Democratic Party had at last seen the wickedness of its low tariff habits and with true faith and hearty repentance had embraced the gospel which it had so long denied and scorned. With both the major parties endorsing the protective principle in their platforms of 1928, it seemed that the millennial dawn had arrived.

There was only one thing to mar the prospect. With American in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dustry enjoying the greatest degree of activity it had ever known, and with employment and wages at the peak, on what grounds could the advocates of still higher tariff duties build up a case which would enable them to "cash in" on this conversion of the Democrats? The Republican candidate for the Presidency, in his speech accepting the party nomination, chanced to give them a cue. He referred to the distress of the farmers, and then he added, "An adequate tariff is the foundation of farm relief."

THAT started something. In the months that followed no device which might whet the farmer's appetite for further tariff protection was neglected. Campaign orators told him that the country was importing annually two billion dollars' worth of farm products — some of them raised the figure to three billions — which it ought to buy from him instead of from the foreigner. Before long the farmer's political spokesmen were even demanding a tariff on bananas to help the apple industry, and the immediate freeing of the Philippines to aid the sugar, vegetable oil and dairy industries, and the revocation of the reciprocity treaty with Cuba to help domestic sugar and tobacco. The cure-all for every economic ill was to be more duties and higher duties.

While the agitation for agricultural protection was at its height, the House Committee on Ways and Means began to hold tariff hearings, in January, 1929, two months before Mr. Hoover was inaugurated. Before it had finished its labors it had listened to 1,131 tariff advocates, and their testimony filled 7,000 closely printed pages. But relatively few of these witnesses were pleading the cause of the distressed farmers. For the most part they were a solemn procession of manufacturers, each with a tale of woe and a confession of his inability to meet his foreign competitors on equal terms. The committee lent a friendly ear to their pleadings, and the result appeared in its tariff bill, which was driven speedily through the House under the effective party discipline maintained in that body.

The House tariff bill evoked a storm of indignation in the agricultural districts. The farmers felt that Congress had broken faith with them. Their leaders declared that instead of placing the farmer on the same economic plane with the manufacturer, this measure left him worse off than ever. When the bill reached the Senate an effort was made to eliminate its inequalities. Senator Borah introduced a resolution to limit the revision of rates to farm products, and this lacked only one vote of passing. Encouraged by this development, a coalition of Democrats and insurgent Republicans temporarily took the control of the bill away from the Republican regulars and succeeded in giving it more of the appearance of a tariff for farmers than it had when it emerged from the House.

BUT in the mean time a new storm was brewing against the tariff. After months of apathy the public finally began to show an increasing interest, and this was anything but friendly to the measure. The opinions on the tariff bill expressed by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the editors in the poll conducted by THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW show what has been dinned into the people's ears in all parts of the country during the last few weeks. The newspapers have been conducting a campaign of education, and the voters have been wonderfully enlightened with regard to some of the current fallacies concerning the beneficence of super-protection.

The delays which hindered passage of the bill may have proved somewhat disturbing to business, as most of the editors think, but they also made it possible for some of the facts about the tariff situation to impress themselves upon the public consciousness. Nothing seems to have contributed more effectively to this reaction in public sentiment than the appointment of Joseph R. Grundy, a woolen manufacturer, as Senator from Pennsylvania. Mr. Grundy had long been known in Washington as the legislative agent of the industries of his State whenever the tariff was under discussion. Whatever he had to say about the tariff always made what the newspapers call "good copy," but the new rôle which he was now to play in legislation did not help the standing of the Hawley-Smoot bill in the eyes of the country.

SOON after Mr. Grundy's appearance in the Senate the Democratic Insurgent Republican coalition went to pieces, and, rightly or wrongly, this was attributed to his strategy. At the same time the tariff bill began to be shaped more along the lines desired by the industrialists. Mr. Grundy also appeared before the Senate subcommittee investigating lobbying, and with delightful frankness described the agricultural States as "backward," and expressed the opinion that representation in the Senate should be based on wealth and population. This aroused resentment in the West, more against the tariff bill than against Mr. Grundy. The newspapers opposing the measure immediately dubbed it the "Grundy Bill" and the new protectionist system was called Grundyism.

THE altered attitude of the country toward the tariff and tariff-tinkering showed itself in the poll of the newspapers. In every section of the country editorial opinion was overwhelmingly against the Hawley-Smoot bill. In New England, once the very citadel of Protection, 81 per cent of the voting editors were against it; in the Middle Atlantic States the proportion against it was 79 per cent; in the Middle Western States it was 67 per cent; in the South and Southwest, a Democratic stronghold, it was 88 per cent; in the Northwest and the Rocky Mountain States it was 60 per cent, and in the Pacific States 59 per cent. For the country as a whole nearly three editors out of every four who were polled and expressed an opinion were opposed to the new tariff.

To those who would be intelligently informed concerning the sources of unrest now fermenting in the United States and their probable political effects in the near future, a careful analysis of this poll is important, regardless of the ultimate fate of the tariff bill. The reader will probably wonder to what extent partisanship has influenced

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLIC LIBRARY
NEWARK, OHIO

the expression of these opinions. The editors were asked to express the political leanings of their papers, and most of them did so. That partisanship must have affected the vote to some extent is indicated by the fact that only four Democratic newspapers favored the passage of the bill. But the surprising thing is that nearly one-half of the representatives of Republican and Independent Republican papers were recorded in opposition to the new tariff. Of the editors of Independent newspapers, three out of four opposed the bill. If, therefore, we disregard the Democratic editors entirely, there still remains the palpable fact that 45 per cent of the Republican and 77 per cent of the Independent newspaper editors recorded themselves against a higher tariff.

THE opinions expressed by editors of Eastern newspapers reflected a strong conviction that the members of Congress had swapped votes and log-rolled the bill through both Houses with little regard for the larger interests of their constituents. The spokesman for *The Morning Mercury* (Independent) of New Bedford, Mass., the seat of fine-grade cotton manufactures, said:

> There is not a cotton manufacturer here who is not sorry he ever meddled with the tariff. Importations are falling off rapidly, but when everybody was grabbing, our manufacturers thought they might as well ask for greater protection on certain fine yarns and textiles. This was granted. Then came the compensatory tariff for the farmer on long-staple cotton. Our manufacturers went again for compensation and were given 10 cents a pound. The latter schedule is unworkable, and everybody will be worse off than before.

The Union, of Springfield, Mass., (Rep.) declared that "there never was a tariff less Republican in principle and policy than that which was shaped in the Senate and sent to conference," and it concluded that, on the whole, "the present tariff would be better for the country, its business and its prosperity." *The Kennebec Journal* (Ind. Rep.) of Augusta, Me., declared that "the best interests of the country can not be served by this method of tariff-tinkering."

FROM the Middle Atlantic States the editorial verdict was much the same. *The Journal* (Rep.) of Jamestown, N. Y., called the bill "a hodge-podge of political expediency," and expressed its conviction that "the present law is better than the proposed bill." *The Observer-Dispatch* (Ind.) of Utica, N. Y., said, "Voters feel that the whole thing is being juggled by certain interests who may be seeking advantage, and they lose faith in the whole Government structure. Any one who goes among workmen, farmers, small business men and tradesmen may hear their rumblings." *The Courier* (Rep.) of Connellsville, Penn., voiced the hope that the bill might die before it reached the President, and *The Evening News* of Newark, N. J., (Ind.) asserted that by signing the bill the President would "acknowledge his failure in leadership." *The Advance* of Staten Island, N. Y., (Ind.) regarded the country as caught "in a vicious circle of local selfishness, which precludes any sane or intelligent treatment of the tariff question on a national scale," and it urged that the Congressman who is

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forced to commit himself to undesirable tariff schedules in order to get support for his own should not be judged too harshly. He is the victim of circumstances beyond his control.

EDITORS of the metropolitan newspapers were equally hostile. In the opinion of *The Wall Street Journal* (Ind.) the bill was "decidedly not the limited revision of the industrial schedules which the President has declared to be the only revision justified by the existing conditions, and it has already begun to raise difficulties for all exporters, whether of farm products or manufactured goods." *The Brooklyn Times* denounced the bill as "economically unsound" and declared that its enactment would be fraught with "the gravest consequences." In the opinion of *The New York Telegram* (Ind.) the bill represented "the most unscientific public policy legislation devised in recent years," while *The World* (Ind. Dem.) condemned Congress for ignoring the President's plea for moderation.

The poll of the Eastern editors showed only 21 per cent in favor of the bill; 88 per cent believed that it would injure our foreign trade, and 80 per cent were skeptical of its ability to benefit the farmers.

In the Middle West, which is supposed to be the section most likely to be benefited by tariff revision, the editors voted two to one against the Hawley-Smoot bill. Iowa editors, representing *The Sioux City Journal* (Rep.), *The Webster City Freeman-Journal* (Rep.) and *The Dubuque Telegraph-Herald* and *Times-Journal* (Ind.), agreed that the higher industrial rates violated the pledges made to the farmer. The editor of *The News-Press* (Rep.) of Nebraska City said, "It is the worst tariff in our history. It adds to the burden of our people, gives Europe new reasons to distrust us, and is sectional and unfair." *The St. Louis Star* (Ind.) was convinced that the bill would injure "many of those it is supposed to benefit, especially the farmers." *The Tribune* (Ind.) of Coshocton, Ohio, called the bill "the crowning folly of the Republican party," and the opposition of *The Star*, of Marion, Ohio (Ind. Rep.), formerly owned by President Harding, was especially significant. According to *The Journal and Courier* (Ind. Rep.) of Lafayette, Ind., Congress should have attempted to give equality to agriculture and then have "quit tinkering," but *The Daily Times* (Rep.) of Bay City, Mich., thought that the farmers would be one of the few groups to receive more benefit than injury from the measure.

IN THE States of the Northwest and the Rocky Mountain region the poll showed somewhat less hostility to the tariff bill than was noted in the eastern half of the country, but there was much resentment, nevertheless, over the alleged unfair treatment of that section and the favoritism shown the industrial East.

The poll of the editors west of the Mississippi showed only 32 per cent in favor of the bill; 72 per cent believed that it would injure our foreign trade, and 68 per cent were skeptical of its ability to aid the farmers.

The Democratic papers of the South, as was to be expected, were almost a unit in opposing the bill.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Even in the agricultural communities the higher duties on farm products have made little appeal. Sixty-eight editors could see no benefit to the farmer from the bill, and only nine believed that it might aid him. The Florida editors were an exception, several of them seeing a benefit to their State in the higher duties on fruits and vegetables. Some of them also cherish the hope of seeing cane sugar raised on reclaimed lands in the Everglades, and the editor of *The Fort Myers Press* (Dem.) was convinced that "a sugar tariff will result in great developments in Southern Florida if it is high enough."

THE defense of the bill offered by 27 per cent of the editors who voted for it in the poll was in strong contrast to the vigorous denunciation of its editorial opponents. Evidence of enthusiastic support was entirely lacking. In most cases the defense was apologetic. "The bill is open to many objections," said the editor of *The Hartford Courant* (Rep.), "but after a year of tariff uncertainties business and industry are entitled to have the question settled." *The Brooklyn Citizen*, one of the few Democratic papers favorable to the bill, declared that any loss of trade from its enactment would be offset by gains in the home market. A number of editors stated that the bill was not satisfactory, but that nothing better was to be expected from this Congress. Many more accepted the bill with reservations. Thus, at Moline, Ill., *The Dispatch* (Rep.), although believing that the bill should be passed, criticized the "increase in duties on building materials in a bill supposed to be written for farm equality," and in Iowa *The Shenandoah Sentinel* (Rep.) found the lumber and sugar duties "burdensome."

INDEED, in their enumeration of duties which they regarded as unfair and burdensome to American consumers or foreign producers, the editors by a large majority gave first place to sugar. The poll of the editors on this phase of the tariff question has been supplemented by newspaper comment obtained through two national clipping services. These have yielded 119 editorials which took sides on the sugar question. Of these 108 were opposed to the higher duty and only eleven favored it. No duty seems so capable of evoking sarcasm as does that on sugar. "The whole of the tariff on sugar can and will be added to the price of sugar for consumers," said an editorial appearing in one of the newspaper chains. "This will make the sugar tax $337,000,000 a year, or thirteen dollars a family. Let Congress levy a direct tax of thirteen dollars a family and never a Congressman will live to tell the tale."

The action of the House of Representatives in receding from its high rate of 2.40 cents a pound and accepting the Senate's rate of 2 cents was construed by *The News Press* of St. Joseph, Mo., as "a concession to the American housewife," whose wrath Congressmen would have to face at the coming election. Characterizing the act as the first indication of any consideration shown for the consumer, *The New York Times* exclaimed, "Throw a sop at the poor creature once in a while," but *The*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cleveland Plain Dealer emphasized the fact that the duty would still be substantially higher than under the existing law, and *The Wall Street Journal* pointed out that the beneficiaries were more likely to be the planters in Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines than the beet-growers of the United States. *The St. Louis Post Dispatch* at the same time warned the domestic industry that in seeking higher and higher duties it was "drawing up its own death warrant."

THERE can be no doubt that the tariff bill, at first received by the voters with indifference, is now the object of widespread animosity and resentment. Many influences have operated to bring about this change of sentiment. First, there was the disappointment of the farmers with the bill as it emerged from the House. This prompted the fight of the Senate coalition on the industrial rates, and this in turn delayed the passage of the bill and enabled the public to discover more fully how the measure jeopardized its interests. The coalition was finally overwhelmed, but its defeat coincided with the elevation of Mr. Grundy, a famed tariff lobbyist, to a seat in the Senate, and thus gave the opponents of the bill a new chance for a popular appeal by picturing him to the public as the villain of the piece.

BUT more effective than any of these, perhaps, was the gradual awakening of the people to the fact that tariff favors from which they might possibly benefit were to be obtained only by purchase — by conceding to others an equal right to tax all for the benefit of a few — and that the price which had to be paid was altogether too high. The press of the country for many months has been educating its readers with regard to the cost of protection. Even the newspapers which have advocated higher duties have been complaining of what their communities must pay in order to obtain them, and there is every indication, as these lines are penned, that the Congressmen who are committed to the Hawley-Smoot Bill, with its congeries of tariff bargains arranged among the spokesmen for various industries, no longer represent the will of the American electorate.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So This Is London

By R. H. S.

Notes on Recent News in England

In retrospect, the recent political events that stand out have been the Naval Conference and the Budget. The interminable negotiations of the former soon became tedious. As to Britain, America and Japan, the average Briton does not care two hoots which has most warships or what sort they are. The taxpayer's satisfaction at having his warship bill cut down is tempered with the sure and certain knowledge that the politicians will find some other way of squandering the money.

As to France, a different feeling prevails. Nobody here suffers from the delusion that the French intend to allow any Naval Conference to interfere with their plans, and no British Government would be allowed to let Britain's naval supremacy over France sink below an adequate margin. It is not that we fear or are hostile to the French. We simply realize that no deal can be made with them in which they do not expect to get everything and give nothing, and that it is accordingly better to do nothing.

The Dominions came in very handy as a reason for refusing the French a Mediterranean pact, but there was a much better reason for refusal — a strong belief that when it came down to the real meat of disarmament, France's idea of a *quid pro quo* for the pact would prove to be the scrapping of a brace of paper submarines and a projected cruiser.

As Britain and the United States can stop any large-sized war from materializing and should have no difficulty in agreeing how to do it, the whole subject seems academic.

* * *

Mr. Snowden's Budget excited some curiosity, as budgets do, and was proportionately disappointing to those who expect budgets to be miracles of financial agility. Snowden simply clapped a further whack of taxation on one-quarter of the 2,000,000 Britons who pay income tax and let it go at that. He rubbed it in by apologizing to the 40,000,000 who do not pay income taxes for not freeing them of all taxes of any kind.

Thus we reach exactly that state of affairs that begat the Boston Tea Party and subsequent events. Five per cent of the population find the money and 95 per cent spend it — on themselves. The 5 per cent do not

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mind paying — in their hearts they feel it is up to them to do it — but they reason that the spending should be a beneficent Conservative gesture, not an act of joyous Socialist spoliation. However, Lord Melchett says that in spite of the Budget we are really more prosperous than we think.

* * *

OTHER industrialists who are not, like him, in an international cartel and are feeling the weight of foreign competition, do not agree. And that leads me to say a word about serious English politics. Lord Beaverbrook has now got rid of Lord Rothermere who, it will be recalled, emulated the cuckoo and laid a lot of his own eggs in Beaverbrook's Empire Free Trade nest. In order to effect this, Beaverbrook was forced to jettison the United Empire Party on the obviously insincere plea that Baldwin's vague promise to hold a referendum on the question of food taxes wedded the Conservative Party to the full Empire Free Trade programme. Other Conservatives, notably Lord Salisbury and the Conservative Central Office, made it quite clear that Baldwin's remarks were merely eyewash intended to meet an awkward situation, and now Beaverbrook (with Rothermere safely in the discard) is marshalling his Empire Crusaders anew and telling Mr. Baldwin in no uncertain terms that they are not going to stand for any Conservative hanky-panky.

It is significant that in the only Conservative by-election that has cropped up since Empire Free Trade became an issue, the Conservative candidate has come out as a convinced food taxer. The Liberal Party, in pursuance of an agreement made between Lloyd George and Snowden, is leaving the Socialist candidate a free field, but the Liberal candidate at the last election has crabbed the show considerably by publicly advising his fellow Liberals to vote Conservative.

Meanwhile Lord Rothermere sulks, like Achilles, in his tent. If he harbors a grudge against Beaverbrook he does not show it, but he is determined that Baldwin shall not wriggle out of supporting Beaverbrook's food taxes, which incidentally he, Lord Rothermere, regards as impracticable.

* * *

ROBERT BRIDGES was a magnificent old gentleman and a scholarly poet, but not the stuff of which Poets Laureate should be made. He was seventy when he received the bays, and it was quite understood at the time that the honor was conferred in recognition of past services to literature, not in expectation of poetic favors to come. None in fact came. The King's canary, as an irreverent American sub-editor put it, refused to chirp. In fact, he said, "I don't care a damn," when his attention was drawn to the suggestion made in the House of Commons by Horatio Bottomley, M.P., that the Poet Laureate should "churn out a piece" in honor of the Armistice.

Our Grand Old Man of the Muses was no sooner dead than the report went forth, as it always does, that there would be no more Poets Laureate. So they said when Tennyson died, the poet who "uttered

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nothing base," but Alfred Austin was given the job — by Lord Salisbury, as some say, in a moment of cynicism brought on by indigestion. Alf. A. also wrote nothing base, but he beat all records for banality since the poet Pye, including a "pome" about the Jameson Raid with a line in it which stuck in my mind about the "girls in the gold-reefed city." They said it again when Alfred Austin passed on. Again there was an appointment, though the circumstances in which the Laureateship was bestowed on Bridges, who was quite incapable of churning out an ode to a royal babe or an epithalamium for the wedding of the Duke of York, were contrary to all precedents.

Now we have the appointment of John Masefield who, living on Boar's Hill as Bridges' neighbor, had some of the rights of possession. It counted against Masefield that he had sunk so low as to write fiction, and for him that he wrote a defense of the Dardanelles fiasco and that Mrs. Masefield has always been an assiduous collector of funds for starving Russians. He is, of course, our best poet, with the exception of A. E. Housman, whose influence on contemporary verse is greater, though his output is small. He was out of the running because he had declared his intention of writing no more poetry. His *Lines on a Mercenary Army* put him in the front rank as a performer on the heroic lyre.

Among other favorites before the appointment were Alfred Noyes, and a poetical railway porter in the West of England whose name has escaped me. Yeats was ineligible because not English; Walter de la Mare, W. H. Davies, and the best of the Georgians were somehow not in the picture at all. Kipling is alive, but though he is still in the sixties the imperial fire which he fanned to so bright a flame is dead and the hearth is cold.

Masefield, curiously, announced through his wife that he would accept the Laureateship because he understood it is now a mark of recognition and entails no responsibilities. If that is so, his claims were inferior to those of either Housman or Kipling. Personally I should have liked to see the Laureateship given to some bright young bard who would be willing to "churn out" the sort of poems on great occasions that the Laureates of old were expected to purvey.

* * *

Although it was an unofficial and altogether friendly match arranged between Miss Molly Gourlay, and Miss Glenna Collett, the early defeat of the visiting American women golfers by the English team was highly satisfactory. It was a personal vindication for Miss Gourlay, who played a magnificent game in spite of having been harassed by a campaign of vilification by persons unknown but not unguessed — some of it taking the form of abusive anonymous letters, touching her selection of her team.

Psychologically the unofficial victory was interesting because it shows that our women do not invariably suffer from that inferiority complex that seems to seize upon our male athletes as soon as an American competitor heaves in sight.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of mild interest to Americans is a private Member's bill, shortly to be introduced into the House of Commons, empowering the Board of Trade to confiscate the certificates of Master Mariners who engage in the business of smuggling liquor into the United States. The proposal bristles with ethical and legal points and is not likely to get very far. The chief argument against it is that if the position were reversed it is highly unlikely that the United States would pass a law at the instance of its Prohibitionists penalizing American skippers who might smuggle liquor into Britain.

* * *

It is a maxim of the advertising fraternity throughout the world that you can not overdo it. We have, however, just had a striking instance of the fact that it can be overdone. For weeks we have been warned, with every adjective at Hollywood's command, not to miss the deep, the glorious, the inconceivable, wonderful and never to be equalled thrill of hearing Miss Greta Garbo in her first talkie, *Anna Christie*. Now she has talked, and while some critics refer to Miss Garbo's "exceptional speaking voice — low pitched, even and thrilling," others talk of "hoarse and guttural Swedish accents." The truth is that Miss Garbo's voice is quite good enough but nothing to rave about. The eulogists have clearly been impressed by the preliminary publicity on the loud pedal while the adverse critics have as clearly been antagonized by it.

* * *

We British are all for sport — some say too much so — but even we draw the line somewhere. A little time ago a howl of indignation was raised in certain quarters because the Home Secretary had refused visas to a Soviet football team which had arranged to play a series of matches with Communist teams in this country. The other day Mr. Clynes was asked about it in Parliament. Reading from a resolution of the Young Communist Internationale of December last, the Home Secretary pointed out that the avowed objects of the *Sportintern* were that it "should pay particular attention to the sport unions of the working-class youth. In these unions it must crystallize the basic kernel for strike pickets, proletarian self-defense, workers' fighting committees and Red Guards, and for work in the imperialist armies. It must utilize sport organizations for the military training of working-class youth."

The Home Secretary drily pointed out that he had refused the visas because there was no evidence that the proposed tour was undertaken for the purpose of genuine sport. Of course he acted rightly, but some of us think that a cup final between say the Sunderland Strike Pickets and the Woolwich Arsenal Red Guards would have its merits, particularly if the use of the knife were permitted in the second half.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Shadow Business

By Howard McLellan

A one-time private detective reveals some of the methods of the craft

Recently the quiet, domesticated night air of suburban New York City was bored into by two pistol shots, and a young man on secret business doubled up with one of the bullets in his left side. There wasn't any mystery about it. A rich New Yorker merely had pinned his resentment of private espionage on his all-seeing shadow, and that part of the universe which lies thickly between the Hudson and the East River, and detests espionage of any kind but uses a lot of it, was aware that a private detective had been painfully interrupted in his peculiar art.

Casualties like this which crop up from time to time indicate, but only to a slight extent, how intently many Americans are being watched by others. During each twenty-four hours of an American day at least twenty thousand pairs of trained eyes, whose scrutiny is privately paid for, are watching the possessors of twenty thousand other pairs of eyes which almost always are totally unsuspecting.

I fear that the new census will not accurately reveal the number of private detectives in our midst, for an essential part of their business is to keep that business dark. My own experience in the craft, plus rather intensive research, leads me to conclude that Americans are more subject to the "eye," if I may use the trade term for private espionage, than the people of any other nation. This is due not to any greater criminality among us but rather to our broad-minded attitude toward divorce. I shudder to think of how many young and able-bodied men who have embraced private detection as a lifetime occupation would be reduced to pick and shovel were it not for the increasing demand for divorce evidence quickly and quietly produced.

There are two large and reputable detective agencies in the country whose ramifications are world-wide. Each has thirty branch offices in strategically located cities. Five thousand smaller agencies, ranging in personnel from ten men to one man, are scattered throughout the country. Altogether they employ about 30,000 operatives, and of these 2,000 are women. The game is not a steady one and probably only 20,000 enjoy full-time em-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ployment. For their services the public pays about $150,000 a day. It was with one of the two large agencies that I was connected, first as an operative, then investigator, assistant manager and finally manager. In these various capacities I saw enough of the work to convince me that the velvet, or easy money, in the detective business, comes from matrimonial work.

Fortunately for private agencies this type of work can not be undertaken, legally, by the regular police. Even if this were possible I doubt whether a divorce-seeker would entrust his secret mission to the police.

IN TIMES past private agencies eschewed divorce cases, widely advertising the fact that "divorce matters will not be undertaken." Even now reputable agencies would like to have the world believe that they do not handle such matters. The reason is quite obvious. Divorce work is considered dirty, unscrupulous and corrupt; and it is. Where wealth is involved, along with a woman's honor, private operatives (who get as much for their daily labor as a green cabin boy earns on a sailing ship) may be too susceptible. While working for one side they may sell out to the other, or they may be just humanly sympathetic for the woman. They are all romantic devils and out for the coin. Fiascos, resulting from these sell-outs, are reflected in the law of the land which permits a judge to charge a jury that the evidence of private detectives must be taken with a handful of salt, or possibly the same proportion of chloride of lime.

There is a method, however, by which the large agency maintains its attitude of apparent resentment against divorce work and yet loses none of it. Mr. A —, let us suppose, hastens to a reputable agency and, behind closed doors, unbosoms himself of certain suspicions concerning his wife. He asks the agency to find something concrete that will serve as evidence in a divorce court. The agency manager explains that he can not undertake divorce operations.

"Not even for a substantial fee?" the husband asks.

"Not divorce cases," the manager persists. "Our rules are strict. But if you are prepared to pay say $25 a day for the service of a shadow man, we'll shadow anybody for anybody."

That is all the visitor seeks. He quickly digs up sufficient cash to carry on a shadow job for two days, "to see what turns up." But the manager has not yet emptied his bag of tricks.

"Of course," he says, "you will be permitted to see the shadow's reports only in this office in my presence."

SHADOWS' reports make good reading. The client may appear surprised or disappointed, but few of them insist further. If they do, and they are clients worth cultivating, the manager may explain that no private agency cares to have its reports bared in a court of law with exposure of its methods and operatives.

In this explanation there is a grain of truth. I rather think though, from what is regarded as "agency low-down," that other motives rule. In the first place, divorce operations are risky undertakings from the box-office standpoint. It has often hap-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLIC LIBRARY

pened that after an operative had worked for days on an investigation which revealed nothing of consequence, the client discontinued the work and forgot to settle his unpaid bill. But if a client is compelled to come each day to an agency to read the reports, the fee can be collected before he is shown them.

STILL another sound, if unusual, motive exists. It is buried in the annals of the business, and amounts to tradition. Some years ago Mr. J—, a rangy gentleman from Texas who was possessed of a cactus temperament, retained the services of an agency to shadow his wife. The "op" tailed her about and finally found her "connecting" with a man, much her husband's junior. The "op" named the young man in his reports and gave his address. The Texan went to this address, found a young man who answered the reported description. He had the "op's" reports in one hand and a six shooter in the other. He killed the young man, but unfortunately it proved to be the wrong man. It is highly probable that this tragedy had much to do with the unwillingness of agencies to let reports out of their hands. It also had something to do with the form and style of the modern divorce report which runs something like this:

Chicago Operating No. 17685
Chicago, Ill., December 12, 1929

Chicago Investigator H–12 reports:

Pursuant to instructions from Manager X–2 I proceeded at 11 a.m. today to 0000 Michigan Boulevard to take up surveillance of subject.

At 11.10 a.m. I observed subject come out of a store at the above address. She walked to Randolph Street, went west and at 11.20 a.m. entered a blue Packard automobile which was run by a man about 30, brown suit, green tie, who drove away.

I hired a taxi. Subjects 1 and 2 went through Randolph to Clark, parked the car and entered a restaurant at No. 0115 Clark Street.

I waited until 5.35 p.m. and subjects did not come out. On telephone instructions from Manager X–2 I discontinued for the day.

Time	
One day	$25.00
Expense	
Taxi hire	$ 1.50
Tip to restaurant doorman	.50
Telephones	.15
Lunch	1.00

THIS report, typed on plain white paper, is the one seen in the office by the client. It is about as relevant as an infant's scribblings. However, the original handwritten report of the operative was quite revealing and conclusive and it told too much. In it the "op" gave the number of the Packard automobile, the name of subject No. 1, the suspected wife, while reference to motor vehicle registrations gave the name and address of the car owner. These essential facts were deleted by the manager for safety's sake and one other compelling reason. But like the beginning of a successful short story, the successful report must have strong elements of suspense. Subsequent reports, if the client cares to pay for them, will reveal more. A little later, when contact with the client has convinced the agency manager that he is an even-tempered person, capable of withstanding shocks and incapable of gun play, all the deleted facts are permitted to dribble through to him. Still the client must find witnesses, for the agency refuses to permit "ops" to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

take the stand. The client passes the witness quest on to his lawyer.

One should observe that the taxi ride described in the body of the report is actually about four blocks in length, yet it cost $1.50, according to the itemized expense summary. However, a client in the flush of excitement at discovering that his suspicions are well-founded, rarely questions an expense item. It is quite likely that the vehicle described as a taxi was the operative's own Ford, so that here his profit on expenses is nearly 100 per cent.

The expense item is of paramount importance to the operative. A shadow, whose rank is the lowest in private detection, usually receives $3 a day and expenses from the agency, while the agency receives from $12 to $25 a day and all expenses from the client. An investigator, who is a step higher than the shadow, is paid from $4 to $6 a day, and the agency receives from $15 to $30 a day for his services in matrimonial cases. Thus the profits for a detective agency come mainly from the difference between what the client pays per man and what the worker receives, while the worker, where it is possible, makes his profits on expenses.

THE technique of shadowing has undergone vast changes in the last two decades. When only street cars or slow-moving hacks were available and a great many people walked, the shadow had a comparatively easy job of tailing his subject. But since modern courtship is carried on to a large extent in or with the aid of motor cars, the "tailing" job is not so simple.

Yet in spite of the motor car it is possible to maintain what are known as "close" and "rough" shadows on a subject. The rough "tail" is one which is maintained on a subject who may have reason to suspect he will be shadowed and the tail follows him at a long, safe distance. A close tail is carried on when the subject is without reason to believe he will be followed.

A RICH and influential subject, who was being followed at the instigation of his wife, thought he was throwing off his shadow when he came out of the bank of which he was head and dived into a taxi waiting at the curb. The taxi shot away, the driver always managing just to get by the red traffic signal, thus leaving behind any car that might be following with an "eye" in it. The same taxi and the same driver were always awaiting the subject at the curb.

Yet the wife was in complete possession of her husband's daily movements by motor car, which invariably wound up at the door of the young woman in whom he showed an undue interest. He paid the taxi driver handsomely for always being in readiness for him and dodging past the red light. But the agency hired by the wife had "gotten to" the driver and paid him handsomely also for his daily reports on the banker's tours. In this case the driver was not a shadow man but a specialist in agency service known as a "plant." This trick, made necessary by the motor car, is employed again and again. Agencies maintain a list of live taxi plants.

The taxi trap does not always work. Men and women who are followed frequently use private machines and go to circuitous lengths to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lose shadows. It may then be necessary to employ another type of specialist, indexed as a "rope." A proficient female "rope" who has that certain way with men, will first size up her subject, and, if he shows the slightest interest in her, contact results. An acquaintance thus formed leads to more valuable information than the old process of shadowing produced, and this information is relayed to the client *via* the agency. If the subject-in-chief is not susceptible to feminine wiles, the female "rope" may succeed, through sisterly offices, in engaging the confidences of the corespondent. If this can not be done, an operative is detailed to "go up against" either the subject-in-chief or the corespondent by seeking employment as a maid, cook, laundrywoman, stenographer or what not.

As straight operatives, women are not outstanding successes. As "ropes" no man is their equal. I have had college graduates, girls of good social position and smart appearance, plead for an opportunity to try their hand at roping. Invariably they offer the explanation that they have been fascinated by detective tales which they have been reading and want to see what sleuthing is like in real life. This, I believe, is more pretext than reason, for after the thrill of their first job is over they beg for more assignments. I suspect that many of them are really trying out their ability to win men, and in this there seems always to be an unending fascination for their sex.

Sometimes disaster overtakes them. The daughter of a banker wanted to try detective work. She was assigned to a matrimonial job and her "rope" subject was a suspect husband. Her reports which at first were interesting, gradually became meagre and at last were carefully worded defenses of the subject. Of course she lost her job and the divorce was obtained with other evidence; but afterward she married the husband. The former wife, slyly waiting, collected from the father of the girl $60,000 for alienation of affections.

There are times when none of the methods I have just outlined will produce results. A well-to-do and cautious old husband established the object of his affections in a mansion by the road, and to this mansion he hurried every afternoon when he was supposed to be at his office or club. He travelled to and from the mansion in a fast motor car and successfully evaded all efforts to tail him.

The law required evidence that he not only visited the mansion when the corespondent was occupying it, but required as well some evidence that they were actually together within the house. The mansion was surrounded by a high brick wall and hidden by trees. The chauffeur who drove the gentleman always stood guard at the gate and permitted no one to pass within. Servants and chauffeur proved unpurchasable.

Nevertheless the subject was quite continuously watched while he was in the house. First the electric lights went out of commission and a lineman appeared at the gate to restore service. He was welcomed within and he did his little job of fixing the wires. He came out with abundant evidence that the old gentleman and his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

youthful flame were not together in the mansion for the purposes of saying *paternosters*. The lineman was a duly authenticated agency operative who had cut the wires to gain admittance to the house. A few days later a taxi rattled past the gate and came to a dead stop at the side of the road. Its driver got out and meddled with the engine for an hour. Pretty soon the old gentleman's chauffeur left his sentry post at the gate and offered to help fix the engine. Well, there was no wrench in the taxi. The chauffeur started toward the house to get one. The taxi driver asked him if there was a telephone in the mansion and, if so, could he use it to call up the fare he was on his way to pick up when the engine went dead? The obliging and thoroughly trusting chauffeur invited the driver into the house and he was permitted to use the telephone in the hallway. As he phoned to a confederate he looked over the interior scene, and, like the light repair man, walked away with additional evidence.

THE aggrieved wife demanded still more evidence, and was in a position to pay for it. So an operative was assigned to build a little roadside refreshment shack facing the gate to the mansion grounds where he might carry on a daily watch. This was too much for the old gentleman. Presently a moving man arrived with his van and the lady in the mansion departed with her *lares* and *penates*. Later it was a matter of great distress for both corespondent and the husband to find his flaming letters to her introduced as evidence at the divorce trial, along with receipted bills which the husband had paid for the upkeep of the corespondent. How these documents came into possession of the wife offers no mystery to the detective. The moving man was an agency "plant" who knew how to rifle the desks and dressing tables which he carried off in his van.

The detective service in this long-drawn-out operation cost about $25,000. The wife paid the bill out of money which came to her from her husband under a liberal alimony decree.

IT IS amazing what can be done with pretexts in private detective work. Many of them are as old as the institution of marriage, yet those who are trapped by them seem never to suspect their use. For instance, the Western Union Telegraph Company rigidly enforces the rule, which is protected by law, that messages which pass over its wires are not to be seen by unauthorized eyes. To most agencies such rules are made to be broken. The manner in which they are broken is simple though illegal. An operative engaged in watching a house observes a messenger boy deliver the telegram. He hurries away to the nearest telephone and calls the person who received the message, and representing himself to be an employee of the telegraph company explains that there was a mistake in time or wording of the message and would the recipient kindly read it over so that the correction might be made? Almost without exception the message is repeated over the 'phone.

One might suppose that the hegira of unhappily married couples to Paris, Mexico and other sources of the easy divorce decree, has con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

siderably reduced the business of the private detective agency, robbing it of its best paying clientèle. However, the contrary is true.

MENTION in the press, by barest cable intelligence, that Mrs. J. Whatterwaite Townsley has won a Paris decree from her husband, the eminent banker and polo enthusiast, does much to promote the impression that they settled their differences without the aid of detectives. Yet Mrs. Townsley comes away from Paris with a decree and a handsome settlement. How was it possible for her to whip her hard-headed banker husband into accepting the decree and agreeing to the handsome settlement? It was a private detective agency on this side of the water that made it all possible. And the evidence was, no doubt, assembled bit by bit through the indefatigable efforts of a score of shadow men working on the job.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Prohibition's Absurdities

By Harry Hibschman

Some gems of inconsistency and paradox in the law and methods of enforcement

Voltaire once wrote to a friend that there was one short prayer he often made. "My God," it was worded, "make our enemies very ridiculous!"

Were he alive today and opposed to Prohibition, he would be happy without finding it necessary to call on the Deity for help. For the Prohibitionists are doing that job themselves; and, if ever any other proponents of a cause have surpassed them in that respect, historians have not done their duty to the rest of us and humorists have overlooked a glorious opportunity to win immortal fame. Nor has there ever been a movement or an effort to regulate human conduct by force that was more prolific in absurdities than Prohibition in these United States of the Anti-Saloon League, or else the name thereof has been buried with its too solemn advocates and defenders.

As a former Prohibitionist who can obtain considerable information on the subject by looking into my own past and who now has the grace to blush at some of my former antics, I offer the readers of The North American Review an inventory of some of the major of these absurdities. Of course, the specific enumeration of certain particular items does not imply the non-existence of others not named.

When the Anti-Saloon League was incorporated thirty-five years ago, its object was stated to be "the extermination of the liquor traffic." Nothing was said about the use of liquor. And its official spokesmen at all times both implicitly and explicitly created the impression that the League was not aiming to make drinking illegal.

This same impression was deliberately fostered when the Eighteenth Amendment was proposed. The things to be prohibited by it were "the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation from, the United States — for beverage purposes." It was absolutely silent regarding purchase, possession, or use. And that was no accident. The proponents of the Amendment were running true to form. They centred attention on the traffic and concealed their real purpose.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But behold what happened as soon as the Amendment had been securely incorporated in the Constitution. Forthwith the Anti-Saloon League and its allies revealed their true aims. The so-called Volstead Act, actually the child of Wayne B. Wheeler though bearing another's name, was introduced and passed, carrying the bald pronouncement that its object was the prevention of "the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage." And to effectuate this object the Act provided not merely that the five things named in the Eighteenth Amendment should be prohibited, but also that it should be a crime to deliver, furnish or possess intoxicating liquors. And that is the law now.

BUT why, if the object was merely to prohibit the traffic, are the *provisions of the Enforcement Act* enlarged to include matters about which the Amendment is silent? Why does the Eighteenth Amendment not explicitly prohibit the purchase, possession and use of alcoholic beverages?

The answer is as obvious as an office-seeker's affability at election time. If the Amendment had plainly prohibited drinking without excepting anybody under any circumstances, it would have had no more chance of adoption than one prohibiting the eating of apple pie by the American male or the wearing of silk hose by the American female.

Here is a riddle: when is a non-intoxicating beverage intoxicating?

The answer has been solemnly handed down by the Supreme Court. It is: when Congress says so.

What happened was that Congress in the Volstead Act defined intoxicating liquor as being any liquor or compound containing one-half of one per cent or more alcohol by volume, although the Eighteenth Amendment contains no definition but simply prohibits the manufacture, sale, transportation, importation and exportation of "intoxicating liquors — for beverage purposes"; and the Supreme Court approved.

The consequences are that, in spite of the literal provisions of the Amendment, any beverage containing over one-half of one per cent of alcohol is under the ban, and the man who makes or transports or possesses it is a criminal. Under the Jones Law he may be branded as a felon for selling beer with an alcoholic content of three-fourths of one per cent, though not a man could get drunk on it if it were as plentiful as rainwater *in Western Oregon.*

THAT this is not an idle assertion is shown by the case of Mrs. James McHaney, of Birmingham, Alabama, fifty-six years of age and the mother of six children. She was recently sentenced to six months in jail for owning five bottles of home-brew of one and one-half per cent alcoholic content, for possessing a non-intoxicating beverage arbitrarily made into an intoxicating liquor by legislative enactment and judicial decree.

Having usurped the power to extend the prohibitions of the Eighteenth Amendment to liquor not in fact intoxicating, Congress proceeded next to lay its hands upon liquor not intended for beverage purposes. It assumed authority to dictate to the medical profession when and to what extent intoxicating

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

liquors might be prescribed for the country's sick.

Malt liquors have been entirely prohibited; and of vinous and spirituous liquors a physician may prescribe only so much once in ten days for one patient as contains not more than one-half pint of alcohol. In other words, Congress in its ineffable wisdom has decided that when alcohol is necessary at all in the treatment of disease, six and four-tenths teaspoonfuls a day is the proper maximum dose. In actual practice, however, because of a provision limiting the alcoholic content of the liquor that may be so prescribed to twenty-four per cent by volume, and because of the "cutting" of even medical liquor, the amount mentioned is more than cut in half. The patient is lucky if he gets three teaspoonfuls a day.

THERE is a difference of opinion regarding the therapeutic value of alcohol. But in 1927 the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association, after a lengthy debate, voted unanimously for legislation permitting physicians to prescribe "whatever amounts of alcoholic liquors may be needed for their respective patients."

Dentists are not permitted to prescribe alcohol at all for their patients. But they have recently joined in a nation-wide appeal for a change; and in that connection one of them has said: "Experience has taught us that there is only one antidote for novocaine, and that is whiskey."

But, of course, legislators know more about these subjects than the dentists and the physicians. They have confidently expressed their superior judgment in the Volstead Act and supplemental laws. It will be a glorious day when they become as wise in matters of government as they assume to be in these matters of human life and health.

IT IS an old and long-established rule of American law that criminal statutes are to be strictly construed, and that an accused person is presumed innocent until proved guilty.

But in the prejudiced minds of the Prohibitionists the Eighteenth Amendment is of such over-shadowing importance that these traditional rules and guarantees appear not as bulwarks to be respected but as barriers to be destroyed. Bills of rights and long accepted guarantees, therefore, become mere scraps of paper when they stand in the way of the Prohibitionist crusade. This is evidenced by a declaration in one of the first sections of the Volstead Act to this effect: "All the provisions of this Act shall be liberally construed to the end that the use of intoxicating liquor as a beverage may be prevented."

However, the ultimate in absurdity and mediævalism is reached in a later section of the Act, which provides that the mere possession of intoxicating liquor shall be *prima facie* evidence of guilt, and that "the burden of proof shall be upon the possessor in any action concerning the same to prove that such liquor was legally acquired, possessed and used." In other words, if you are charged with a violation of the National Prohibition Law and there is evidence that liquor was found in your possession, though it may have been stuck in your pocket by the arresting officer or planted in your

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

house by a stool-pigeon, as in the notorious Etta May Miller case in Michigan, you are not protected by the American presumption of innocence, but are back in the days of witch-hunters and are presumed guilty until you prove yourself innocent.

With the Prohibitionists abrogation is a logical doctrine and a consistent procedure.

As already pointed out, Congress, aided and abetted by the Supreme Court, has violated both the letter and the spirit of the Eighteenth Amendment, by a process of extension, forbidding what the Amendment on its face does not. But Congress has gone just as far in the other direction and violated the Amendment by a process of exclusion, permitting what the Amendment on its face does not.

The Volstead Act, marvelous joint product of the Prohibitionist and the legislative mind, having stretched the Amendment, operated next to emasculate it, being so drawn as to permit the manufacture of cider and fruit juices in the home for personal use. In this case the one-half of one per cent limit does not apply; and the cider or fruit juice must be intoxicating in fact to sustain a criminal prosecution. It has, therefore, been judicially decided that home-made wine with a strength of twelve per cent is within the law. In short, home brew with an alcoholic content of more than one-half of one per cent is intoxicating and subjects the maker or the possessor to the penalty of the law, but cider or wine as strong as old-time champagne may be made and used in the home with impunity. The former is intoxicating by legislative fiat. The latter is not intoxicating, by legislative sanction, the verdict of juries, and judicial interpretation. What a glorious example of consistency and of equality before the law!

Recognizing this state of affairs with becoming sympathy, the grape-owners of the country have kindly done everything possible to help the home-owner to satisfy his thirst. Not only do they ship him wine grapes, now piously called "juice" grapes, but they even prepare the juice for him, deliver it at his door and carefully instruct him what steps to take in order that nature may do its work efficiently and give him a palatable product.

Where the grapes themselves are shipped, our Prohibition Government accommodatingly steps in and certifies the grapes at the car; and from the certificate issued the purchaser can tell just what to expect. For the certificate gives the sugar content, and it is just twice what the alcoholic content of the juice will be if treated with due care and affectionate anticipation. The growers and the users both rejoice.

Official Governmental nullification in its highest form, however, manifested itself when the enforcement of the Volstead Act against foreign vessels was imminent. As was to be expected, the owners of these vessels raised the cry that nationality followed the flag and that the Eighteenth Amendment could not interfere with them.

The Supreme Court decided against them, and held that the Eighteenth Amendment applied to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"all territory subject to the jurisdiction" of the United States, including the adjacent waters for a distance of three miles, without any exceptions or preferences whatsoever. For any vessel, foreign or domestic, therefore, to enter the ports and harbors of the United States, having on board alcoholic beverages, was held to be a violation of the Eighteenth Amendment and to render the vessel subject to the penalties of the Volstead Act regardless of the flag it flew.

INTERNATIONAL complications naturally followed this decision and gave the President and the State Department some uneasy hours. But eventually, some astute person, versed in legalistic circumlocutions, proposed a way out of the dilemma. Following his suggestion, treaties were negotiated, which the Senate duly ratified, providing that foreign vessels might enter our territorial waters with liquor on board, provided it was kept under seal, and that no penalties should be applicable to the liquors, the vessels or the owners. In short, the teeth of the Enforcement Act were painlessly extracted, and the Eighteenth Amendment was nullified to that extent.

Respect for law, like many other things, might well begin in Washington.

An ordinary criminal statute reads: "Whoever does thus and so shall be guilty of such and such crime and shall be punished by imprisonment for so long or a fine of so much."

On this model a Prohibition law, embodying the exact language of the Eighteenth Amendment, could be drawn in fifty words.

But the members of Congress and their ready advisers knew well enough that such a simple law would be altogether inadequate as an enforcement Act for the Eighteenth Amendment. Such a law suffices in ordinary cases because there is a practical unanimity of public opinion as to the nature of the act condemned — the law has a moral sanction.

THE uncommon character of Prohibition stands revealed in the very length of the Volstead Act and in the complicated and unusual means, methods and penalties invented and adopted to make its provisions effective. The Act itself contains more words than the two chapters in an average State code covering all crimes against the person and all crimes against property, as for instance, in New Jersey; and the elaborate and distinctive measures provided for its enforcement are such as have never been thought of in connection with any other criminal statute. They constitute a positive admission that a mere Prohibition law cannot be made to prohibit. The supplemental acts, including the Jones Law, and the new measures recommended by the Wickersham Commission, all constitute additional official confessions of this incontrovertible truth.

To the layman the danger and viciousness inherent in the extraordinary provisions of these laws may not be immediately apparent. The gist of them is that they enable the Federal Government to proceed against an alleged offender, not merely by a prosecution in a criminal court, but also by a suit in equity. And the object is to bring

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about the punishment of the offender without giving him a chance to submit his case to a jury. Not satisfied with depriving a defendant of the traditional presumption of innocence and loading on his shoulders the burden of proof, the Prohibitionists sought in addition to contrive a way to deprive him of his right to a jury trial. The injunction and padlock proceedings are the result.

THIS, however, is not all. The Volstead Act further provides that where any automobile or other vehicle is used for the illegal transportation of intoxicating liquor, it may be ordered sold and the proceeds paid into the United States Treasury.

This takes us back to the days when an object, like a tree or a sword, that was instrumental in causing the death of a person, was punished or forfeited to the king. Were we to apply the same procedure to other cases, an automobile in which a murder was committed or which was used in violating the Mann Act, would be confiscated, a hotel in which an act of adultery was committed would be subject to padlock, and the train on which a pickpocket or a gambler operated would be laid up for a year.

But even the drastic penalties and the despotic procedure already described proved to be inadequate for the purpose of those Government officials upon whom fell the duty of making the country dry. So they resurrected a provision of the old revenue laws under which a building or vehicle may be seized and confiscated if taxable articles on which the tax has not been paid are found concealed in it. Under this law it is not necessary to find anyone guilty of a violation of the National Prohibition Law. But if an officer finds liquor in your car on which no tax has been paid, the car may be confiscated even though you knew nothing about the liquor and though no one is prosecuted or convicted for a violation of the Prohibition Law. And the joke is that you could not pay the tax if you wanted to. The Government of this free and glorious Republic takes your property on the ground that you have failed to do what there is no possible way for you to do.

BUT there is still worse to come. For Judge Charles E. Woodward, sitting in the United States District Court at Chicago, held recently that where contraband liquor is found in a home, the Government agents, proceeding under the Internal Revenue Acts, may seize all personal property that they may find with the illicit liquor. In other words, if liquor on which the tax has not been paid is found in your home, the officers may confiscate, not merely the liquor itself, but also your piano, your kitchen range and the baby's crib.

Not only in the case of the seizing of a car under the revenue laws, but also in the ordinary Prohibition cases, especially those involving padlock proceedings, is the penalty wholly disproportionate to the offense. For failure to pay a theoretical tax of a few cents, a new and costly car may be forfeited, and for making a sale of a highball or even for furnishing the "set-up" — ice and ginger ale — a hotel dining-room may be padlocked and a year's profits lost.

Leaving aside, however, these ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

traordinary penalties, it is startling to compare the other penalties imposed in Prohibition cases with those imposed in other criminal cases.

THE maximum punishment for violation of the Prohibition laws, exclusive of the extraordinary penalties already discussed, is five years imprisonment in the penitentiary or a fine of $10,000, or both. The following are the maximum penalties for other Federal crimes:

Breaking into a postoffice: 5 years and $1,000 or both
Stealing mail: 5 years and $2,000 or both
Using mails to defraud: 5 years and $1,000 or both
Transporting stolen auto: 5 years and $2,000 or both
Perjury: 5 years and $2,000 or both
Extortion by an official: 1 year and $500 or both
Conspiracy to violate any law: 2 years and $10,000 or both
Seditious conspiracy: 6 years and $5,000 or both

But it is not merely on the books that the penalties vary so extremely. In the meting out of punishment the courts discriminate similarly against violators of the Prohibition laws. Hundreds of actual cases could be cited in support of this statement; but there is space for only a few:

Last November in the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Missouri, Judge Davis sentenced a bartender, who had sold a Prohibition agent a drink of whiskey, to a year and a day in the penitentiary and fined him $500. A few minutes later the same Judge sentenced a former policeman, who had raised Post Office money orders, to six months in jail.

On September 27, last year, two men were convicted for two different crimes in the Circuit Court of Mackinac County, Michigan. Noah Bailey had killed a man by hitting him over the head with a shot-gun and then using an ax to finish the job. Perry Gish had made and sold whiskey. Bailey was sentenced to two and a half years in State prison, and Gish to seven and a half years.

As we have already seen, there is only one part of the Constitution over which the Prohibitionists show any concern, their own pet Amendment. When they preach loyalty to the Constitution, they have that one part in mind. For the instrument as a whole they have no particular regard or devotion; and in the interest of the Eighteenth Amendment, they are ready to scrap it. The guarantees of the Bill of Rights must give way to the crusade for a dry America.

How this attitude has expressed itself in the evasion of trial by jury we noted in our analysis of the Volstead Act. Just as vicious in its remote as well as in its immediate consequences is the flagrant disregard of the rights of the citizen under the double jeopardy and the search and seizure clauses of the Bill of Rights.

UP TO the time National Prohibition went into effect, comparatively few cases arose where double prosecution took place. Now, however, every violation of the Volstead Act and the supplemental acts also constitutes a violation of the State law in any State that has a Prohibition law of its own. Hence, thousands of people are constantly laying them-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

selves liable to be thus doubly prosecuted. One case will suffice to show the possible results.

In 1927 four men, found with three quarts of liquor in their possession, were arrested in Atlanta, Georgia, and arraigned in both a State and a Federal court. The first was sentenced by the State court to four months in the chain-gang, and by the Federal court to six months imprisonment and a fine of $500. The second got one year on the chain-gang in the State court but was found "Not Guilty" in the Federal court. The third drew six months on the chain-gang and a fine of $50 in the State court, but was never tried in the Federal court. And the fourth was given one year on the chain-gang by the State court and fined $50 while in the Federal court he was given four months in jail.

The Fourth Amendment guarantees that "the right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated." From the time of its adoption until the adoption of the Eighteenth, there were less than a hundred and fifty cases involving the question of unlawful search and seizure in all the Federal courts and in all the State appellate courts. Since 1920 there have been over eight hundred. That fact alone speaks to the world of the flagrant abuse of power that characterizes the Noble Experiment.

The Fourth Amendment applies, not merely to one's house but to one's person, property and papers. Yet there is not a day that the newspapers do not contain stories of arrests and searches without warrants, especially searches of the person and of automobiles. Furthermore, the Supreme Court of the United States has put its stamp of approval on the practice of tapping the telephone wires of suspected persons, even where under existing State laws to tap a telephone wire is a criminal offense.

Truly, we are a peculiar people. We praise liberty and complacently bear tyranny.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Red Hansen's Romance

By Don Knowlton

What lay behind the mask of a kitchen-hermit and his jug of cider

Just beyond the east bridge, where the Loyalton Road crosses the creek and winds along toward the rising sun over the hill to Northfield, there stands a low, rambling house, all set about with lilac bushes. In this house lived Henry Hansen. At least he was christened Henry, but that name had long since been forgotten. He was called Red, and had been so called, they told me, since he was two years old.

In the days when I was a young man, rambling about the hills of Loyalton of a week-end, I often came upon Red Hansen in the woods, with a rifle over his shoulder. I liked Red. He lived all alone in that long, ramshackle house. Now and then he invited me in to have a nip of cider.

A strange man was he. He was completely bald except for a dab of actually pink hair above both ears. He had a pinkish-red mustache, and a pointed pinkish-red beard with a brown streak of tobacco stain down the middle of it. I judged that he was somewhere between thirty-five and forty years of age.

That old house among the lilac trees was a place of uneasy fascination to me. It was utterly abandoned save for the one room which Red Hansen occupied. That room was the kitchen. Red lived, slept, cooked, ate, drank, read and dreamed in that kitchen. It was a long room. In one end was the cook stove, and above it a shelf with food, dishes, saucepans and the like. At the other end stood a cot and a much worn rocking-chair. Old clothing hung upon pegs stuck in the walls — overalls, hunting coats, torn shirts, socks, moth-eaten hats, ragged trousers. If Red Hansen ever got any new clothes, I never saw them.

The rest of the house was in complete disrepair. The roof leaked. The plaster had fallen off the walls. The windows were broken, and the floor boards themselves worn into ridges. The dust lay thick along the halls. Yet there was a certain dirty orderliness about Red's kitchen. Everything was distinctly in its place.

Red Hansen worked now and then, but most of the time he merely lived. He raised his own potatoes and corn. He had a few sheep and butchered one now and then, but they say that as a rule he actually depended upon his rifle for fresh meat. His

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

books were mostly those left him by his father — standard classics sixty years ago. Every one was worn and thumb-marked. Now and then he got a book from the Loyalton Public Library.

The good ladies of the Loyalton W. C. T. U. objected to Red Hansen, because he was known to keep a jug of hard cider handy at all times under his kitchen table. The mothers of Loyalton's young ladies often advised their daughters to cross the street when they saw Red Hansen coming. The God-fearing, hard-working men of the town disapproved of him, and asked the Township Trustees if there were not some way to eject him from the village.

But Red Hansen lived on year after year, all alone, hunting, drinking, reading, adding each season a bit more gray to the pink in those tufts of hair above his ears. I rather liked him because he never said anything. He would invite me in, and get out the cider and a couple of glasses — and then we would just sit and drink — and smoke.

ONE day, in early May, after a long ramble up and down the hillsides and through the bramble bushes in search of the yellow lady's slipper, I dropped in on Red Hansen — and as we sat there saying nothing, with the cider jug between us, I happened to notice, hanging upon the kitchen wall, over the table, a faded photograph of a curly-haired girl. I stood up and examined it more closely.

There was something about the thing which held me. I believe it was the girl's eyes. They had an appealing wide-open look, as if she had just found out what the world was all about and asked you to protect her from it. Or perhaps it was her lips — full lips with just the right bow to them, and a suspicion of a pout. I never have seen a more provocative face than the one which looked down upon me from that old photograph.

I have no tact. I pointed to the picture and asked, "Who is this?"

Red did not answer me. Instead, he said, "Do you like it?"

"Immensely," I replied.

I waited — but Red, staring far off out the window, merely poured himself another glass of cider.

AMONG the business men whom I happen to know in the city, Jake Frisbee is the most distinctly urban. Mr. and Mrs. Frisbee live on the fourteenth floor of a downtown hotel. They have no children. She drives a limousine and he drives a roadster. They belong to seven clubs. Their observations upon bridge are accepted as authoritative. They dress for everything. I expect to see Jake buried in a Tuxedo, with a carnation in his buttonhole. Yet I do not hold that against him. He lives as he does, not because he wants to create an impression, but because that to him is the ideal existence. We fell into a discussion of this very subject one night at the University Club, and in the course of it I began to amplify upon the method of living of Red Hansen, just by way of complete contrast, to see what Jake Frisbee would have to say. Much to my amazement, Jake said, "Yes, I know Red Hansen. In fact, I happen to know him far better than he has ever suspected."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Naturally I was all curiosity. What possible connection could there ever have been between the sartorial artist, Jake Frisbee, and Red Hansen, kitchen-hermit?

Jake Frisbee has his own manner of telling a story, and I shall endeavor therefore to recount the tale to you in the words in which he told it to me.

"You know," Jake Frisbee began, "my mother, bless her soul, was a bit nuts on æsthetics. She was always strong for appreciating something, and she could jump from Handel's *Largo* to a barnyard without even taking a breath. So one summer nothing would do but to go out in the country to see the apple blossoms and breathe the pure air, and wiggle our naked toes in the mud, or rather, my naked toes. When it got down to brass tacks, mother had to take her mud second-hand.

"Anyhow, mother and I went out to Loyalton, and we boarded on the Hansen farm. Red Hansen was then just twenty-one years old. His father had died two years before, and I guess the old man had never accumulated much wherewithal for his family, his chief claims to glory having lain in his inordinate capacity to imbibe whiskey, and his Aurora Borealis of pink hair, which, according to the natives, also grew all over him. He must have looked like a futuristic teddy bear.

"Mrs. Hansen was an honest-to-God, lovable sort of a farmer's wife, who made the right kind of dumplings and worshipped strictly fresh eggs. She couldn't do much with that red-headed son of hers. He didn't want to work on the farm.

"He was always roaming around, or dreaming about something, or staying away for days at a time. He would hide books in the hayloft, too, and lie up there reading all day when he ought to have been hoeing potatoes. Oh, he vexed her terribly. Many a time I have seen her getting all ready to scold him, but she didn't seem to have the knack. All she would say would be, 'Dear boy, have you had enough supper?'

"Well, as I was going to tell you, mother and I stayed out there on the Hansen farm all that summer — and though I was just fourteen years old, I was quite curious about things, and a bit wise for my age if I do say it myself.

"With which I introduce you to two other boarders at the Hansen farm that summer — Mr. and Mrs. Archibald McKay. And I don't mind telling you that at that time I would have given my right eye, three toes of my left foot, and a seat on the Stock Exchange, just to have Constance McKay turn in my direction the kind of a smile she kept shooting at Red Hansen.

"She'd been married only that spring, and she'd been married too young. Darn the girl — she still bothers me, just in the recollection. She was only eighteen. Her husband was about thirty. He was one of these precise boys. I hoped he would break a leg. You know, he always knew exactly how much anything cost. He could tell you the date of the Battle of Hastings and how old Coleridge was when he died. He was slim and and trim and set up just so-so. That bird could have walked through the Everglades and never got a speck

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of mud on him. He was the most immaculate male in Christendom.

"Now this is a queer thing — I hated him because I didn't have the knack of keeping clean as he did, and Red Hansen also hated him because he kept so clean! Isn't that a peculiar thing to have in common?

"But that was only one of many reasons why Red Hansen hated Archie McKay. Archie talked to Red only when he needed service. 'Red, would you mind carrying my suitcase upstairs?' or, 'Red, get me some hot water, will you please? I am preparing to shave!' or, 'Red, don't you think it's a bit chilly? Can we have some more wood, please?'

"Well, Red never said anything. He just went ahead and did what he was told to do. But it was a good deal like requesting a Viking to serve the canapés at a tea party. I can't say that Red did it with what you call good grace.

"Now, McKay got there every Saturday afternoon and left on Monday morning — and no sooner did McKay get on board the train for the city, than that sugar-coated wife of his, Constance, began to do her stuff.

"As I said before, I had seen a few things even if I was just fourteen years old, but believe me that girl had something about her that just tied me up in hard knots and kept me lying awake from sunset till morning. I don't know what it was. She was what you would call nowadays a baby doll. Childish, soft spoken, had to be protected. 'Would you mind closing the window, Jake? That's a dear. The night air is so drafty.'

"I have often said that if you would give a woman a stick of dynamite, she would set it off just to see what would happen. So this newly-married peaches and cream, this Constance McKay, couldn't help trying out her technique between Monday morning and Saturday afternoon on Red Hansen — and believe me it was deadly, especially to a boy who had been raised on the farm.

"And there was something about that boy, too. Six feet tall, broad-shouldered and narrow-hipped, clear blue-gray eyes and rosy cheeks, stubby chin, red lips, and such a shock of curly pink hair as you never saw in all your life.

"I don't suppose Constance knew it was dynamite. You see for quite a while this boy, Red Hansen, didn't say anything. He just went about his business as best he could. She used to call him over and ask him to sit next to her on the steps in the moonlight, and then she would sing songs to him and talk baby talk. She would ask him to drive her up to the Center and back, just to go to the store, and then after she got him up there she would make him take her for a long ride, and all the time she would chatter about what a big strong man he was. She would climb up in the cherry tree and sit there swinging her legs, and then she would say, 'Oh Red, dear, I can't get down. Won't you be a darling and help me?' And then she would give him a pat on the cheek and say, 'You're just the sweetest thing!'

"And that wasn't all. She kept feeding him a lot of applesauce about how romantic he was, a big strong

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man, and all that, a regular he-person.

"Well, it wasn't long before they got to sitting together in the hammock, and then Red did begin to talk and she just let him talk. I heard some of it. All he did was to promise her his body and soul and the new cow, too; and she just sat there and took it, as casually as she might have gobbled up a bag of chocolate creams.

"It wasn't long before the dynamite began to explode. I heard Red talking to Constance a few nights later out under the big apple tree. His voice was a little louder than usual, and he certainly meant what he said.

"'Now look here,' he told her. 'I've promised you everything you asked me to, and so far you haven't really promised me a thing. You have told me that you loved me, Constance, but do you? Honestly, now?'

"And I heard her baby talk come back, 'Why Red, darling!'

"'Answer yes or no!' he went on.

"She waited a minute and finally said, 'Yes,' in a very soft voice.

"'All right. Then you are going to divorce McKay and marry me. Are you, or aren't you?'

"She didn't make a sound.

"'Are you or aren't you?' he repeated.

"CONSTANCE was scared, I could tell that. She had got in deep and didn't know how to get out. This was on a Friday night and her husband was coming the next day; but you know how these women are. They always think everything is going to be all right in the morning, so once more she said, 'Yes.'

"'You swear it?' Red asked.

"She just nodded her head.

"'Say, I swear it,' he insisted; so she repeated, 'I swear it' in a weak sort of voice, and started to run away, but he grabbed her.

"'Constance,' he said, 'you've got to tell your husband about this tomorrow. Will you promise that?'

"'I promise,' she said, half crying, and ran into the house.

"WELL, Saturday came, and with it McKay, and I was all ears because I expected some fireworks, but nothing happened. Nothing happened on Saturday or on Sunday, and on Monday McKay went back to the city as usual. On Monday afternoon the news came out that on the following Wednesday the McKays were leaving the farm for good — McKay was coming out from the city on Wednesday morning to take his charming wife home.

"Red didn't say a word. Constance stayed in her room most of the time. Of course she had to come down to supper on Monday evening, and after supper she went out on the porch. Red followed her out there, took her by the wrist and started off for the orchard, dragging her after him.

"'Red,' she said, 'I'm tired and I have an awful headache. I've got to go right to bed.'

"He didn't pay any attention to her.

"I trailed along after them, dodging behind the trees. As soon as they got out of sight of the house, Red grabbed her by the shoulders and shook her. She began to say, 'Let me go, let me go!' and started to cry, but she stopped crying all right when

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Red began to talk. She turned white and began to shake all over, and I can tell you that Red's voice frightened me, too.

"'I thought you were a decent, self-respecting woman,' he told her. 'I thought you were a woman of your word. You lied to me, didn't you?'

"She couldn't say a thing.

"'Well,' Red went on, 'I'm going to keep you honest. You made a promise, and by God you are going to live up to it!' and with that he threw her over his shoulder like a sack of meal, and started off over the hills on a dog-trot.

"WELL, believe me, there was excitement around the farmhouse the next morning. Red and Constance had disappeared. Everybody had slept soundly the night before and no one had noticed that neither one of them had come in. The only people there were Mrs. Hansen, my mother and myself, and McKay was due there the next morning. Mrs. Hansen went around wringing her hands and weeping about the disgrace to her home that this woman had brought upon her. My mother got a big kick out of it without caring a darn one way or the other — you know, it was like a good show to her.

"The question was, of course, where were they and how in the world could we find them; and I kept my mouth shut. I didn't say a word about how I had seen Red carry her off, for the simple reason that I was afraid of what Red might do to me if he found out that I had told on him.

"The women used up all the time by talking, talking, talking. They didn't do anything until about three o'clock in the afternoon, and then they finally called the constable at Loyalton Center. He didn't know what to do. By that time it was six o'clock at night, so they decided to wait until the next day and ask McKay. The constable went home and of course I was packed off to bed early. I don't know how long my mother and Mrs. Hansen talked — it must have been hours, because they both slept late the next morning.

"I was the first person up in the house — it was about eight o'clock. McKay was due at nine. I started out for a little ramble around before breakfast, and the first thing I saw was Red and Constance coming back through the orchard.

"I shinnied up an apple tree mighty quick, and watched them.

"WHEN they got to the edge of the orchard they stopped, and Red put his arms around her and said, 'Well, dear, I don't know how long a divorce takes, but it can't take awfully long, and I'll be waiting.' And she wrapped her arms around his neck and said, 'I'll come just as soon as I can,' and then she kissed him on his forehead, and his cheeks and his chin and even his ears, and called him all the sweet names in the calendar, and then she broke down and cried and said she couldn't leave him, even for a day, even for an hour.

"Well, he broke it up finally. He said, 'Your husband is coming and we've got to go back and face the music.'

"Just then there was the noise of a rig coming down the road.

"'There he is,' said Red. 'Come on, we'll talk to him together.'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"'No,' she said, 'not together. You let me do it, Red. I want to do it my own way. I've got to see him alone, first. You stay out here. Promise me you won't come back for a whole hour or more.'

"Red shrugged his shoulders. 'Whatever way you want it,' he told her, 'only I can't just sit here. When do you want me to come back?'

"'In about an hour and a half,' she said. 'You see, by that time we will have it all talked out. I'm so afraid you two men will lose your tempers if you come face to face all of a sudden. Now you be a good boy and run along and come back in about an hour and a half, won't you, Red darling?'

"So she walked slowly toward the house, and he started off over the hill as if he was going to a fire.

"I got back to the house before Constance did. I didn't say anything — only watched and listened.

"McKay had just arrived. Mother was sitting on the front porch.

"'Good morning,' McKay said. 'Where's Constance?'

"My mother smiled and said truthfully enough, 'I don't know.'

"Mrs. Hansen was out in the kitchen. McKay started into the house, but just then Constance came around the corner.

"'Hello, darling!' she said.

"McKay kissed her. He reminded me of a rooster pecking at a kernel of corn.

"'Well,' he said, 'are you all ready?'

"She looked absolutely surprised.

"'Are we going home today?' she asked. 'Why, I thought it was tomorrow we were leaving.'

"McKay looked a trifle vexed.

"'I told you Wednesday morning,' he said. 'I was sure you understood it perfectly. Now I suppose you are not even packed up.'

"'Oh,' she answered, 'I can do that in half an hour. I'll do it right now.'

"Constance ran upstairs and Mrs. Hansen came out on the porch. McKay remarked that it was a pleasant morning. Mrs. Hansen nodded, folded her hands and sat down.

"There they were on the front porch — my mother, Mrs. Hansen and McKay. Mrs. Hansen opened her mouth, looked at my mother, and then closed it again. Mother looked at Mrs. Hansen, then at McKay, and then turned away. You know, kid that I was, I never wanted to snicker so badly in all my life. Both of those women certainly felt that McKay ought to be told, but neither one of them had nerve enough to do it, and for half an hour they sat there and talked to McKay about the birds and the trees and the blue sky and the news from the city, and all the time Constance was upstairs throwing her stuff in her trunk, and Red was off ranging over the hills.

"Then Constance called down the stairs sweetly, 'I'm all ready, Archie.'

"They piled their baggage in the hired rig and away they went. My mother and Mrs. Hansen sat there staring after them.

"'Why didn't you say something?' Mrs. Hansen asked my mother.

"'Why didn't you?' answered my mother.

"And then Red came home. . . ."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

That was Jake Frisbee's story. Naturally I asked Jake what happened when Red came home. It was just like Jake to leave a person hanging and not say anything about that.

"Oh," he answered, "I don't know, because the minute we saw Red coming Mother took me up to her room and shut the door."

"Well," I asked, "did Constance ever come back to Red?" and Jake laughed. "Don't be a ninny," he said.

SO THAT was the story of Red Hansen. That was the story that explained the photograph of the girl with the curly hair and the petulant lips, which I had seen hanging on the wall in Red Hansen's kitchen.

I thought little about the matter until I happened to notice one Sunday, in the society columns of a New York paper, that Mrs. McKay, widow of Archibald McKay, wealthy stockbroker who had recently died in Paris, was sailing shortly for New York with her daughter. But that served only to recall Jake Frisbee's story. I little dreamed that I would ever be witness in person to the sequel of that affair.

But it so happened, later in the summer, that after tramping over the hills of Loyalton, as is my custom, I stopped in at Red Hansen's house. I had not seen Red for years.

There was no change in the man or in his house. He still spoke as little as ever. His kitchen still presented the same air of dirty orderliness. The rest of the house was still in as complete state of disrepair as before. The customary jug of hard cider still reposed beneath the kitchen table.

Red did not seem surprised to see me. He lifted the jug upon the table, brought out a couple of glasses, and sat. Just sat and smoked.

While we were sitting there, I heard the screeching of brakes, and looking out the kitchen window, saw a big car driven by a colored chauffeur come to a stop before the house.

IN THE back seat were two women — one a very large blonde of middle age, the other an amazingly beautiful girl with a tremendous shock of brilliant pink hair.

The girl remained within the car. The woman, however, got out and came uncertainly up the path to the kitchen door. She knocked on the door and Red Hansen opened it.

She stared at him for a full moment without saying a word.

"Is this where Mr. Hansen lives?" she asked finally.

"I am Hansen," Red answered, quietly.

I could see her glance taking in his bald head, and his pink beard with the tobacco stain down the middle of it. I could see her eyes ranging rapidly over the kitchen, noting the sink, the dirty clothes, and the jug of cider under the table.

"Oh," she said, "I was looking for Mr. Henry Hansen."

She must have weighed a hundred and eighty-five pounds, I thought, as I observed her standing there in the sunlight. I noticed her trim ankles and tiny feet — her abundance of curly yellow hair, a bit too yellow to be entirely natural. Her eyebrows were plucked. She most certainly had a double chin. Her cheeks were painted. Her lips were exquisite, with a little touch of petulance about them, though they had been given

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

careful treatment with a lip-stick. Her blue eyes had an appealing wide-open look which hardly belonged with the puffy lids above them.

"I am looking for Mr. Henry Hansen," she said again.

"Oh, Henry Hansen!" Red replied. "He left here about fifteen years ago — went West. I'm his cousin. He hasn't been heard from since."

The woman's hands went fluttering to her second chin.

"You — you don't know his address?" she quavered.

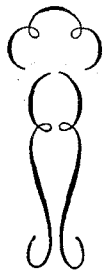
"No," Red said, "I don't."

They stood there silently facing each other, this overfed woman made up in imitation of youth, and this bald-headed, trim-bodied man, who hunted and drank cider and lived by himself.

The pink-haired girl in the back seat of the car stuck her head out of the window and called, "Mother, for the love o' Mike, why in hell did you ever want to stop at this God-forsaken farmhouse, anyhow?"

Her mother turned, and started out toward the car. Half way down the walk she suddenly took out her handkerchief. She began to cry before she reached the machine, and her daughter, infinitely disgusted, helped her into the car and said to the driver, "Step on the gas and get out of here."

When I looked back toward Red Hansen, he was sitting calmly at the kitchen table, sipping a glass of hard cider and looking up at the photograph on the wall.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Things in the Air

By Howard Mingos

Summarizing Aviation's Recent Progress

Not since men first learned to use mechanical wings twenty-seven years ago has flying been subjected to such exhaustive and fruitful scientific research as that which has marked every phase of aviation in recent months.

Airplanes have flown faster, higher and farther than ever before. A machine has taken off with 169 persons and kept them up an hour. Another, under full control of its pilot, has shot through space at a velocity of nearly 6 miles a minute — more than 500 feet a second. Another has climbed up through the thinning atmosphere to a point nearly eight miles above the earth. Less than two years ago such feats were believed to be impossible.

Today scores of experienced engineers are turning out new planes, improved engines and other ultra-modern auxiliaries. No less than fifty allied industries — ranging down the alphabetical scale from aluminum to Zeppelin — are devoting their extensive laboratory facilities toward making us full-fledged creatures of the air. Some of the machines have tripled in size. Others are much smaller. All are vastly more efficient than their predecessors. And now we are hearing serious and expert talk about fool-proof airplanes that anybody can fly.

Bad weather always has been the principal menace to flying. It is being eliminated by radio. Special sets possess the light weight, small size and great power required for aircraft. When storm or fog blots out all landmarks, the pilot winging his way over an air route is protected by the radio beacon. It is a wireless beam sent out from ground stations located along the route about 100 miles apart. This directional wireless ray is the path on which he flies. It conveys to the pilot two separate signals, one coming in from the right and the other from the left of his machine. When they merge and blend as one he knows he is on the true course; but when one signal grows shorter he knows that he is swerving off course from that side; so he swings back until the signals become normal again. Use of the radio beam has caused a 30 per cent increase in regularity of operations on the air transport lines.

Two-way radio telephone and telegraph are coming into general use.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By this the pilot keeps in touch with the surface at all times, receiving reports of weather conditions ahead; and if mechanical trouble forces him down to an emergency landing, he can talk with the people on the ground, find out the location of the nearest available field, and be guided to it.

RECENT tests promise to provide him with another device. A radio beam sent up from a mist-shrouded field forms a guiding pathway down which he glides to a designated safe spot on the ground, even though he may not be able to see the surface until after landing.

When mist obscures everything outside his plane the pilot must have an infallible means of knowing his altitude at all times, otherwise he may bump into mountains, tall buildings or trees. Many of the aerial tragedies have resulted from the pilot's inability to see where he was going. The old barograph altimeter recorded only approximate heights above sea level and varied with the temperature. A new radio altimeter sends out waves from the plane and these reflected back from the surface record continuously the exact height of the machine.

Another recent instrument is the gyroscopic robot, weighing less than fifty pounds and so small that it can be installed under the pilot's seat. Similar in principle to the automatic helmsman used aboard ocean liners, the robot when attached to the controls of an airplane keeps the machine in level flight and on the course set for it at all times and without the slightest variation.

An Army bomber flew from Sacramento to San Francisco, circled over the city for twenty minutes in darkness and bumpy air, and then went back to Sacramento, without the pilot touching the controls until he was ready to land. The robot had kept the ship on a level keel at the desired height and had steered it on the course as laid out and occasionally changed by the navigator.

The gyroscopic principle has contributed still another instrument most important to the pilot who finds himself in blinding mist, snow or rain. This is the artificial horizon. One must see the horizon if he is to keep his ship constantly level. Many planes have crashed because they slipped off on one wing and fell into a spin before the pilot knew it.

Now he has a tiny airplane as an indicator fixed in flying position on a dial. Across the dial is a straight white bar controlled by a little gyroscope which keeps it absolutely parallel to the true horizon outside. When the airplane indicator starts keeling over and off the white bar the pilot knows that his ship is performing likewise, and he can correct it in time to prevent spinning. Radio and gyroscopic instruments will soon make all aircraft virtually independent of the weather.

BUT nothing in an airplane is so vitally essential as its power plant. Unless the motor functions the machine can not fly. It must come down. For decades the engine designers have been improving the internal combustion engine, and obviously they have made amazing progress. On refueling tests, motors have remained running in the air for weeks without once stopping.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When in 1903 the Wright brothers sought a motor for the first airplane, they had to build it themselves because no manufacturer believed it possible to construct an engine of sufficient power yet light enough for a flying machine. That first Wright engine weighed 16.6 pounds per horsepower. The average today is 2.36 pounds; and some internal combustion engines develop more than 1,000 horsepower.

STILL the engineer is not satisfied. He wants more power, must have it if the huge air liners are to fly efficiently, that is, carry paying loads at moderate rates. The main trouble with the big internal combustion engine is that much of its power is dispersed in the gearing. It must be geared down to turn the propellers efficiently. This waste of power results in an uneconomical use of fuel, and fuel displaces a large part of the paying load. Both the water cooled and air cooled engines have other disadvantages which partly offset their more desirable points. Thus the present effort to improve the power plant.

The long-sought Diesel type engine has been developed by the Packard Company and is now standard equipment on many airplanes. It is an internal combustion engine using ordinary furnace oil, weighs less than 3 pounds per horsepower, and has fewer mechanical parts to play out.

The fire hazard is practically eliminated. The fuel is injected into each cylinder separately; there is no carburetor, no electrical ignition system, the seat of most fires in the air. Invariably, however, a plane catches fire only when it crashes and the broken gasoline tanks and pipes spread the fuel over the engine. The use of oil in place of gasoline renders fire virtually impossible.

Other engineers are working toward the perfect engine. The Pratt and Whitney Wasp, a radial air cooled gasoline motor, was recently flown with furnace oil in place of the usual gasoline; this was made possible by a new system of injecting the fuel into the cylinders without increasing the weight of the engine.

The chief criticism of radial air cooled engines has been that they must present so much frontal area to the air in order to be cooled, thus cutting down speed. The difficulty with water cooled engines has been the weight of the water and need of distributing it properly through the engine; the motor is heavy and cumbersome. Both problems are being solved by chemical substitutes for water. They eliminate the water weight by about 70 per cent and require only a fourth of the space. This permits the design of thinner, lighter and much more powerful engines which offer very little resistance to the air. All the cylinders can be set in a single row, one back of another.

THE airplane designer, accordingly, has more latitude in building his ship around these new power plants. They can be set in the wings or in narrow nacelles far removed from the passenger space and relieve the occupants of much noise and vibration. Being lighter and still more powerful they provide for heavier paying loads, safer construction and more comfortable passenger accommodations.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here we should not forget the new metals which are constantly leading to similar improvements. In the early days only ordinary metals went into the planes, engines and fittings. Today new alloys, lighter and in some respects more enduring, make possible airplane types which only a few years ago would have seemed fantastic and utterly impractical.

Copper, manganese, magnesium and silicon when combined with aluminum alloys can now be worked into any shape and heat-treated to make such metals as tough as steel, with only a sixth of the weight. Other alloys which can be cast and machined like iron or steel have a third of the weight. Only five years ago most designers condemned the all-metal airplane because they believed the excessive vibration caused crystallization which weakened the machine. Now all planes have metal skeletons and many have no wood or fabric whatever except the trimmings in the passenger cabins.

AT THE same time the builders have improved their methods of working with the new materials and assembling them into machines which can endure the strain of flying at high speeds or with heavy loads. The greatest strain that can be put on a plane is to send it diving toward the surface with its engine full on. Its momentum is terrific and the air thus packed against the wings and other exposed parts exerts an opposing force which can be as effective as a stone wall.

Yet a few weeks ago a Navy shipboard fighter was taken several miles high where the pilot tipped its nose toward the earth at an 80-degree angle and left the power on in an official test to see if the machine would withstand the strain and qualify as standard equipment. He kept the plane in the straight dive for 10,000 feet and then pulled it out under normal control and landed safely. It showed no sign of wear.

While the military value is obvious, such a machine having a tremendous advantage over an enemy which can not fight in that manner, the real significance lies in the progress made with materials and methods of construction. That is why we now have giant air liners carrying from eighteen to fifty passengers hundreds of miles without stopping.

THESE transport planes weigh between 4 and 28 tons and some of them carry loads nearly equal to their own weight when empty. Many are flying daily over the 26,000 miles of airways in the United States. Their equipment differs, of course, with the climate and length of the route. Some have Pullman berths for night flying, others reclining chairs which make the occupants comfortable at all hours. Some have electric kitchens where fancy dishes are prepared. All have hot and cold running water, electric lights, lavatories and other modern conveniences. The cabins are well-ventilated and kept warm by means of radiators which throw off fresh air heated by passing through an ingenious system in the hot exhaust pipe of a motor. The *de luxe* cabins on an ocean liner have no more elaborate interior furnishings than these liners of the sky.

Yet the men who operate the air lines have not been at all satisfied.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They have not been able to make ends meet by carrying passengers. Until early this year, when they reduced their rates to approximately the same as those charged for first class railroad travel, they could not get the passengers. Traffic at such low rates is not a paying proposition unless each machine carries a certain number of persons. The operators assert that they must have planes carrying fifty or more before they can make a profit. They also insist that the speed of these transports be boosted from the present average of 100 miles an hour to at least 150 miles. Otherwise, they say, there is very little incentive for most persons to travel by air.

So the builders are projecting airplanes much larger than those now flying and approximately 50 miles faster. To achieve their purpose they may have to design machines radically different in shape, size and appearance. The best thought on this subject seems to be toward the flying wing, a machine with no body to speak of, with engines, passengers and all other equipment housed within the wing. Smaller planes of that type have been flown experimentally and several designs are now being developed.

BUT THE widespread and popular use of small airplanes does not depend upon the development of these flying wing types. The conventional biplane or monoplane familiar to most of us is rapidly becoming a safe and practical machine, even when flown by amateurs. At least fifty different types are sold in the United States, each with its own peculiar characteristics to distinguish it from the others and to make it especially desirable for certain kinds of flying.

Colonel Lindbergh's new low wing monoplane, a Lockheed Sirius, in which he and his wife spanned the continent in less than 15 hours, was designed primarily for mail and express carrying. Its 450-horsepower Wasp engine gives it a top speed of 190 miles an hour.

At the other extreme we have the Aeronca, a little high wing monoplane built close to the ground and weighing less than 400 pounds. Its 20-horsepower engine takes it through the air at about 80 miles an hour and it can land at slow speed in small fields. This plane has flown from Cincinnati to New York in 9 hours on about $8 worth of gasoline and oil.

The other standard planes take their places somewhere between those two extreme types. Some carry two persons, others three, four and up to eight. Almost daily something is done to make them more reliable and safe in the hands of a private owner.

MANY builders are trying to produce a fool-proof machine which can not get out of control or fall helplessly to the surface. The chief difficulty has been to keep the machine right side up and capable of being landed in small places. The danger lies in losing control while trying to land slowly or climb sharply in case of necessity. In either event the pilot must tilt the nose of his plane at an upward angle which also tilts the wings. At a certain point, depending upon the power and other characteristics of the plane, it reaches the angle of maximum lift and lowest speed. Now if the wings

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are raised ever so slightly above that angle, they lose all their efficiency, the controls are useless in the pilot's hands, and he is at the mercy of a dead thing stalled in the air and about to spin helplessly earthward.

THE progress made in preventing the stall is best illustrated by the Curtiss Tanager, the winning plane in the Guggenheim safe aircraft competition. The Tanager is a two-seater cabin biplane with a 170-horsepower air cooled engine. It resembles the conventional type of airplane. Among fifteen entries, some of them of radical design, the Curtiss ship was the sole machine to meet all the rigid requirements of the contest.

Wing slots on the front edges of both wings tend to eliminate the stall. When the machine is near the stalling point the suction of the air automatically pulls forward from the slot a shutter which becomes a substitute for the front edge of the wings and restores normal efficiency.

Now the lifting power of a wing is largely dependent upon its curve, and the larger the curve the slower the landing speed. But that also retards the plane when it is necessary to make speed through the air. The wing curve of the Curtiss ship can be varied by the pilot. He can operate flaps running along the rear edges of the wings. When the wing slots are opened automatically and the flaps depressed by the pilot, the lift of the wings is doubled and the plane can be landed at very low speed, yet under full control.

Ordinarily the pilot would find difficulty in keeping his machine absolutely level when flying slowly. The ailerons, the hinged surfaces on the wing tips which he shifts to restore the ship to a level keel, do not respond to the controls when moving through the air below a certain speed. Here on the Tanager he has extra ailerons so attached that they always float freely in the windstream and are therefore responsive to the controls at whatever speed the ship is flying.

The Tanager won the Guggenheim prize by landing under full control at a speed as low as 30.6 miles an hour. The average commercial plane of its type must land at about 45 miles an hour. The prize-winner could be stopped within 100 feet after its wheels touched the surface, take the air after a very short run, and climb steeply while under perfect control at all times and without danger of stalling and falling into a spin. All signs point to a development of the Tanager as the nearest approach to a fool-proof machine available with the present knowledge of aerodynamics. Though none can forecast the future nor state definitely that some new invention will not revolutionize the flying machine, for the time being the engineer must labor under the laws of the science as first discovered and applied by the Wrights when they invented the airplane.

BUT that should not retard popularity. The present state of the art means this: we shall soon have planes which we can fly as slowly as 30 miles an hour, yet perk up to two miles a minute when we wish to make speed; machines which we can control under all conditions, even at night and in storm or fog, landing at will in almost any small space so

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLIC LIBRARY

slowly that even should we trip over a fence or bump a tree, the damage would be only a bent wing or propeller.

All-metal planes of enduring strength will safeguard the occupants from serious injury. And with the growing demand the builders will be able to produce them by quantity production methods and sell them at prices comparable to those of low-priced cars.

THROUGHOUT the United States those who handle or supervise transportation are preparing for the flying public. They believe that people will soon be flocking into the air, though not in such numbers as those who use motor cars. There may come a time when flying machines will be used to take persons from one corner of a city to another as in the manner of taxicabs; but that day seems to be in the remote future. The present value of the airplane lies in its ability to save time flying from one town to another, between town and country and for pleasure jaunts.

Its military value is another thing. It is rapidly becoming the nation's insurance against war. Any conflict now or in future possesses such horrible possibilities for all the belligerents that well-informed persons can not conceive of a nation resorting to armed force in any international controversy.

Only a few weeks ago 19 Army planes soared to a height of six miles over California. They kept in perfect formation, the pilots receiving orders from the leader who in turn received his instructions from the ground by radio. They carried machine guns and used oxygen to sustain life in the high altitudes. Each pilot wore fifty pounds of clothing to keep him from freezing to death in a temperature forty degrees below zero. Yet they remained high enough to avoid the best anti-aircraft guns from the surface, were entirely out of sight at all times and could have waged destructive battle against anything encountered during their flight.

On another occasion Army radio engineers took a plane over San Francisco. While a military observer aboard drew maps and diagrams of everything important about an assumed enemy position, the others placed his maps on a radio-sending machine weighing less than 25 pounds; and within five minutes the maps were received back at headquarters many miles distant. Meanwhile the observer was also talking on the radio telephone describing to his superior officers important details noted on the maps.

RADIO controlled planes have been flown more than a hundred miles in the United States. The British Government is now experimenting with a robot plane which is a veritable aerial torpedo operated by means of a clocklike mechanism controlled by radio from the surface and capable of being exploded the instant it reaches its destination.

Only in the last four or five years has public enthusiasm made available the money with which to carry on expensive research. While part of it is military and the rest commercial, the objectives are identical; they are to make flying and flying craft wholly reliable and efficient in war or peace. The progress noted here is but a very small beginning of that promised in the near future.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sport Psychology

By J. B. M. Clark

The workings of the mind in the realm of sport sometimes bring about curious results, and a wrong psychological attitude is often half the battle. If an individual player gets imbued with the notion that he can always beat a certain other player, the idea will go a long way towards helping him do it. It is the same thing with teams. A right frame of mind is essential.

Sometimes the fact that "ignorance is bliss" saves the situation. I remember seeing a suburban cricket team in Scotland playing a match against a scratch eleven from one of the big Glasgow clubs. The visiting team was understood to be a sort of nondescript and third-rate gathering, and on this understanding the local batsmen made quite a good showing. Unknown to the home players, however, the visitors had brought along the crack bowler of the city club, an English professional, and perhaps the best bowler in Scotland at that time. So long as the local men were in ignorance of this man's identity all went well. They played his bowling quite confidently and he met with no particular success. But presently the news leaked out that this was the great so-and-so. Almost immediately a collapse ensued, and presently the wickets were going down like ninepins.

The "hoodoo" or "jinx" is another form of the same thing, and most students of sport know how frequently players are upset by trifles. As a class American ball players are possibly more susceptible to "jinxes" than any other body of professional players in the world. Although the jinx is what the late Christy Mathewson called "the child of superstition," it does not seem to be a question of education, for, according to Matty, college men fall the hardest for jinxes. A jinx is something that brings bad luck to a player, and all ball players have lucky and unlucky omens. In his interesting book *Pitching in a Pinch* Matty devotes a whole chapter to the jinx, which, he says, can "make a bad pitcher out of a good one and a blind batter out of a three hundred hitter."

Luck, Matty says, is a combination of confidence and getting the breaks. Ball players get no breaks without confidence in themselves, and lucky omens inspire this confidence while unlucky signs take it away. "Red" Ames, once of the Giants, although a great pitcher, was almost invariably unlucky and began to be spoken of in the newspapers as the "hoodoo" pitcher and the "man who could not win." Then one day

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

when in Boston there came to him through the post a necktie and a four-leaf clover, presents from an actress. The four-leaf clover had to be worn on both uniform and street clothes, and the necktie, a very vivid one, worn with street clothes and hidden in the uniform. Ames followed instructions faithfully and started to win. He did not lose a game the whole trip, and kept on wearing the necktie till it was worn to a frazzle.

THE different things that affect different ball players are wonderful and without end. Some will never sleep in "lower 13 berth;" others will sleep in nothing else. "Give me a stateroom for luck," says John McGraw. Matty himself confesses that he never would warm up with the third baseman between innings or while the catcher was getting on his mask. He would, he said, rather freeze to death than warm up in this way. Another man never likes to hear anyone hum on the bench, while still another believes in a favorite seat. Cross-eyed people are anathema to nearly all of them.

The bats must be laid out in a neat row before the bench. If they happen to get crossed there is sure to be trouble. The Philadelphia Athletics, however, throw the bats wildly into the air to change the luck and let them lie around in confusion. A hunchback is regarded by ball players as the best luck in the world. If a man can just touch the hump before going to the plate he is sure to get a hit. The Phillies for several seasons carried a hunchback boy with them on all their trips, and voted him a half share of the prize money after one world's series. They claimed he won two world's pennants for them.

To pass a load of empty barrels on the way to the ball ground is a sure sign of base hits, and Mathewson relates an amusing tale of how John McGraw broke up a batting slump of the Giants by such means. The batting of the team had fallen to pieces. One day a player came into the clubhouse all smiles. He had just seen a load of empty barrels, he said, and was going to make hits. He made them, getting four out of a possible five. The next day three or four more players saw the barrels and came in smiling. And they, too, went in and made hits, and the first win for a week was registered. One day two of the players in comparing notes about the barrels discovered that they were drawn by the same team of horses — one sorrel and one white. "Sure they were," said McGraw. "I hired that load of empty barrels by the week to drive around and meet you fellows on the way to the park, and you don't think I can afford to have them change horses every day, do you?"

WITHOUT confidence the best player is nothing. With it he can work miracles. It may seem strange that it should connect itself with empty barrels or hunchbacks, but the reason is something very old, something lying deep within the emotional nature. A wise manager does not laugh at it; he tries to turn it to account.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hell's Shootin'

EDITED BY CHARLES WOOD

A veteran's narrative of a thrilling but unrecorded battle during the Boxer Rebellion, when American Marines faced the greatest numerical odds in their history

"HOLD fire to three hundred yards!" The order passed down the line from man to man.

I snapped back the sight on my Lee-Enfield, for three hundred yards was battle range, open sight, and wormed a little deeper into the shallow shell each man for himself had scraped out of the ancient, time-hardened soil of China.

The steel rails of the Tongku-Tientsin Railroad, together with the slight elevation of its roadbed, offered an additional though meagre protection. I rested my rifle on the rail, and in the lull, which for some strange reason preceded the attack, peered over it at the landscape of which we were an almost invisible part.

We were in open formation, five yards apart, with our front extending fully a quarter of a mile; however, only a glint of steel here and there along the line was all that could be seen of 131 men of the United States Marine Corps.

But what I could see of the enemy was more than enough. At the break of dawn the whole panorama, from left to right, had come alive with the color and movement of men. Only in our rear, where stretched the broad marshes of the Pei-Ho River still flooded by the spring rains, did the landscape retain its natural drab monotony.

THROUGHOUT the night a circle of fires had gleamed upon the distant hills, and from a small walled village about half a mile to our left we had been constantly threatened by attack. Now, in the light of day, over five thousand fanatics, vowed to exterminate the "Foreign devils," were hemming us in.

They were members of the "I Ho Ch'uan" Society, the "Fists of the Patriotic Union," or, as they were usually called, "Boxers."

What the Boxers lacked in the way of arms and equipment, they made up in valor, inspired by religious and mystical patriotism, and the belief that they were invulnerable to the bullets of foreign devils. For the most part they were armed with antiquated firearms (among them a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLIC LIBRARY
NEWARK, OHIO

huge old musket of 50 caliber, called a "Gingal"; it took two men to carry this piece, the first with the barrel on his shoulder, the second, the stock; it was notable for noise, rather than execution), and with all manner of knives, spears, and two-handed swords, deadly in hand-to-hand fighting. However, there were a number of modern rifles among them, judging from the heavy fire that had held up our advance the evening before.

Beyond the Boxers' positions, and mingling with them, were two thousand Imperial Chinese troops, headed by General Nieh, and acting under publically issued orders of the Empress Dowager to suppress the Boxer uprising. What that wily old woman's privately expressed orders were, history can only conjecture from the scores of her pig-tailed soldiers stretched flat on the sun-baked earth that day.

Now, I could plainly see, the Boxers were massing to rush our position.

"Fifty to one, hey, Sorge?" The man at my left, Pie Kinney, carefully aimed a shot of tobacco juice at the farther rail: "That ain't no odds. Hell's shootin'! no odds at all."

That's the way we were talking to each other, pretending this was just target practice, a day's outing. In the Marines we were used to giving long odds, but there wasn't one among us — and we had been in some pretty tight jams in the Philippines, too — who didn't realize that, once this show got started, we were in for a real big-time scrap.

One hundred and thirty-one to over five thousand! It was going to take more than hell's shootin' to overcome those odds.

In the light of the following events, the order given us, and that which got us into this mess, was the height of folly and ignorance. A detachment of Marines, with one three-inch Navy landing gun, which we dropped into the Pei-Ho as a useless incumbrance, and one Colt automatic, the pet of the service, ordered to the relief of Tientsin, and, beyond that, of Peking!

Two days before, the Boxers had chased Admiral Seymour of the British Navy, with a force of three thousand Allied troops, within the walls of the foreign city of Tientsin. There, the best he could do was to hold out against the murderous fire from the adjoining walls of the native city.

We didn't know this when we started out — not that it would have made any difference if we had. Our orders were to relieve Tientsin. We had come from Cavite, in the Philippines, to do the job. Our force was absurdly small, but that wasn't the fault of the Marine Corps. Ignorance and folly had something to do with it, but perhaps more than that, jealousy and ill-will between two Admirals of the United States Navy.

In time the truth of this affair may be revealed. I, however, am not one of those "Now-it-can-be-told" historians — I spent too many years with the old Leathernecks, whose job, as the war posters had it, was to make history. What happened behind the firing line, at H-Qs, and aboard flagships, was not a Marine's business.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We landed at Tong-ku early on June 19, 1900, under the guns of the Allied fleet; immediately made up a work train, and pulled out, bound for Tientsin. Nothing had been heard from the interior in fifteen days; the wires were down, the railroad out of commission. An anxious world awaited news of the fate of foreign legations, missions, and concessions, in the capital and other cities.

We were to clear the line as we advanced, but if the repair work proved too heavy, to abandon the train and push on to Tientsin. Other troops, we were told, would follow as soon as landed, and would promptly overtake us.

WE COVERED eighteen miles before a blown-up culvert ended our ride. Then in a column, headed by the Colt gun crew, we shoved on, along the railroad track. Occasionally we passed a cluster of deserted houses, or from a distant mud wall a shot would be fired, to warn us the country was aroused, and in no friendly mood.

Five miles had been made, when we approached a railroad bridge over the Pei-Ho, which swung a wide circle at this point, to cross our line at right angles. Facing the stream, on a sloping hillside commanding the bridge, was a fair sized Chinese village, gathered behind a mud wall. The village was strangely silent, apparently deserted. But we were not taking any chances — later on we learned by experience the strength of Chinese mud walls, Chinese armor-plate, we used to call them — and, since it was rapidly getting dark, our idea was to put the river between us and that village for the night.

We were sliding quietly by, and were within about four hundred yards of the bridge-head, when suddenly, as though at a given signal, a heavy fire burst upon us from both the flanking village and the sheltered banks of the river ahead. It was a well managed surprise attack, and if noise could have killed us, not a man would have survived, for the din was terrific.

One minute we were moving along in the silently gathering dusk; the next, we were in the midst of all China broken loose. Immediately our faithful Colt opened up ahead, to keep down the fire from the river bank, while we shifted our front to face the village, and threw ourselves prone behind the railroad embankment.

Shortly after taking position we sighted another column of troops circling the hill, to a point about a mile back along the railroad track; they were Allied troops, but before we could discover their nationality, the column was lost in darkness.

The Chinese made no attempt to rush our position, and with nightfall the heavy firing died down.

A SHORT time later we were joined by the column, a detachment of Russians, numbering about four hundred. They were not, however, fresh troops from Tongku, but a bedraggled lot, half starved, exhausted, separated from Admiral Seymour's force. For two days they had been wandering, lost, and fighting constantly, in an effort to make their way back to the sea coast.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Russians hooked up with our right, and quickly consumed all the provisions we could spare them. With four hundred more men we felt somewhat better about holding our advance. But the feeling didn't last long. The Russians heard of the work train, an S.O.S. depot, only five miles back. At midnight their Colonel, the ranking officer in our combined force, called our Major into conference.

IT WAS a strange council-of-war the two officers held that night in the muffling darkness, squatting behind the embankment for protection from the intermittent hum and flick of Boxer bullets. They were merely two voices emerging out of the void of absolute blackness; still, from the voices it was possible to construct the men behind them: the Major, incisive, trim, hard-bitten, given to "snap" rather than intelligence, and judging all men by the standards by which one judged Marines; (witness the contempt coloring his voice in replying to the Colonel's less forceful expressions), but a good soldier of his type, alert for a fight, for the honor of it, and the chance to show what his Leathernecks could do. The Colonel, of more human material, elderly, suave, ambitious only, after years of Far Eastern service, for creature comforts, an unsoldierly figure in his loose white smock and cumbersome half-length boots, his voice amiably weary, but nevertheless tactfully determined.

The Russian suggested a withdrawal. His men had had enough fighting. Their ammunition was about finished; they were dispirited, hungry, exhausted. It was, he felt, not so necessary to hold this position in face of overpowering enemy forces. And behind them was all China in arms, mad with blood lust. In the morning it would be a massacre. A few thousand Boxers might be killed, but what was that to the millions ready to replace them?

And what was to be gained by fighting there to the last man? Not one of them would live to tell the tale. *Nom de Dieu*, he had lost enough men, and every one who had fallen, he had, with his own eyes, seen hacked to pieces by these bloodthirsty demons. He had seen, and his comrade, the valiant American Major, must be assured that it was not a pleasant sight. Not even a dead body would be left to tell the tale of their heroism.

THE American Major was there under orders, and not to be frightened by tales of dead men. He could not retire in the face of what, so far, had been merely an enemy demonstration. The Russian Colonel was under no obligation to remain, if he felt otherwise. But the United States Marines would not retire without being forced to. He had every confidence in his men, and in their ability to check the enemy until the arrival of fresh troops promised by the Allied commanders.

Thereupon the Russian Colonel bade his valiant comrade-in-arms an affectionate farewell. He, personally, would see to it that the world was told of our heroism. He himself would be happy to die among such brave soldiers, but he had his own men to consider. The responsibility of a commander. He was desolated. But he must depart. And depart

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

they did, those four hundred Russians, silently, under the cover of that black Oriental night.

The night itself, however, was not so silent. All through its hours the village was in an uproar. To an accompaniment of drums, of huge gongs, firecrackers, and the inhuman howling of the Boxers, the time dragged on.

THE Chinese have a traditional theory of warfare that the enemy can be frightened to death. It probably originated in a warrior caste grown weary of the exertion of fighting. A brave and fatalistic people, certainly they were not afraid of death. Rather it was the business of killing the enemy, the physical energy involved in it, from which they shrank. So the warrior of old dressed himself in a fiendish costume and mask, made fantastic contortions, and the most harrowing noises possible, with the idea of frightening his foe from the field, and thus saving himself the necessity of coming to blows.

Some of this theory still clung to the Boxers. They would raise the most ungodly din in the village, and then come rushing forth, *en masse*, to see if we had been destroyed by the noise. Each time we were aroused, expecting an attack, only to have our sentries, with a few well directed shots, turn the mob, yelping back to shelter. At least every hour during the night this performance was repeated.

Morning found us keyed to a pitch of exasperation, of recklessness. Any thing, we felt, would be better than the constant threat, the suspense, though we knew the longer the attack held off, the better chance we had of being reinforced.

We were a cocky outfit. Still, looking at the number of Boxers surrounding us, we were willing to admit we could do with a few more men.

"Let 'em send us anything but hungry Roosians," a private called out, "an' we'll take the shootin' crackers away from them crazy Chinks."

"Tie 'em to their pig-tails."

"Save 'em for the Fourth of July."

THE Boxers drew nearer about us, though still at a safe distance. Watching them was like looking at a crowd gathering at a county fair; they preserved no sort of order, but gathered in clusters here and there. In the midst of each cluster would usually be some grotesque figure haranguing them, like the barker before a sideshow, save that his hearers would answer with wild shouts, the brandishing of weapons, and a great waste of gunpowder. Occasionally a group would line up to march back and forth a few times, then suddenly break into a howling dancing horde.

It was a fiesta in celebration of death.

Still the attack held off.

We learned later the cause of this delay. The Boxer leaders were calling upon General Nieh to lead his Imperial troops against us.

Nieh was in a ticklish position: his men were Boxer in sympathy to the last man; he knew, as well as the Empress knew, when she ordered him to suppress the insurrection, that his troops were momentarily on the point of becoming "Fists of the Patriotic Union."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He hesitated to refuse the Boxer leaders. If aroused they could, at a word to his men, stampede his command, and toss his headless body into the midst of the fiesta outside.

On the other hand, to lead his men against us was no better choice. He knew something of the fighting qualities of the Marine Corps. Whether or not we were destroyed, there would be few left of his command, and those few swallowed up in the Boxer mob. Then, in her turn, the Empress Dowager could toss his headless body to the Allied commanders, as evidence of her good faith.

In either event he stood to lose a valuable head.

IT WAS, however, a situation to delight his Oriental mind. Long he thought upon it — hoping, meanwhile, that some turn of events outside would come to his aid — then, astutely, with flowery phrases, he worked his way out of the dilemma:

"To destroy this nest of foreign vipers, is an honor due the exalted members of the 'I Ho Ch'uan Society'," he said to the leaders. "I could not think of aspiring to so much felicity; my men are lowly soldiers, mortal and vulnerable; the foreign devils would kill great numbers of them, and exult in their destruction. But you, glorified patriots, are, as you say, invulnerable. Do you, therefore, in your omnipotent wrath and valor, exterminate these contemptible enemies, before they can rejoice in the death of a single son of Han."

It was beyond the cunning of the Boxer leaders to reply to this. They returned to their followers.

The sun by now was high overhead. Relentlessly it beat down upon us: there was no possible escape. The hard clay beneath closed its pores and reflected with added force to the heat rays. Not a breath of air stirred. At the slightest movement of our bodies against the earth, a cloud of dust, choking, blinding, enveloped us. The steel rail, our rifles, everything we touched, was blistering hot. Each shallow dug-out was an oven in which a man lay, roasting, basted in sweat, and seasoned with dust.

"TAKE a look at that big fellow, Sergeant." A young lieutenant from his scoop-out next to mine tossed over his field glasses. "Draw a sure bead on that hombre, or you'll never see your 'Dolores under the western palm' again."

At that time I was supposed to be one of the best shots in the Corps. At any rate I had made the Marine team, and had won a few prizes in the Philippines.

It was easy to spot the fellow he meant. He was directly in front of me, and in advance of his own men. Huge in every proportion, and one of the finest built creatures I have ever seen in my life, he was marshalling his men for the attack, whirling, leaping, dancing up and down the line of them, darting into their midst and flicking out hesitant warriors as easily as I might deal cards. All the time he kept brandishing over his head, waving it as one might a switch in one hand, an enormous two-handed sword. Further to mark him apart he wore a bright red bandolier across a white tunic. The long sash of the bandolier, the skirt of his tunic,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and his extraordinarily long pigtail, stood out straight from his body as he whirled like a dancing Dervish.

Gradually he got his men in some semblance of order, and the whole line in a semi-circle about us, joined up to present a wall, four or five men deep, with here and there an open space.

"No snubbing, men," the officers called along the line. "You want penetration — make every bullet count for three."

AT THAT the Boxers started. With wild howling and brandishing of arms, with their leaders in front, waving them on, they gradually got under way.

Their advance was slow at first; slowly, inexorably, they closed in upon us. With each step the wall encircling us became more solid, more ponderous.

As they drew in, they opened fire.

There was no movement on our side to distinguish us from the khaki colored earth. In his shallow oven, each man twitched tense, cursed impatiently, as he watched the slow oncoming. The seconds dragged into hours.

I know that to me those few minutes, during which we had to lie inactive and watch that Boxer wall crushing in upon us, seemed a lifetime.

The Boxers' pace increased.

Officers shrilled up and down the line:

"Steady, men, steady!"

"Wait for three hundred."

"Each shot has to count, boys."

"Hell's shootin'! three a shot — hell's shootin'!" I could hear Kinney repeating his litany.

"Drop the big Boxer, Sergeant," the lieutenant called.

The Mongol leader was dancing at the end of my rifle. As I closed down on him, the whole wall before us broke into an onrushing wave.

"Here they come!" the shout went up.

"Steady, men — hold it!"

No mistake — they were coming! Howling, leaping, discharging their guns, all in the same movement, they came rushing on with maniacal speed.

The frenzy, the headway, of that charge would carry them far. What chance had a handful of Marines against thousands? How could our few pounds of lead affect the onrush of this tremendous force, in three hundred yards stop an avalanche of as many hundred tons? By weight alone we should be ground into the dust of China.

ONWARD, in the forefront, leaped the big leader.

The scene before me faded out; I could see now only the white figure of the leader, momentarily growing larger, as he came charging on at top speed.

With this fading out of the scene, the mark at the end of the sharpshooter's rifle is magnified tenfold; at the distance the Boxer still was, I drew fine to the point of the breastbone, and, gauging his speed, waited for him to come within range.

The rat-a-tat of the Colt opened up on our right. Following, accenting its rhythm, came the nearer, sharper, crack of rifles. I heard them vaguely, my whole attention on my mark. By now our entire line was firing. My time had come.

Deliberately, calmly — and never

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have I felt more confident of hitting a target — I pressed the trigger. I did it with the pride of an expert craftsman, sure of his skill, certain the result would be a job well done. I was prepared to nod with satisfaction, as I watched for the big fellow to crumple and fall.

There was not the slightest pause, the slightest change, in his movement.

Again I took careful aim. A bit to the left, at the heart, I fired. The Boxer shook himself slightly, it was more a shrug, a gesture of contempt. I watched him cover ten, twenty, yards, still he didn't fall. At thirty yards he was running even faster; I realized he had no intention of falling. He had been hit by a steel bullet at high velocity, but to him it was no more than the sting of an air rifle.

By this time the Mongol warrier was within a hundred yards. He was still waving the two-handed sword overhead, whirling about, as he ran, exhorting his men, shouting at them in a voice I could hear above the rattle of rifle and machine gun.

Behind him the wall of his followers was wearing thin. But still they came with unabated fury, inspired by their leader's proof that a Boxer was invulnerable.

At that moment the whole battle became a personal one between me and their leader. So far he had done nothing to me, and I had, calmly, and beyond his reach, been trying to kill him; it was hardly a fair fight. But I didn't think about that then. I only realized that in a few paces he would be upon me, the two handed sword, the great bulk and might of him, and what chance would I have? What chance would any of us have with that horde of Boxers in hand to hand fighting? It was kill or be killed; but I don't suppose I then thought about that so reasonably.

The next shot I hurried. I was nervous; that fellow was beginning to get the best of me. I aimed higher, and missed him. The miss gave me a better grip on myself. There was no superhuman miracle about that leader; it was my fault — Christ! what a rotten shot!

I could see his face, the slit eyes, protruding, unnaturally round, the skin drawn taut over high cheek bones, the mouth, distorted, foam-fleck, the frenzy of battle hate — I saw the eyes, staring, wild — I fired.

It was an amazing macabre dance of death. He bounded, stiff legged, arms waving disjointed, loosely, the two-handed sword in a parabola hurtling through space, his face turned to the heavens in ghastly distortion, and with one last convulsive leap, he plunged forward to hit the earth about twenty paces from where I lay.

At his fall the Boxers, still some distance behind him, paused. An instant they stood, huddled together in swaying groups, shaking under the hail of bullets we poured as fast as our arms could work.

An instant — irresolute — and they turned, to flee in a mad race from death.

Our losses were heavy; thirteen men, a tenth of our force, among them the whole Colt's crew, except the lieutenant, who alone had manned it to the last, his hands burned crisp, the skin in stripes on the red hot breech of the gun.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the semi-circle before us death had struck as though with the curved blade of a huge sabre. A thousand bodies lay in mangled heaps, in patterned windrows, tortured splotches of color beneath the indifferent summer sun.

Kinney and I went forward to where the big Boxer lay. His body was rigid, stretched flat, the face, of pure Mongol, rather than Chinese, features, ground into the earth by the force of his fall. It took both of us, tugging, to roll him over.

"God, what a man!" exclaimed old Pie, forgetting for once his usual expletive. "A damn good thing you hit him between the eyes, Serge, or he'd be coming yet."

That final shot had gone true. But to judge from his wounds, he should have dropped at least two hundred yards earlier. There were five in all; each shot of mine had found its mark, and another stray shot. Each one of these should have been enough to stop him; they were all vital spots: two through the abdomen, two in the chest, one of them direct at the heart, and the fifth, the final head shot.

We stood looking at the powerful body in amazement. Here was a warrior out of another age, a Mongol Chieftain worthy to rank among the famous warriors of his ancestor, Kublai Khan. A modern rifle had finally killed him, but the spirit of a valiant patriot had carried him close to denying death itself.

The Chieftain's body marked the high spot reached by the Boxers; behind him lay the serried ranks of his followers, silent, motionless. If there was a conscious one among them, he gave no cry of pain. But I doubt it. A Boxer fallen was a Boxer dead.

Twice again before sunset that day, the Boxers attempted to take our position. But without the inspiration of their big leader these attacks quickly wilted under fire.

With the coming of dusk they changed their tactics. Sheltered by the dead surrounding us, they began creeping forward. It was impossible to distinguish them from the fallen. We were about to be crushed by the weight of the slain.

Still there was no sign of the promised reënforcements. Without help, exhausted as we were, we could not hold our line another night. When it became sufficiently dark, we began withdrawing. It meant abandoning our dead to the mutilations of the Boxers, but it was all we could do to carry our wounded, as we stumbled, feeling our way along the rails, through the black night.

We had a sharp fight to break through the Boxers' left, where they held the railroad track; and from that point on, we were six hours fighting our way back to the work-train. It was a constant rear guard action, in which we progressed like an inch worm, extending, then drawing up to extend again. About every half mile the Boxers would swoop down upon us, to be met by the death rattle of the faithful old Colt, while we opened up and drove them back.

In sight of the work train we came upon a battalion of British troops coming to our relief.

It was time; in thirty hours of constant fighting, we had had enough "hell's shootin'."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Crisis in Cuba

By The Rt. Rev. H. R. Hulse, D.D.,
Bishop of Cuba

How the island for which we were to do so much when we freed it from Spanish rule was raised to prosperity under our tutelage, only to be dashed again into desperate destitution

When Spain turned Cuba over to the United States in 1898, that Island was suffering painfully from the effects of a long and destructive war. Its factories were in ruins; its cities were hot-beds of disease; its fruit groves had been destroyed and its cane fields were overgrown with jungle. Its country population had been herded into the larger cities and there gathered into concentration camps. In these camps families had been separated and children deprived of the fostering care of their parents.

The story of how this hardy, intelligent and industrious people, inured to hardship and well acquainted with poverty and hunger, worked its way out of so wretched a condition is familiar to all. Under the guidance of men like General Wood and General Gorgas, cities were cleared of their accumulated filth; yellow fever was driven out; cane fields were replanted; commerce and industry encouraged; and the old laws of the Spanish régime revised and codified to give greater protection both to property and to labor. The railroad system was put in order and augmented; schools were established; and by 1902 President Don Tomás Estrada Palma took over the reins of government in a free and independent Cuba — that is, free and independent beyond the provisions of that famous Platt Amendment, which left certain highly important powers in the hands of the men at Washington, without, however, really interfering with the sovereignty of Cuba.

That Cuba has prospered in the thirty years since its first census in 1899, is indubitably true. Aside from the fortunes made by individuals, the proof lies in the fact that its population has more than doubled in the one generation — from a million and a half to three million and a half.

At the beginning of its independent career, Cuba was poor. Its inherited capital had been destroyed

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by war, but foreign capital was quick to recognize the possibilities in the rehabilitation of the Island. Investments from the outside poured in, especially from the United States, till today it is said that Americans have over $1,000,000,000 invested in Cuba. Although much American capital has been sunk beyond possibility of return, and although many corporations have been greatly overcapitalized, it is true that a large part of productive Cuban enterprises is still in the hands of Americans, as are the telephone system, the street car systems, the electric light plants and a large part of the railroad mileage. Much of the banking business, likewise, is carried on by American corporations.

WHETHER American investment in Cuba is a billion or less, it is sufficiently large to control the industries which furnish livelihood to the majority of the Cuban people. Furthermore, political, economic and social reasons make the tie between Cuba and the United States very strong. This is generally recognized in the Island. When the United States declared war on Germany, Cuba at once followed suit and placed her resources on the side of the United States.

Because the Allies urgently needed sugar, the United States requested Cuba to increase its capacity for the production of that commodity. This was done, and the product was turned over to the United States Sugar Commission, at the price which the Commission set, though it might have been sold in the open market for a much larger price.

Soon after the war was ended, that Commission went out of business, and the price of sugar soon rose to dizzy heights, only to drop rapidly as the sugar from the world was dumped on the New York market. This brought about in 1920 what is called in Cuba the "dance of the millions," when the price of sugar rose to such heights that speculation was encouraged, and then dropped suddenly, so that many people lost all that they had. This, the first set-back, was however felt more by the wealthy classes than by the workers of the Island, who soon recovered from its worst effects. The price of sugar, while it remained low, sufficed to give a modest profit and the production of the crop furnished employment to a large part of the population, at wages and salaries large enough to give them a living. This condition was reflected in increased activity in all lines of business.

IN 1921, the United States imposed a considerable duty on Cuban sugar, which now amounts to more than the Cuban producer receives, so that for every pound of sugar produced in Cuba and sent to the United States, the United States Government collects more in taxes than goes to Cuba to pay for the labor, capital and management needed to produce the sugar.

In 1925 and 1926, partly because of this tariff and other similar tariffs imposed by European nations, the world began to produce more sugar than it needed. Cuba speedily felt the effects of the lower price. An attempt was first made to restrict the crop, but it was soon seen that Cuba was sacrificing itself for the benefit of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

other nations. The restricted crop meant less employment, less money to spend by workmen, and consequently less business. The trade of Cuba with the United States had been growing by leaps and bounds until, small Island that it is, it amounted to more than one-quarter of all of the trade of the United States with Latin America. But as the economic depression developed, it swiftly declined.

For the last two years conditions have been growing worse. Sugar is selling today at the lowest price it has reached in nearly thirty years. None of the sugar companies are paying dividends. The largest of them went into bankruptcy last year, and another has just defaulted on its bonds and is now being reorganized. Stockholders in the United States see their investments wiped out, and their dividends ended. Some bondholders have already suffered the same thing, and if the depression keeps on, others will soon follow.

While this reduction in income may be said to affect Americans only superficially, the consequences of the depression are far more serious in Cuba. There, it means that many people are on starvation wages; they have no work for eight months in the year; can not buy supplies nor pay their debts; and consequently, the business houses in the city either go into bankruptcy or close their doors. Their employees are thrown out of work and must tramp the streets looking for jobs.

A few years ago one of the Protestant Episcopal schools in a large town in the central part of Cuba had a very successful night session attended by clerks in the stores in the community. Two years ago this night session was given up, and I was informed by the teacher that there were no more clerks in town — the owners of the stores had discharged them all, having no money to pay their wages. Smaller towns, depending on sugar, felt this even more keenly. One that I know had three doctors a few years ago. When I went there last February I was told that they had all left because they could not make a living. There were more sick people than ever, but no fees were forthcoming.

Many of the mills stopped grinding sugar some time ago and now they have all ceased work. Most of their workmen have been paid in kind this year. The mills, not being able to borrow funds from the banks to pay their employees in money, have given them sufficient rice and beans to keep them alive. That support is shut off now that the mills have closed, and the men will have nothing for the next eight months. It is hard to see how they will keep alive.

In addition to these difficulties, the Congress of the United States has finally decided to raise yet higher the existing duty on sugar. The immediate result of this is not likely to affect seriously the price of Cuban sugar, though ultimately, as it encourages the importation of sugar from the Philippines, it will drive Cuban sugar out of its natural market. The sugar produced by the United States and its dependencies falls about three million tons short of supplying the demand in the United States, so that if Cuba were to go out of the business

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of raising sugar, the price would become prohibitive.

While the economic effect of its increased duty is more likely to be felt in the United States than in Cuba, the psychological effect on Cuba is great. The Cuban people feel that in time of distress an old friend has failed them, and this increased tariff is felt as though it were a slap in the face.

THE Government of Cuba recognizes the difficulty of the situation and is doing what it can to help. It has borrowed money to finance public improvements. It is building a great central highway which will connect the two ends of the Island. While these public improvements furnish employment to many men, the laborers are only a small part of those who are out of work. Old taxes have been raised and new ones levied, but the income of the Government is lowered in spite of them, because the business that is being taxed is falling off. The Government is trying to reduce expenses. Salaries of officials have been reduced; those over $100 a month, fifteen per cent; those under $100 a month, ten per cent. But while this helps the Government to balance its budget and is a necessary economy, it is a great hardship, as salaries were not large at the beginning, and it reduces the purchasing power of the Island, so that it can buy still less from abroad.

The laboring people of Cuba are law-abiding and industrious; they are not given to rioting. There was a general strike in Havana in March to protest against conditions which the unions felt were unjust. Although it was generally observed to the extent of discontinuing street cars service, there was not the least disorder. However, there are limits to the capacity of any people to suffer protracted hunger. And poverty in Cuba with all its accustomed suffering, misery and sickness is on the increase.

In a strike, some time ago, I asked a man what he expected to gain by striking. "Well," he said, "I was starving anyway, and if I have to starve to death, I had better do it idle than working." That kind of desperation, even though it does not lead to violence, is not pleasant to contemplate.

IT IS sometimes asked, "If it is not profitable to raise sugar, why not raise something else in its place?" That is not so easy. Sugar cane is not replanted every year like corn or wheat. When it is harvested, the cane is cut close to the ground; it springs up from the roots, like grass, and is ready to be cut again the next year. Fields grow without replanting for from ten to twelve years. Moreover, the development of a plant for the production of cane sugar requires the investment of a large sum of money. It demands: a mill, costing several million dollars; cane cars, locomotives, railroad tracks, bulls and carts — all of which investment is useless for any other purpose.

And while Cuba can raise anything in its fertile fields — corn and potatoes, coffee and hennequin — it is ideally adapted to raising sugar cane. Its soil is good and the climate gives the cane plenty of rain in the hot growing season, with cooler, dryer weather later on, which is required to mature the cane.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It ought to be remembered that one reason why Cuba increased its capacity to produce sugar was that the Government of the United States requested it to do so, and Cuba is now suffering because of its compliance.

WHAT can be done? That is very difficult to say. Cuba is suffering from a world-wide over-production of sugar. Other sugar producing countries are not at such a disadvantage because sugar is incidental to them, but it is the life blood of Cuba. One thing can be done, however, and that is to recognize the situation. Cuba is our nearest neighbor, our closest friend, our best customer. We are responsible, in a peculiar way, for its existence as an independent republic; we must not shut our eyes to its condition, nor treat it as though it were no concern of ours.

We have a two-fold responsibility for Cuba. There is the responsibility which a strong nation has for a weaker one which it has called into existence. And in addition to this, we have the responsibility of ownership. American investors control the corporations which furnish a livelihood to the majority of the Cuban people. It is true that few of them are making much from their investment at present, though, in times past, many have reaped fortunes. But that does not prevent those who own an industry from being responsible for the condition of those who are working for them. The owners and managers of the sugar mills are the most intelligent, the most capable and the most highly paid men in the Island. Their task certainly should be not only to run their mills as cheaply as possible, but also to find a way out of the present ruinous condition, so that the laborer, as well as the stockholder, may have a decent reward for what he has put into the common task.

The Government can do little beyond removing the artificial barriers it has placed on trade and stop encouraging the over-production of sugar. It is not really benefiting the American farmer to encourage him to engage in the production of an uneconomic crop that simply makes him depend more and more on the Government for a living. It is not a good thing to be engaged in a business which waits for its success on the action of the Congress of the United States. If the over-production which the American Government is encouraging can be stopped, all alike — the growers at home and abroad — will profit and our troubles will gradually come to an end.

FROM the lowest standpoint, it is poor business to drive one of our best customers into bankruptcy. Cuba wants to buy many things from the United States: automobiles from Michigan; canned milk from Wisconsin; hams from Nebraska; but she can not because the Cubans have no money. It is safe to say that Michigan loses far more from the decreased sale of automobiles than it gains through the development of its sugar industry.

The United States did much for Cuba thirty years ago. But we have about exhausted the credit which is due us for our unselfish action in the last generation, and it is time we did something to help in the present emergency.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mint Tea and Couss-Couss

By Eleanor Hoffmann

Pleasant adventures enjoyed among the Moors by one who, in defiance of advice, travelled as a solitary merchant through the Moghreb

Allah is indeed great, and if Mohammed, who is his only Prophet, contrived with Allah to send me across the deserts and mountains of the Moghreb, known to the people of the North as Morocco, I shall praise henceforth his ninety-nine different and holy names.

Many weeks before I reached the shores of this land my ears were filled with tales of the cruelty and treachery of its people. To trust the Moors was madness — so said my friends — to travel among them without masculine protection an even greater madness, and to drive a car across their lonely country the greatest madness of all. Hearing these things, I decided to drive a car across the lonely country of the Moors and to see if my friends were right.

I went the way of the tourists from Casa south to Marrakesh and north again to Rabat and to Fez, but not, Allah be praised, in the manner of tourists, for I went among the people of these cities as a merchant among merchants. In the rush-covered bazaars of Marrakesh, I bought the rugs of the tribes of the Atlas, the loosely knotted ones of the Glaoua, the fringed and banded ones of the Aït Ouarain, and those with the long pile and the diamond patterns of the Beni Zemmour. I had not come to buy their rugs, only the less bulky handicraft of their country, their leathers and their silks and their jewels, but as I walked through the bazaars where the sellers of rugs were sitting cross-legged in their tiny dens, one called to me:

"Madame. *Arrouah; shouf.*" (Come; look.)

And, of course, I came and looked at the Glaoua shaken out at my feet, and the merchant said: "Only five hundred francs, Madame."

And I answered: "*Yallah, Ya Sidi*, what a price! Do you take me for a dog of a tourist? I am a merchant like yourself, but I am buying no rugs." Whereupon he said: "Four hundred francs for you, Madame. *Shouf*, it is very ancient." And I saw by the little holes, and the softness of the colors and the silkiness of the wool that it had not been woven this season nor the last, but I shook my head and said: "*Lala.*" (No.) And he said: "How much, Madame?" And

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I to quiet him and get away, for I had other things to buy, answered: "Seventy francs." That is scarcely three dollars and for three dollars I did not think that any merchant would part with his old soft-toned Glaoua. And he said: "By Allah, that is too little." And I replied: "Yes, it is too little, but it is all that I can give."

I STARTED to walk to the other side of the bazaar, for someone there was calling: "*Venez, Madame, arrouah; shouf.*" But before I had crossed there was the voice of the first merchant behind me saying: "Take it, Madame, it is yours." I returned to him and gave him the paltry seventy francs and sat with him while he showed me other rugs, and tea was brought for me full of green mint leaves, hot and sweet and fragrant. By the time the morning was over I had collected many rugs from him and from other merchants, and my rugs preceded me through the labyrinth of alleys, piled high on the little shaven heads of Mohammed and Abd el-Aziz, who between them did not number twenty years.

In the room of my hotel these rugs of mine, covering tables and scattered on the tiled floors, looked impressive. I tried not to think of what I should do with them when the day came for me to leave. When the day came, I summoned Abd ur-Rahman who brought my breakfast and made up my bed and washed the tiled floor, and Abd ur-Rahman summoned Ali, and Ali went back into the bazaars and returned with coarse bags and stout string and a needle that was half a meter in length and curved like a scimitar, and they rolled the rugs very tightly in pieces they had cut from the bags, pieces scarcely large enough to cover them. They then sewed them in with the string and the needle that was like a scimitar, and I sat there watching and wondering to myself whether the customs' officers of my country, when they had unpacked and looked suspiciously at my three dollar Glaouas, would know how to sew them up again as cunningly and as patiently as Abd ur-Rahman and Ali.

SO I bought rugs in Marrakesh and looked longingly at its leather and its crude silver jewelry and wondered whether I should buy these things there or wait, for before me lay Rabat and Meknès and Salé and above all Fez. There was Casa, too, where I had first set foot in the Moghreb, and where I again stopped *en route* to Rabat. It is best to see Casa before one has seen the other cities of this land, and it is best to watch Casa, not from the Café de la Roi Bière, edging the new city with its swift growth of tall buildings, but from the Café Zanzi-Bar with one's back to France and facing the old Casa Blanca — the *Dar el-Beidha* — with its low roofs, its all but naked water carriers, its camel caravans and its little stalls of bright green mint leaves, of oranges and — if it is April — of the wild flowers that carpet the fields. It was here that I spent the hours of the *apéritif* after spending my afternoons in the bazaar of Elkamar ben Abd Salom buying his tables of cedar inlaid with juniper and lemon and other fine woods, his *babouches* — canary yellow and pomegranate red — richly em-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

broidered in gold and silver, and other things of such charm that choice was difficult. At intervals glasses of hot mint tea were brought on hand-hammered trays of brass from a nearby café, and the old white-bearded father of Elkamar and I drank in silence, for we had no common language.

THE last morning when Elkamar and I were working — I making lists of what I had bought of him, and he sewing with the skill of my friends Abd ur-Rahman and Ali of Marrakesh — he said to me: "You will come home with me at noon and eat *couss-couss*." But because I knew that at the far side of the city my friend was expecting me for lunch and that there was no way of reaching her by telephone from this side which seemed of the time of Haroun Al Raschid, I explained sorrowfully that it was impossible for me to come. When I returned in the afternoon, I found to my even greater sorrow that, due to my little Arabic and his little French, he had misunderstood me and had thought that I would come, and had ordered the *couss-couss* prepared with more than the usual number of chickens. And because there was more than the usual amount, he had sent back a bowl of it to the children, Ahmed and Kaddour, who ran his errands and guarded the shop in his absence and were learning the art of bargaining. And they invited me to sit with them and eat, which I did for a minute or so to please them and myself, picking up clumsily between thumb and forefinger the elusive grain and bits of chicken. Later in the afternoon Elkamar himself went with me to the post-office to help send off the merchandise I had bought of him and, because the bank was closed on that day, I had as yet not paid him one single sou, and I thought: "If an Arab can trust a Roumi, certainly the Roumi can trust the Arab." And when I came back next morning to pay him his thousand francs, he said: "I shall give you a card to one whom I call my brother in Rabat; he is not really my brother and you must bargain with him." With Elkamar I had not found it necessary to bargain and we had saved each other much time.

I CAME to Rabat through fields of purple iris, of scarlet poppies and blue statice, with fat cattle grazing, white ibis stalking among them, and the sea at times visible in the distance. At Rabat I put off the pleasure of buying until my second day, for the pleasure of seeing all there was to be seen. So on my first morning I had walked through the Street of the Little Souk and seen the slender flower vases hanging in the stores of the sellers of meat, and little else because of the mud underfoot in this roofed alley where there was no sun. And I turned a corner into the Rue des Consuls, which led into the Souk of the Charcoal Sellers which was, as the guidebook promised, lousy and picturesque; and into the Souk of the Dyers, lined with hanks of dripping wool — orange, vermilion, green and purple —; and into the Fondouk el Kyatine or the Tailors' Bazaar, where there were old rugs wrapped about the marble pillars of its patio and other tempting things to buy.

But I passed by these and hurried

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on to the great ochre fortress that hangs over the sea and looks across to snow-white Salé, the fortress called the Kasbah of the Oudaïa, built by Abou Yakoub Yousef the Victorious eight hundred years ago before his illustrious dynasty was robbed of its power. In days gone by it had served as a training school for piracy, but now it housed all that was beautiful and best in the art of the old Moghreb and it was that which I had come to see.

WHILE I was absorbed in these wonders an Arab came to me and said: "A friend from Casa wishes to see you in a nearby bazaar." Having no friend in Casa I followed out of curiosity this Arab who had little French. As we reached his bazaar there sat the old white-haired father of the merchant Elkamar ben Abd Salom, and I was ashamed to realize that I had said to myself I had no friend in Casa. When we had shaken hands and wished each other peace, the owner of the bazaar handed me his card which read: "Abd el-Krim ben Mukhtar Dinia. Merchant in Leather. Moderate Prices." It was he with whom I had been told it was necessary to bargain. How he found me so soon after my arrival Allah alone knows.

Aware that he had interrupted me in the midst of seeing the museum's treasures, he returned with me to show those things I had not seen, telling me that in his bazaar there were equals and better. When we had exhausted the patience of the guardian, he led me out across a terraced garden and through a wall hung with white jasmine and blue solanum, into a second garden edged with little tables and seats covered with the rush-mats of Salé. When we had chosen our table, Abd el-Krim clapped his hands and the *quaboudja* shuffled across in his flapping yellow *babouches* and brought us glasses of mint tea. All was still in this spot except for the clattering of the storks' bills in their nests along the high wall behind us. In front we looked out to sea and across the river to white Salé and on all sides of us was a riot of color where geraniums, red, pink and magenta, sprawled over the walls and climbed the low trunks of palm trees.

AS TIME passed I conveyed ungraciously to Abd el-Krim that this was my only Friday in Rabat and that I wished, above all other things, to watch the Sultan and his attendants go from palace to mosque, as was the immemorial custom of the descendants of the Prophet at noon on the Holy Day of Reunion. So he left his bazaar in the hands of underlings and drove with me to the far end of the city. It was already noon when we arrived, yet there was no sign of true believers or Roumis to see the sight. On benches before the palace gates sat the viziers, fat and round in their snowy burnouses with pointed hoods, and they told us that that day the Sultan was in Fez. To offset my disappointment at the inhospitality of the Sultan towards me, Abd el-Krim conveyed to me in his meagre French that if I came to his bazaar at three that afternoon he could show me something that few Roumis ever saw.

By three I was in his bazaar. He pulled on the gray broadcloth burnous that served him for the street

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and, followed by the old father of my Casa friend, and by two other Moors, we set out through the narrow, twisting streets. And when I could no longer have found my way back to the outskirts of the city, we stopped in front of a great door, and the tallest Moor took from his pocket a heavy key, the length of a dagger, and opened the door, and we all entered; whereupon he closed the door and bolted it. And I found that I was in an empty house where the rugs were rolled up in the corners, and coverings were over the furniture, and with my little Arabic and their little French I learned that I was in the house of a Pasha, not the First Pasha, but the Second Pasha, and that the house was very new and richer in beauty than the Dar el-Makhzen or Palace of the Sultan itself, and that at present the Second Pasha and his harem were inhabiting their palace in Casa.

As we passed through the halls of this palace, music issued suddenly from a nearby room, savage drumming of tom-tom and the bitter sweetness of flutes and reed pipes, and I thought, "Perhaps I have been bewitched and this is Bagdad ten centuries ago." We passed on into the room from which the music was coming and there were no musicians, and I was sure that it was all a dream, with the glow of the soft colored light from the jeweled windows, the carved and painted arabesques, and the tall, draped merchants with their dark skins and silky black beards. The tallest of them looked at me and saw my amazement, and smiled and went to the wall and turned off the radio, because, he said, the Casa Blanca station would now stop playing the music of the East and the music of the West was not fitting in this palace.

I went on to Meknès, which the Spaniards call Mequinez, and which the Arabs call Meknassa ez Zitoun, or Meknès of the Olives, for it crowns a hill surrounded by other hills and these are covered with the blue green of agaves and the gray green of olive trees. Thence I passed on to Fez.

As I entered Fez through the Bab Seba, which is one gate among many, and was feeling my way slowly and anxiously with my foot on the brake because of the old men, the women, the children and the little asses that passed slowly and indifferently in front of me, I came into a great square with high walls and so filled with people that I was forced to turn a corner to find room to stop in this crowd that was evidently waiting, and to wait with them.

Suddenly it came to me that it was a week ago in Rabat at this same hour that I had waited in vain outside the palace of the Sultan; perhaps he had come again to Fez, and it was for him that the crowd was waiting. As I thought this, I heard the beat of tom-toms and the shrill piping of fifes and around the corner rode a vizier in white on a snowy stallion, whose saddle and saddle cloth were vermilion, bearing the green banner of the Shereefian Empire, and after him came the Black Guard, in blue baggy trousers and red coats and green turbans, and it was they who played the music and twirled their fifes in mid-air between measures. They were followed by seven stallions with brilliant velvet

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

saddles and led by slaves, and then, on the whitest and most beautiful of all stallions under his crimson umbrella, the young Sultan himself.

At his coming there arose from the veiled women along the walls the shrill sound of their *you-yous* until he passed on, followed by more martial music with the deep throb of the war drums. As the crowd closed in behind and followed the descendant of the Prophet to prayer, I thought: "If I see nothing else in Fez, I shall praise Allah that he has let me see this."

THE next morning, long before noon, I passed through the Bab Bou Jeloud, the great blue gate which is the entrance to the Rue Zekak el-Hadjer that leads to the Souk Nejarine where the bazaar of the Mahmoud Lamrani was situated. And on the Rue Zekak el-Hadjer I passed many other bazaars, and in one I saw yellow leather tooled in gold for which I had been looking everywhere and had as yet not found, and the merchant who was standing in the doorway said, "Enter, Madame, not to buy but to give pleasure to your eyes." I looked at all his things and soon beside me on the floor was laid a pile of leather and silks and brocades. Suddenly I saw that it was almost noon and so I said, not quite innocently: "I shall return later, but for the present I must go, for I have been invited to eat *couss-couss* at noon with a friend." He divined rightly that the "friend" was a merchant like himself, so he said: "This afternoon you will come and have tea with me. I have a very magnificent house." And I said "With pleasure," and went off to eat *couss-couss* with the noble Mahmoud Lamrani, for so his title of "Shereef" designated him.

And when I had met him at his bazaar we started out, I trotting like a dog behind his swift heels, up and down hill through the dark, crowded streets of Fez, and, after we had passed the sanctuary of the holy Moulay Idriss, at whose gates no Christian dare linger, and after we had passed the fourteen bronze gates of the mosque of Kairouine, I no longer could have retraced my steps, and I continued to follow Mahmoud Lamrani in the shadows of the streets, and continually I was flattening myself against a wall or bending back into the hollow of some small shop when the cry of "*Balek*" (Take care!) sounded in my ears and a mule with crimson saddle and haughty rider had the way cleared by the slave running at the stirrups, or when I encountered men who had on their heads trays of sweet-smelling bread, trays that all but touched both sides of the street. And finally my host and I came to an alley darker and narrower than all the rest, so dark, indeed, that I had to put a hand out against the moist wall to guide me, and avoided with difficulty the piles of rubbish underfoot. This alley ended in greater darkness than before, and for a moment I stood seeing nothing.

THEN there was light, for my host had unlocked the door that led into his dwelling as bright and gay as the streets had been sombre, and one could see more of the blue sky above his courtyard than from all the streets of Fez together. Around this court were three high

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rooms, to the right, to the left and opposite the entrance. I was ushered into the room to the left. At each end was a great bed of brass topped by a crown, and along the wall between them ran a low divan covered with cushions of Fez embroidery. I took my place on the divan between the beds and was left alone by my host. On the other side of the courtyard, indifferent to my presence, the women of the household were going about their affairs. There was one who was old and imperious and she, I decided, was the mother-in-law. There was one who was young seated at a sewing machine ornamented with the hand of Fatima, and she, I decided, was a wife. Another sat on a cushion beside a pile of bright silk, and she I decided was a second wife. From the third room from which smells of cooking were beginning to issue, came and went women with darker skins, and these I decided were servants. And for a long time I sat and watched their feminine activity and thought how it contrasted with mine, for mine resembled that of the master of the house.

After I had waited a long time for the master of the house to return, he came and with him his white bearded father, and a Moor from his bazaar, and another Moor whom I did not know, and they sat beside me on the cushions, and the long embroidered curtains of the room across the court were pulled so that we could neither see nor be seen by the women. Then the servant brought a low, wooden table worn smooth by scrubbing, then a brass bowl and a brass pitcher, and poured water over our hands and handed us a bath towel to dry them with, and then gave us bath towels for our laps and placed before each of us a round loaf of bread, hot and sweet smelling. And my host took a knife and cut each loaf in four triangular pieces. When the servant returned again it was with a great brass platter under a tall pointed cover and inside was a stew of mutton and eggs yellow with saffron. And my host saying: "*Bismillah.* In the name of Allah!" took a piece of the hot bread and dipped it into the hot sauce and I did likewise and found it good, and then my host took with his thumb and forefingers a bit of the tender mutton and I did likewise and found it excessively hot, but gradually my fingers became accustomed to the heat, and I was eating greedily and thinking: "This is better than *couss-couss.*"

And when I had eaten twice the amount that it is my custom to eat at noon, and when my host could not persuade me to take more, the dish was removed and another put in its place, of the same size and shape, and under the tall cover of the second sat four chickens stewed with olives, and whenever my host or his friends came upon a morsel particularly tender it was passed to me until I could eat no longer. And that dish was removed, and a third put in its place, and under the cover of the third sat a fifth chicken in a nest of *couss-couss* and raisins and stewed orange peel. My hosts made balls of the loose soft grain and tossed them skillfully and gracefully into their mouths, and I tried to do likewise but my soft balls fell into a hundred fragments between my fingers and my mouth, so I said I was full and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could eat no more, and that was the truth.

Then the servant came again with the water and the soap and the bath towel, and scrubbed the table and washed the floor about us. Then she brought the samovar and fresh mint leaves and the silver pitcher for the tea, the silver box which held the tea, the silver bowl with rough lumps of sugar; also crystal glasses which had come from China, and a great raffia dish with pointed cover which held the cakes of almond meal known as horns of gazelles. And we talked for a while as best we could, and I learned that this servant was a slave who had been bought secretly for two thousand francs, and that she was fed and clothed by my host but given no money. And because one does not ask an Oriental details about the women of his household I learned nothing about the others who were now eating what we had left them, behind the long embroidered curtains across the court. Then the slave brought a little boy of three who was the pride of his father and his grandfather, and the two other men, who were stretched out at ease among the pillows like pythons after swallowing goats, let the child crawl over them.

WHEN I had exhausted my Arabic and they their French, and when I felt that if I stayed another instant I, too, should be overwhelmed with sleep from all that I had eaten, I took my leave, and was escorted back through the crooked streets to the painted doors of Moulay Idriss, where I could get my bearings, and, after thanking my host most gratefully, I treacherously passed on to the bazaar in the Rue Zekak el-Hadjer belonging to El-Hadj Ahmed Roudias and finished spending my money. And when I had finished choosing among his silks and brocade and soft leathers, I followed behind him at a swift pace to his part of the city. And we passed through a street which was musical with the noise of the brass hammerers and came down to the river where the dyers dwelt with their great wools dripping into vats of rich color and where the tanners hung their soft skins of sheep and goat, stained green and black and blue and red and many other subtler colors. And we crossed the river and climbed another hill to that part of the city where the Moors of Spain took refuge in their exile and which still bears the name of "The Quarter of the Andalusians."

THE Hadj Ahmed Roudias had not boasted vainly when he said his house was magnificent. The carved plaster of his walls, the marble pillars of the court, the tiled fountain, the carved wooden railing, none of these things were surpassed in the house of the Second Pasha of Rabat. Here was no radio, but there were other luxuries; in the long bedroom where tea was served stood three tall grandfather clocks side by side. No women were in evidence, only the little slave who brought the tea and the gazelle horns and the embroidered napkins. While we drank, purple swallows swooped low over the blue tiles of the courtyard floor. When we had finished drinking we mounted to the top of the house to look on Fez and its flat white roofs, for this was a tall house high on the hill. The whiteness of the roofs was broken here and there by the lustrous

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

green of the minarets of mosques and sanctuaries. On the outskirts of the city rose the massive *bordjes* and as far as one could see the distant hillsides were covered with the gray green of olive trees. In the top floor of his house my host pointed out empty rooms and said: "The house is too large for us; my brothers, my father and I built it five years ago, but we do not fill it." And I said half jokingly: "Some day, *insballah*, God willing, I shall return to Fez, and I shall come to you and ask for an unused room in your beautiful house, for to live the life of the Frank in your country is a dull thing and I learn neither your customs nor your language." He answered in all seriousness: "The room is yours when you return and may that be soon."

Too speedily, with a grief, whose greatness Allah alone can measure, I left this Moghreb, its bright flowers, its flat white cities and blue sky pierced by pale green minarets, and its tall, black-bearded merchants who looked so treacherous and fierce and were in reality so trustworthy and friendly. And I came to other lands to the Far North where I pass bazaar after bazaar and no merchant asks me to enter "to give pleasure to my eyes," and no merchant, if I should enter, would order me mint tea and invite me to feasts of *couss-couss*.

An Algerian Nightfall

By Jo Hartman

Amethyst heavens, vermilion-fringed; dusk glow.
Drunken with brightness,
Stars flaring from space.
Desertward caravans,
Magic-drenched moonlight
Weaving through shadows like rich, tawny lace.
Hushed to a lute song the wind in the palm trees,
Sea voices sobbing
Their low, weird unrest . . .
And who was heedless of Allah at noonday
Hearing muezzins within his own breast!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Curse or Coincidence?

By P. W. Wilson

"King Tut's curse" leads one who considers himself a man of common sense to unearth an even stranger chapter of fate from Chronicles of the Occult

Here, in my study, I am sitting, this day like any other day. The frequent tinkle of the telephone delights the expectant ear. Along the parkway, automobiles are rumbling, and overhead, an airplane is whirring its way with bags of mail. Across the swing-bridge, a freight train is thundering interminable, and there is the distant clatter of an elevated. With sticks of dynamite, builders are blasting the rock nearby, and, the schools being on holiday, there are also boys on our block playing with the explosive. Above, below, and on every side superstitions are thus happily obliterated, and I thank my stars, including Professor Shapley's tenth planet, that I live in a Twentieth Century when, at last, the modern, the mechanical, the juvenile, has triumphed thus completely over the mysterious and the mystical. Long live our era of enlightenment!

Finding myself thus in tune with the finite, I turn to a litter of clippings from the newspapers which happen to be débris on my desk. Being a person occasionally methodical, it occurred to me that these cuttings might be dismissed to their appointed folders according to the regular routine.

Yet I hesitated. Fingering these scraps of what, after all, were only wood pulp, I was conscious that they radiated a peculiar fascination. As a man of common sense, I was ashamed of surrendering to it. Yet I could not deny that my curiosity was aroused.

In the land of Egypt, one day, certain excavators discovered the tomb of a king called Tutankhamen who died in his 'teens, and for the time being the sensations of archæology surpassed the thrills of aviation. It is true that there had been novelists like Rider Haggard and Marie Corelli who had suggested, in their romantic way, a certain misgiving over the investigation of these tombs. Indeed, there was the Egyptologist in France, Professor J. S. Mardrus, who declared outright that no good ever came of it. Over investigating a monarch in his mausoleum, King George himself was a little sensitive,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but happily a spirit of true research prevailed.

The leader of the expedition, Lord Carnarvon, was among the most resourceful of noblemen. Even on Wall Street he had outwitted a notable financier. When, therefore, Carnarvon, immune to transatlantic millionaires, was bitten by a merely Egyptian mosquito, everybody made light of the matter. It had always taken more than a mosquito to worry Carnarvon. But Carnarvon took a turn for the worse.

Near Newbury there is a hill, notable in the landscape, where in the days of good Queen Bess they kindled a beacon to warn old England of the Spanish Armada. On that beacon Carnarvon himself had lit a patriotic blaze to celebrate the Armistice. Little did he think that it was to be, in a sense, his funeral pyre, and that, alone in his glory, he was to be buried on that Beacon Hill as the discoverer of the tomb of King Tutankhamen.

Lord Carnarvon had a half brother, a member of Parliament, also quite a wit, Colonel Aubrey Herbert. Naturally he visited the tomb and, just another coincidence, he fell ill and died.

THERE was a millionaire, with a name known throughout the world, George Jay Gould. He also did a little sight-seeing around the tomb and, a third coincidence, he died. Another man of means, Woolf Joel, yachting on the Nile, gratified his curiosity, examined the tomb, and became the fourth coincidence. The leading specialist, Sir Archibald Douglas Reid, was selected to apply x-rays to Tutankhamen's bones. But he died. The director of the Egyptian Section at the Louvre, Professor Georges Benedite, was enthusiastic over the tomb, and he died. Professor Lafleur of McGill University happened to be at Luxor and visited the tomb. At Luxor, he died. H. G. Evelyn-White, scholar and Egyptologist, left a letter with the words, "I knew there was a curse on me," and he committed suicide. M. Pasanova, who had helped to excavate, was another victim. The toll had reached nine, yet even so it was far from complete.

THE leader of the expedition was Howard Carter. His secretary had been the Hon. Richard Bethell, a man of forty-six years and therefore in the prime of life, an Etonian, also of Oxford and the Guards, eldest son and heir to Lord Westbury. He was the tenth who died. His aged father, crying that there was a Curse, threw himself from an upper window, and so became the eleventh. At his funeral, the hearse ran over a boy of eight years, and so killed the twelfth. At the British Museum, Edgar Steel, aged fifty-seven years, after handling certain of the relics from the tomb, was mentioned as the thirteenth.

We know that

> To every man upon this earth
> Death cometh soon or late.

But let us suppose that Admiral Byrd and Sir Hubert Wilkins were to arrange a joint expedition to some South Sea island, that the expedition were to be a brilliant success, but that two peers of the realm, a peer's brother-in-law, the heir to a peerage, two millionaires, and eight

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

distinguished specialists, with a boy in the street, were, one by one, to die by illness, suicide, and accident; would not people begin to raise their eyebrows?

Historians tell us that the aristocrats of ancient Egypt were experts on immortality. They were most careful, therefore, to be buried, at once with the utmost splendor and the utmost secrecy. With such safeguards, indeed, the Egyptians did not rest satisfied. There was added what, in the language of the occult, is called a Curse. It was a Curse sometimes written on paper and buried with the dead. Anyway, it was a Curse levelled at anyone who at any time should be so impious as to disturb the sleeper and rob him of his possessions. Over every such tomb, so it was firmly believed, there brooded an unseen guardian, charged with the duty of enforcing the solemn imprecation.

THE question is this, in what did this Curse consist? That the Egyptians were experts in embalming, in fragrant perfumes and in potent poisons, is demonstrated by overwhelming evidence. But the idea that all of these thirteen victims of the Tutankhamen Hoodoo were affected by such material influences, has to be dismissed. True, the grain taken from these tombs, if planted today in soil, is — though this is also denied — said to grow. In thousands of years, it may not have lost its vitality. True, the atmosphere in the tombs invites ventilation. True, the climate of Egypt can be exacting. But it was no poison, it was no heavy air, it was no African sun, it was no dust of the desert — to cite one instance — that knocked down a boy in the street and killed him. Others of the victims had the best of doctors, the best of nurses, the best of medicines, yet — it has to be repeated — they died.

What we have to consider, then, is not merely a kind of burglar alarm, devised by a priesthood to which magic was no more than a name for toxicology. It is of the essence of a Curse that, however it is fulfilled, it be itself no more than a word.

DOUBTLESS, the early Victorians tried to kill curses with ridicule. Over the Jackdaw of Rheims, they laughed till their sides ached. The Cardinal Archbishop might fortify his curse with his candle, his bell and his book, but "nobody seemed a penny the worse," and even the Jackdaw which stole the episcopal ring only suffered a momentary moulting of the head feathers. But what about the curses where a good many people seem to be a good deal more than a penny the worse? It is the Last Laugh that wins, and they who jest at the Jackdaw discover sometimes to their cost that he is near kinsman to a more dreadful bird of omen. Of late years, not a few mourners have caught the chuckle of the Raven in the shadow and have cried with Edgar Allan Poe: "Take thy beak from out my heart and take thy form from off my door!"

Curses have a way of fulfilling themselves. In the minds of individuals and of the community they create a sense — call it a conclusion if you like — of destiny. Of the victims of King Tutankhamen, there were two who were driven to self-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

destruction by a dread of impending doom.

The evening has drawn on to darkness. Even the boys on holiday have betaken themselves at last to bed. I can not suppose that, within the limits of New York City, there are many owls. But it happens that one has his dwelling in an elm near our house, and this owl is hooting.

As the clock on my table ticks away the rapid minutes, I am overcome, as it were, by the miracle of time. Five thousand years ago, a youthful king in the land of Egypt fell ill and died. Amid wail of dirge and solemn dance and colorful pageantry, he was attended by shaven priests and borne to his sepulchre. Five thousand years ago and five thousand miles away! Yet here, amid the automobiles, the airplanes, the builders and their dynamite, and the boys on holiday, are clippings from the newspapers which suggest that, to people here and now, these obsequies have been, somehow or other, a matter of life and death.

DOES the Curse of King Tutankhamen stand alone? I wonder. If we credit the Arabian proverb, we must believe that, in every generation and in every country,

> Curses are like young chickens
> And still come home to roost.

Discard these clippings that tell of King Tut. What else have we on this flat, glass-covered desk? A rare book from Scotland? Very rare, and it is only by courtesy of the Congressional Library that I am able to make use of it. It contains records, little known, indeed, to a new world, but on that account none the less authentic. Stuff and nonsense? The family concerned did not think so.

In the highlands of Ross and Cromarty, turbulent and romantic, there has been no clan more famous in history than the Mackenzies. From Mackenzie Bay in Canada to Mackenzie River in Australia, the name of that clan has become a household word, and what would *Who's Who* — what would the telephone book be — without it?

ILLUSTRIOUS among the Mackenzies has been the peerage of Seaforth. At the court of King Charles II, the third Earl of Seaforth was honored as a nobleman who had ever been loyal to the Stuart Dynasty. His Countess also belonged to the clan. She was Isabella, daughter of Sir John Mackenzie of Tarbat and a sister of the first Earl of Cromarty, about which names there is no element of myth. At this moment, a Mackenzie is Countess of Cromarty in her own right and her eldest son is Viscount Tarbat.

On business of state, King Charles II sent the Earl of Seaforth to Paris. The business was unaccountably prolonged. There at Brahan Castle, the feudal stronghold of the Seaforths in the north of Scotland, a Countess, proud, jealous, and affectionate, possessed her soul in impatience. For months her husband had been absent. For months she had not received from him one line of tidings.

Under these somewhat uncertain circumstances, the lady decided to consult an eminent specialist. She sent a messenger to Strathpeffer, and summoned a clansman of humble station but great repute, called

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coinneach Odhar, which being interpreted is Kenneth Mackenzie. The man came to Brahan Castle.

For years, he had been famous as a prophet. Peering through a hole in a white stone that he carried, he would display no little shrewdness in telling what was happening at a distance, what would happen in the future, and people would take down the predictions in writing. "English mares," said he, "with hempen bridles, shall be led round the back of Tomnahurich"; and in due course, fullrigged ships were in fact led through the Caledonian Canal. This Tomnahurich, he added, "will be under lock and key, and the Fairies secured therein." In due course, there was a cemetery, unique in situation, on the top of that Fairy Mountain. Many sayings of Kenneth Mackenzie are extant and in the Highlands there are Gaelic families that still wait and watch for further fulfilments.

THE Braham Seer, as he is called, was more feared than beloved. Through shams and deceits, his sharp tongue cut like a dirk, and, on one occasion, so it is reported, it was only his second sight that saved him from poison. It is with this reputation that he arrived at the Castle.

It happened that the Countess was surrounded by guests from the countryside. In full hearing of the company, she asked Kenneth Mackenzie to say whether the Earl was alive and where he was to be found. The Prophet, having looked through his white stone, burst into loud laughter.

"Fear not!" he cried, "Your lord is safe and sound, well and hearty, merry and happy."

Her suspicions aroused, the Countess demanded further particulars.

"Be satisfied," said Kenneth, with a return to gravity, "ask no questions. Let it suffice you to know that your lord is well and merry."

Pressed further, he confessed that the Earl was in a very magnificent room and far too agreeably employed at present to think of leaving Paris.

As the cross-examination continued, the Seer sharpened his sarcasms and, after entreaties, threats, and offers of money from the Countess, he astounded his audience with what, as he believed, had been revealed to him.

"AS YOU wish to know that which will make you unhappy," he said bitterly, "I must tell you the truth. My lord seems to have thought little of you, or of his children, or of his Highland home. I saw him in a gay gilded room, grandly decked out in velvets, with silks, and cloth of gold, and on his knees before a fair lady, his arm round her waist, and her hand pressed to his lips."

At the disclosure, the curiosity of the Countess turned to rage. Shamed before her guests, she accused Kenneth Mackenzie of defaming a mighty chieftain and declared that he must die. The wretched man endeavored to escape. But he was seized, accused of witchcraft, and carried to the Ness of Chanonry for summary execution.

At this interesting moment, who should appear at Brahan Castle but the Earl himself! What a greeting this — between him and his Countess! He hears at least a hint of what

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had happened. He leaps on his fastest horse. Unattended by one retainer, he gallops from the Castle. He rides that horse till it falls dead. Somehow he manages to reach the fatal promontory. There, before him, lies the sea. Above him, already there arises a black cloud of smoke. He is too late. In a barrel of flaming tar, Kenneth Mackenzie, bound hand and foot, has perished, and, for centuries, a slab of stone has marked the spot.

IT WILL be agreed that the victim of this awful vengeance, awaiting his doom, might have been in a mood not wholly out of touch with mystical realities. Of every weapon Kenneth Mackenzie had been deprived, except what they had consulted as prophecy and condemned as witchcraft. That weapon, at least, he was still free to use. For the last time, he looked through the round hole of the white stone. Then, he uttered what came to be known as the Doom of the Seaforths, and verbatim, the record is as follows:

I see into the far future, and I read the doom of the race of my oppressor. The long-descended line of Seaforth will, ere many generations have passed, end in extinction and in sorrow. I see a chief, the last of his house, both deaf and dumb. He will be the father of four fair sons, all of whom he will follow to the tomb. He will live careworn and die mourning, knowing that the honors of his line are to be extinguished forever, and that no future chief of the Mackenzies shall bear rule at Brahan or in Kintail. After lamenting over the last and most promising of his sons, he himself shall sink into the grave, and the remnant of his possessions shall be inherited by a white-coiffed (or white-hooded) lassie from the East, and she is to kill her sister. And as a sign by which it may be known that these things are coming to pass, there shall be four great lairds in the days of the last deaf and dumb Seaforth — Gairloch, Chisholm, Grant, and Raasay — of whom one shall be buck-toothed, another hair-lipped, another half-witted, and the fourth a stammerer. Chiefs distinguished by these personal marks shall be the allies and neighbors of the last Seaforth; and when he looks around him and sees them, he may know that his sons are doomed to death, that his broad lands shall pass away to the stranger, and that his race shall come to an end.

In Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, it is stated positively that this prophecy had been in existence long before its fulfilment, and Scott was not only aware of it but watched its sequel with wondering regret.* Yet it would be difficult, surely, to devise a malediction more exacting than this in its clauses. Its fulfilment would have to depend on circumstances affecting at least a dozen persons, and the mathematical odds against the coincidences, so challenged, were indeed formidable.

It has to be confessed that, for more than a century, the fell fame of Kenneth Mackenzie as a prophet was somewhat discredited. He had died soon after the restoration of King Charles II in the year, 1660, and during the Jacobite rebellions it is very true that the Seaforths lost their titles. But there was no concatenation of events that could be identified as a fulfilment of the curse. Indeed, it seemed as if the curse had been definitely reduced to an impossibility.

But after long delay, there occurred a series of incidents that somewhat startled even the skeptics, if such there were, in Scotland. The facts are comparatively recent, fully re-

* Andrew Lang has expressed some doubt on this point.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

corded, and do not admit, apparently, of dispute.

Among the direct descendants of the third Earl of Seaforth and of the Countess who ordered the death of Kenneth Mackenzie, there was a boy, Francis Humberston Mackenzie. If anyone on this planet seemed to be beyond the range of the Curse, it was he.

FIRST, he was in possession of all his faculties. Then he was no more than the younger son of a collateral branch of the family. In any event, the title of Seaforth was already extinct. The Curse, so it was assumed, had been cancelled!

At his boarding school, one evening, Francis woke up with the nightmare. He had seen a witch, walking through the dormitory and, like Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite, she had driven stakes into certain of the boys' heads. Francis was found to be in a high temperature. It was scarlet fever. Pass by the suggestion that the boys, honored specially by the witch, subsequently died. The point for us is that Francis himself emerged with hearing destroyed, and with impaired speech. In later years, he uttered scarcely a word. By the accident of an infectious disease, *a Mackenzie had become deaf and dumb.*

One by one, there were other Mackenzies who died, and an elder brother of Francis became chief of the clan. Then he died, and *Francis, though several lives removed from the succession, found himself master of the ancestral estates.*

Still, the title of Seaforth being extinct, he was no more than a Mackenzie. However, this detail was arranged by a grateful sovereign. For his public services, including the enrolment of the famous regiment called the Seaforth Highlanders, Mackenzie was created Baron Seaforth of Kintail. *Once more, there was a peerage in being.*

Seaforth married a lady called Mary Proby, a daughter of the Church and a niece of Lord Carysfoot. She brought him a fine family of ten children. If ever the succession to a title seemed to be safe, it was here. But it was noted that, of the children, six were girls; *the number of Seaforth's sons was thus four.*

One boy died in infancy. But there were three left. A second died and that left two. When a third died, Seaforth himself said that he did not expect the fourth to live. He was right. He followed his last son to the grave and was left without an heir. *Once more and finally, the peerage was extinguished.*

As for Seaforth's own condition, Scott describes it as "truly pitiable — all his fine faculties lost in paralytic imbecility."

Of the four lairds, *it was Gairloch who was bucktoothed, Chishom who was hairlipped, Grant who was half-witted, and Raasay who stammered.*

THE chieftainship of the clan passed to a very distant Mackenzie and was thus separated from the estates. These were inherited by Seaforth's eldest surviving daughter, Mary Frederica Elizabeth Mackenzie.

She was, of course, a Scottish lady. But in 1800, Seaforth had become Governor of Barbadoes. This office had brought him into touch with the British Navy and, in 1804, his daugh-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ter had been married to Sir Samuel Hood, Bart., K.B., Admiral of the West India Station — a husband older than herself. Just as Seaforth died, so did the Admiral, and *his young wife returned from the East wearing a widow's bonnet, white-coiffed and, as it was noticed, white-Hooded, for that was now her name.*

She married a second time, so alienating the estate, and much of the property was actually sold to Sir James Matheson, *thus passing to the stranger.*

The heiress shared her home with her younger sister, the Hon. Caroline Mackenzie. One day the ladies were thrown out of a pony carriage. Both were injured, but Mary recovered and Caroline died. It was noticed that Mary, once the white-Hooded lassie from the East, had been driving the pony, and that in this sense *she had killed her sister.*

What old Kenneth Mackenzie was thinking about it all, I don't know. But that, surely, was a series of events, as remarkable in every way as the sequel to the Tutankhamen superstition. At points of the drama, the actors were quite unconscious of what was to be the meaning of it all. Mackenzie, had he realized, would never have accepted a peerage. His daughter, had she realized, would never have married her middle-aged Admiral. But why continue?

> The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes
> But Here or There as strikes the Player goes;
> And He that toss'd you down into the Field
> He knows about it all — He knows — HE knows.

It was not merely a melancholic like Cowper who told us that —

> . . . many a crime deemed innocent on earth
> Is registered in Heaven; and these no doubt
> Have each their record,with a curse annex'd.

Shakespeare also was one who dared to believe in all that has ever been included in life, however it be explained. He did not belittle Banquo's ghost. He did not ignore the Ides of March. As I sit, gloomily contemplating these clippings, sleepily pondering over this rare volume from the Congressional Library in Washington, I am conscious of the strange presence of one who, perhaps, was something of an expert on Curses. The Prince of Denmark is again on his midnight rounds and is looking over my shoulder as he mutters: *There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUBLIC LIBRARY
NEWARK, OHIO

What Price Baby-Tending?

By Avis D. Carlson

Dismissing sentimentality, a modern woman seeks sounder values in motherhood

Not long ago a young woman watched me bathe a ten months old baby. At the end of the operation she asked, "What do civilized women get out of baby-tending, anyway? No sentimentalizing, please."

The question was startling for the very fact that it was seriously asked. Until recently women did not ask what they got out of baby-tending. They had babies and they tended them. Now that every mother's daughter knows that she probably can decide whether or not she will have anything to do with babies, she is disposed, if she is by nature a bit prudent, to throw a canny question mark in their direction. But the query was still more startling because it cut through so many soft swathings of sentiment and commonly accepted generalities, to ask bluntly for a new evaluation of the very oldest, most respectable "job for women."

I knew my questioner was thinking of the long years of training one spends getting ready for professional life; of the genuine interest many women feel for their work, which usually must be at least temporarily abandoned when they begin baby-tending; of their eagerness for travel, varied contacts, and the other good things of life which babies inevitably curtail. Thinking of that, she had watched me undress a wriggling creature intent on getting his hands on anything and everything within two feet from the dressing table; had seen me stoop to the tub and endeavor to scrub him off while he endeavored to put the wash-rag into his mouth and to splash all the water out of the tub. Then she had chuckled over the struggle to dry, powder and dress a body thrilling with a desire to bounce from a sitting up to a standing position and then down again. Fifteen minutes of routine chore and tussle that bath meant for me, with not a single necessity for more than the lowest type of cerebration.

Furthermore, my questioner had been around babies enough to observe that those fifteen minutes (thirty in my case, because my baby is twins) were only one small item in a typical day of baby-tending. Meals to prepare in the careful way pediatricians prescribe, naps to in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sist upon, squares to change and habit-building to carry on, "no's" to be said and enforced, laundry to be done or closely supervised, night-time tours of inspection to see that covers are right — a multitude of duties with which the qualities of mind which make for professional and business success and which are carefully built into women's make-up nowadays, have very little to do.

WHAT good, for instance, is the ability to drive rapidly and efficiently toward the completion of a set of examination papers or the solution of a marketing problem to a woman trying to teach a baby to drink from a cup, when he lacks both the muscular coördinations involved and the desire to stop making the engaging noises which can be made with a bit of liquid in a cup? And what mental or emotional exhilaration is to be found in buttoning and unbuttoning shoes every few hours all day?

Next year, to be sure, some of these duties will drop out of the picture, but new ones (question answering and more intensive inhibition building, for instance) will take their place. The third year the same story. Baby-tending lasts a good five years. And before that time is over another baby may have started one at the job all over again.

"What do women get out of it anyway to make it worth their while? Are there any values in it for the civilized, sophisticated type of woman?" Asked in that spirit, it is a brand new question.

The early feminists, militant or otherwise, might dispute every other point in the accepted view of the female place in the sun, but not one of them ever thought of asking if baby-tending is indeed the work through which women find their supreme self-realization. Their cry was not, "Do we get anything out of it?" but "Why may we not add other interests and vocations to it?" In general they were more social-minded than we, less given to inquiring of a proposed activity what it would mean to them as individuals.

But that is a question both inevitable and legitimate in a day when we are reëvaluating everything from romantic love to the jury system of trial, and doing it from the standpoint of the individual instead of the group. If there are no values to be had from baby-tending by the woman the modern world is building and idealizing as the finest of feminine types, moralists may storm and story-writers cajole, but baby-tending will naturally come to be turned over as many household duties are already delegated, either to more placid, less civilized women who lack the ability to do other work, or to highly specialized workers outside the home.

IN THE startled instant when I groped for something at least half-convincing to say for the way I was spending my energy, I realized that despite the quantity of paper and breath spent in rapturous encomiums, there has been said about the job next to nothing that would appeal to a modern miss who happens to be both ambitious and critical, who is not to be taken in by gush about "small pink toes" and "helpless little form."

She knows, if she has seen a few of us at it and heard us talk about it,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that one can be deadly bored with cooking spinach and shaking sand out of shoes, manœuvring a sleepy child into the bed he invariably shuns, or even with answering the seven hundred and eleventh question of the day. It won't do to try to be sentimental with her about a job like that.

I don't blame her. Most of the values for which sentimental story writers and verse makers have cooed and glowed over the care of small children as a vocation are not essentially worthy of respect.

Part of them are purely sensuous. All the talk, for instance, about the thrill of hearing the "patter of little feet," smelling the "delicious sweetness of a baby freshly bathed," and feeling "a little head in the crook of one's elbow," or "the touch of a rose-petal skin," or "the clutch of a tiny aimless fist over one's thumb," or "a downy head nestling against one's neck"—all of that sort of thing sounds very poetic but is really an assertion that through the senses comes the good to be derived from the care of young children.

Now that is certainly putting the whole thing on a low basis. I am not so foolish as to suggest that the hoary old clichés represent phases of baby-care which do not exist. Sensuous pleasure of a high order is to be had from touching one's lips to a baby's skin or one's nose to a baby's neck — else why should it be such a task for the modern mother to keep people from partaking of these pleasures?

The trouble is, that kind of argument ignores the fact that for every one of these pleasant sensations the human infant provides a handful of the opposite kind. If his head cradled in one's elbow makes one's heart swell gladly, the dead weight of him which must be lifted from crib, table, tub, and floor, lifted and then lifted again, keeps one's arm and shoulder muscles always dully sore. If his skin is like a rose-petal it is also susceptible to measles and chicken-pox, scratches and grime. His feet may patter musically along the hall, but they can and do stamp wildly in dreadful tantrums. His gurgle and squeal may be entrancing, but no parent enjoys the cry which is faithfully set up at six each morning, no matter what adult preoccupation has kept one up until after midnight.

Most decidedly no one with a grain of sense would deliberately choose baby-tending as a vocation just for its sensuous delights. One is conscious of them, just as one stops to admire the bowl of pansies on one's desk and finger their velvety softness. But the value of any work worth the doing at that desk is not the opportunity to enjoy the pansies.

Most of the rest of the values usually advanced are not much more respectable, because the modern intelligence recognized them as ego-ticklers. Take the much vaunted "sense of the child's helplessness and utter dependence." The converse of that is, of course, the feeling of God-like power and responsibility which suffuses one's being so often during the first years of parenthood. It is deeply exciting to know that we are God to another creature. The ego expands and soars in something very like ecstasy. Because it is so delightful to play God, the tempta-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion is to cling to the rôle long after it has any justification and to over-do it even while it is to some extent necessary. That way lies tyranny, the worst possible state for both child and parent. To feel too keenly the feebleness of the flame of life in its first stages is merely a neat way of augmenting our own importance in the universe. If that is a value to be had from baby-tending, I don't want it.

Hardly less respectable is the one enthusiastically urged upon the new parent, "It will be such fun to watch yourself repeated, to see your own traits and characteristics come out again." Undoubtedly there is a breathless interest in tracing one's own lineaments in the child. I even think there must be a sort of primitive pride in having successfully reproduced oneself, something of the feeling the family tabby seems to show when her nest of kittens is discovered.

BUT the joke-books are full of stories about the parent who is convinced that all his child's desirable qualities were inherited from him, whereas the undesirable have come from the other side of the house. That in itself is enough to arouse the suspicion that much of the resemblance-tracing is a pleasant little way of patting oneself on the head. While it is pleasant to say, "Ah, he loves music, just as I do," or "The very way John smiles!" I doubt if it is as important a value in baby-tending as it has been said to be. There are only a limited number of human traits and characteristics, and psychologists today are busy showing them to be not so much inherited as socially learned. And so I put the fun of saying, "He takes that from me" in the same class with the fun of cuddling a curly crop against one's shoulder: immensely pleasant, but not particularly valuable.

ANOTHER type of sentimental effusion, happily not now so common among fiction writers as it once was, glorifies the feeling that inasmuch as the parent has given life to the child, it is his in a peculiarly intimate sense, almost as his thumb is his to waggle at will. Thus all the child's antics and clever remarks reflect creditably on the parent, much as the tricks and good looks of his dog give him cause for pride. It is this pride of possession which is so mortified when baby misbehaves shockingly before company. His tantrum hurts us in the same way we are hurt when the radio whose perfection we have boasted takes to infernal squawking on the night when guests are present.

This pride of possession also makes mothers trick out their charges in frills absolutely incompatible with the child's native habitat of sand-piles and play yards. For many a mother the afternoon walk with a be-ruffled, meticulously groomed little figure beside her is the same kind of an experience that the Sunday afternoon promenade in her best get-up used to be in high school days. The smiles and admiring glances now cast at the little one give her the same sort of a glow that other smiles and admiring glances did.

A well-cared-for, bright looking child probably attracts more attention than any other creature in the universe. It is natural to swell with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pride when people show their interest in him, to feel that because the tie between us is so close and he so clearly a newer edition of ourselves, he must be our possession.

But, as a matter of fact, he belongs only to himself, and the more we baby-tenders play with the notion of possession, the more trouble we are laying up for ourselves — and for the child, who can receive from it only a handsome training in the art of showing off and a possible emotional fixation which will make life one long unhappiness for him.

Like most ego-ticklers, this one has an enormous recoil. It isn't a value that any sensible person would seek to cultivate. Instead of thinking too much about the tie which binds the child to us, we had far better be saying to ourselves, "Here is a little person with a varied, complex life of his own, sure to grow more complex with time. I am only his most important teacher."

HAVING come so far, I am conscious of stern eyes upon me. "Well, then," they ask, "is anything left?"

A number of things, I think.

In the first place, the modern woman finds in a baby anything but an easy bridge to withdrawal from personal ambition, that attitude which says with a little sigh of relief, "Now, I needn't keep plugging along trying to get some place. I'll just give myself to Dickie, and then he'll do for me the things I thought I wanted to do."

Plenty of fathers as well as mothers have taken this easy way out of the ache that comes with realizing that outstanding or even ordinary success demands more than one has to give or wishes to give. The relinquishment of keen personal ambition and building of a defense mechanism in the belief that Dickie and Mary Lou will go on to achieve the marvellous deeds we aspired to do have gone on from time immemorial. To a certain extent they will always go on.

BUT economic pressures combined with mounting standards of living are creating a new attitude in the woman conscious of her earning power. Babies are so frightfully expensive. Much has been written and said recently about the initial cost, but that is the smallest item in the whole expensive game.

Every single one of the regular household bills leaps upward — food, help, fuel, light, department stores, every one of them. The essentials of nursery equipment run into money. For thousands of couples the coming of the first baby means moving into larger quarters, really the setting up of an establishment for the first time. And on top of all that, the new parents usually feel that they must take added insurance and begin upon a systematic savings plan to provide for the college bills to come pouring in by and by.

Now, no baby-tender ever went through her daily routine without determining to get for her charge every advantage and opportunity humanly possible. If economic pressure is as stiff in her household as in most American households, the coming of the baby, far from being an easy way to slip out of the fray, is a new prod toward activity. Once she has got back her strength and emo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tional equilibrium, she will do five times as much work as ever she was able to do, and in the good old Yankee phrase "*manage*" five times as well, because she has an incentive with more driving power than any she has ever known.

A SECOND value is the abiding sense that one is engaged in creative work. The canvas is broad and no dead-lines mark the day it must be completed, but I do not see how any woman with imagination can keep from feeling that she is creating something. Basically it is "the stubborn will of animal tissue to live and mature" which is causing the daily and weekly changes I note with pride, but I know also that my faithfulness in holding to a routine, my care that food is right, and my protection from exposure to infections, *my tending*, if you please, are helping to make the children's physical development take the course I desire.

It is the same way with their mental development. Forces over which I have no control will leave their impress. Natural bents will assert themselves. But no one will deny that because I am to be the children's closest associate during their first six years, I can have more to do with the shaping of their minds than any other person ever can. There is something steadying and inspiring in the thought.

Outside the arts, I think there is no occupation to be compared with baby-tending as creative activity. If any one is disposed to smile at me and inquire what creative energy is required for the five hundredth recitation of the adventures of Peter Rabbit, I can retort by asking what the finger exercises Beethoven must have run thousands on thousands of times have to do with the Fifth Symphony. The details which make up creation are never very inspiring. It is the sense of the whole which keeps one going.

Moreover, no other creative work is so free from strain, once one has learned the routine and become accustomed to it. The very fact that it is all on such a long-time basis, with no mistake except the catastrophic one which ends in death irreparably made, gives one a chance for poise and spiritual conservation that many other types of creative work do not offer.

A THIRD value is a sense of being linked to the future. As I work with the babies, I find myself thinking again and again, "I am getting them ready for 1940 and '50 and '60." I have always expected to live through those decades myself, but until the last year I never felt any practical necessity for trying to visualize the changes that will come before and during those years. My own living has been in the present with only vague attempts to foreknow and foretaste the future. But now I must think of the future as clearly as it is in me to think.

Not long ago I heard a lecturer say to a group of teachers, "We are educating for 1950." Lecturers are given to saying that. I must have heard the sentence many times in the years I was teaching, but for the first time every nerve in my body came to attention as I waited for his suggestions about that education. I have now a big stake in the second

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

half of the Twentieth Century and hence all at once I feel that I belong to it. If I am lucky I may live to feel the same vital, immediate concern with the first quarter of the twenty-first, through helping my daughter and daughter-in-law with their baby-tending. My school days gave me several centuries of the past; my babies are giving me almost a full century of the future.

WHICH brings me to another value. In this day of youth and expressionism cults and mechanistic psychology I almost hesitate to mention it, for fear it may smack of the Middle Ages. But since it undoubtedly exists and since it honestly seems to me a valuable experience, I make bold to name it, self-discipline.

Parents hear a lot about discipline, and they talk even more about it, always giving the impression that it is the child who is being disciplined. Nonsense. The child gets enough of it, no doubt, and better ways of giving it to him are constantly being evolved, but the baby-tender's biggest disciplinary undertaking is always with herself. A year ago a friend whose saucy mind and emotional unrestraint I had always enjoyed wrote me, "This little lady of mine is making me take to the harness, I can tell you." At the time I smiled at the notion, but I am beginning to understand.

Little human beings are like big ones in their contrariness. To get them to do as we want, we must be unfailingly diplomatic for about twelve hours out of the day. Now, diplomacy has not been a quality very carefully cultivated in the women of my generation. We are more accustomed to charging full-tilt, trusting to our wit or charm or impudence or what not to win our purpose. That way works pretty well with American men, who are used to it, but it does not go with babies.

Of course some people deny that this is a good thing for us. "How can we express ourselves," they ask fiercely, "if we must be always inhibiting ourselves? Are you arguing for the old-fashioned mother who made herself a doormat, always mild, always patient — well, the kind of a mother who is celebrated in the 'popular hits'?" Of course not. That kind of a baby-tender may have sentimental songs dedicated to her, but she never managed to win her children's respect, much less to influence their behavior.

I MEAN the deliberate self-discipline that allows us to use our intelligence instead of being fuddled by every stray impulse, the kind that keeps our wits free for the work they ought to be doing and thus gives us some slight chance at getting what we want from and for the child. Unless we have a definitely formulated programme in view, self-discipline may be mere self-immolation, always a barren and stupid gesture. If we have the mechanistic conception of life as something we are pushed and hauled through, then this effort at self-control is not only futile but cruel.

But if we think of life as something over which we have a degree of control, of our own personality as something we may build according to a pattern of something like our own choosing, that is, if life has some of the qualities of an art, then the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tendency of some moderns to rule out self-discipline is utterly silly. It is a good thing for a generation of baby-tenders who have kicked up their heels at their own sweet whim to have to take to the harness.

THE last value which I shall mention is the hardest of all to get into words, because it is the most intangible. It is the sense of maturity which comes with knowing that one belongs to the great biologic stream of adults fostering the young.

Young women today are thoroughgoing individualists. They have been schooled to apply their energy to the carrying out of their own projects. They have been trained out of the habit of thinking of themselves as belonging to the race. Or perhaps they have only not been trained into racial consciousness. Perhaps it is merely the way of youth. But in any case, I think the spirit carries deep down in its centres a restlessness, a kind of nostalgia for the race. Undoubtedly a personality is the precious high spot in evolution. But individualism is loneness, and the keenest individualist has moments of wanting to be resolved back into the race.

We never think of ourselves as belonging to the race until our first love affair overwhelms us. Before that we think of people only as the persons we know, respecting some, disdaining others. We simply lack a concept of humanity. It is doubtful if we should ever have it without that primal experience.

The job of baby-tending carries with it an emotional uprush quite as tremendous as first love. That in itself is a valuable experience, as writers have always been pointing out. What has not so often been said is that baby-tending, like first love, resolves one into the race, gives at least temporary relief from the importunities of the self. It is profoundly satisfying to feel oneself part of the long, long stream of adults caring for the young.

The modern woman is an individualist and no doubt will always be. All the more valuable then is the experience of belonging for a time to something vastly larger and more important than ourselves, and of knowing that we have finally reached adulthood because it is now our turn to help initiate a new generation into some of the intricacies of life.

I AM aware that if "sentimental" is defined merely as emphasizing feeling rather than reason, I have failed to obey the direction, "No sentimentalizing, please." But at least the values I have set forth attempt to render unto reason reason's dues and to maintain some kind of decent emotional detachment. I am aware, too, that what I have called values may not seem valuable to every one. A woman not yet through with girlhood might, when she found herself in the rôle of baby-tender, resent every one of them instead of cherishing them as values.

But for the type of woman I have been describing, they are, I do believe, what is to be had from the occupation which provides more monotony and more change, more boredom and more thrills, more ecstasies and more anxieties than any other. If they are not values such a woman covets for herself, she should think long before she lets herself in for a five years' turn at baby-tending.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Great Word War

By Louise Maunsell Field

Those who don't understand or care what this row over Humanism is all about will understand a little more, care a little less, and hugely enjoy themselves, reading the following dispatch from the front

The World War is over, though reverberations still linger. The new Word War is not merely going strong, but is daily going stronger. Literary gentlemen are busily engaged in throwing rocks and bombs and hand-grenades and letting loose any amount of heavy artillery of ink and paper.

If epithets could kill, the carnage would be simply frightful. Since they can't, the supposedly demolished antagonists leap up gaily, in no way abashed, and organize counter-attacks as swiftly and frequently as editors will allow. Through all the shrill shrieking of the mêlée, the words "Humanist" and "Anti-Humanist" come forth like battle cries. Allen Tate, writing in *Hound and Horn*, objects to the New Humanism in the name of religion; whereupon Robert W. Shafer utilizes the pages of the New Humanists' special organ, *The Bookman*, to call Mr. Tate a contemptible creature possessed of "self-confident readiness in the art of misrepresentation." Irving Babbitt, Professor of French Literature at Harvard since 1912, whose special subject is the errors of Rousseau and his disciples, courteously remarks that the effect of H. L. Mencken's writing is "nearer to intellectual vaudeville than to serious criticism," and Mr. Mencken makes no less courteous response that the New Humanism is "a somewhat sickly and shamefaced Christian mysticism," composed, one gathers, principally of "blather"; while C. Hartley Grattan goes so far as to accuse the New Humanists of being "skilled practitioners of the literary racket."

In magazines and weeklies and even in daily newspapers the battle rages. Universities sit up and take notice. Even denizens of scientific laboratories are becoming aware of the advancing barrage. Mr. Average Citizen, most of whose attention is customarily given to an earnest pursuit of the elusive wherewithal to satisfy rent and radio, butcher and bootlegger, has suddenly realized that a new and, amazing to relate, fundamentally philosophical discussion is lending acerbity to his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

magazines, ensnaring his favorite columnist, and even challenging the preëminence of the Wet-or-Dry debate in his pet newspaper. His surprise and confusion increase when he discovers that in this age, when "academic" is a term of reproach and youth is worshipped beyond the verge of idolatry, the two men whom the Humanists proclaim as leaders and adore as demi-gods, Irving Babbitt and Paul Elmer More, are university professors well over sixty.

NOR is this all. With the machine-gun fire of literary critics rattling in his ears, Mr. Average Citizen suddenly hears the exploding of bombs in a somewhat different direction. Dr. Charles Francis Potter, one-time Baptist and later Unitarian clergyman, launches what he calls the Humanist Society, crowds Steinway Hall in New York at a first meeting, turning away more than four hundred would-be hearers while other ministers are bewailing empty benches, and moves to larger quarters the following Sunday, when he addresses two meetings at which hundreds more are unable to find even standing-room. Forthwith, Rabbi Israel Goldstein, Dr. W. Russell Bowie, of Grace Episcopal Church, Dr. Don O. Shelton, speaking at the National Bible Institute, and various others denounce Humanism and the Humanist Society, in terms varying from polite disagreement to accusations of attempting "to foist on the world the sins and horrors of ancient heathenism."

Thus the battle rages from press to pulpit, from rostrum to magazine. All other dissensions are forgotten. Freudism is ignored. Behaviorism is forced into a back seat. Humanists proclaim that in literary criticism of their own particular brand lies the hope of the world! It wouldn't be at all surprising if the next Congressional elections turned on Humanism, with perhaps a Humanistic Congress presently prohibiting all but Humanistic literature. Seward Collins, who owns and amuses himself by editing *The Bookman*, predicts that soon "there will be some highly talented literary critics pounding the pavement," simply and solely because, though they may be talented, they are not Humanistic. And think of the enthusiasm with which the public will absorb the forbidden literature, and the fortunes that will be made by those who bootleg the productions of, for instance, Sinclair Lewis, H. L. Mencken, or Aldous Huxley!

THE future possibilities are delightful; the present assaults fast and furious. No quarter is asked or given. Mr. Average Citizen, while enjoying the row, is too puzzled by the conflicting denials and accusations to be quite sure who is fighting whom, and why. Although it is perilous in the extreme for any war correspondents to venture into the battle area, let us, as humbly, unobtrusively, and peaceably as we may, try to discover what all the shooting's about.

The term Humanist is of old and respectable ancestry, dating back, as Walter Lippman of *A Preface To Morals* reminds us, some five hundred years or more; those who are today battling on the literary field are perhaps best distinguished as "the New Humanists." While some of these have long been busily prop-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

agating their doctrines, the tumult and the shouting would seem to have begun quite recently, the first shot in the present warfare having been fired in January, 1928, by Paul Elmer More, ex-teacher of Sanskrit, ex-literary editor, ex-editor of *The Nation*, now dwelling in the retirement of Princeton. His article mentioned a little group of critics who, "with full knowledge of what has been thought and done in the past, are trying to lay the foundations of a New Humanism for the present. Of these, the outstanding figure is Irving Babbitt, of Harvard, perhaps the most powerful intellect, as he is certainly the most virile figure, in the whole realm of criticism and scholarship." In this same paper, Mr. More lamented that at present "the critical ideas of the immature and ignorant are formed by brawling vulgarians like H. L. Mencken."

THE moment was propitious. Volunteers rushed forward, scenting possibilities of publicity and profit. Writers of every degree sharpened up their pencils. Typewriters were called into action. The battle was on! Since that hour there have been published more than twenty-five Humanistic books, and two or three times that number of articles dealing with Humanism, pro and con. At a modest computation, therefore, between two and three millions of words concerning the Humanists and their rather unorganized opponents have been written during the last two years, to the profit of the ink and paper manufacturers, if no others.

But before the fight between the strictly literary opponents could get fairly under way, Dr. Charles Francis Potter complicated matters by starting that other Humanist movement which Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick of the Rockefeller Baptist Church has described as "Religion without God." This especial deviation seems greatly to have annoyed the Anglo-Catholic Paul Elmer More, who recently made acidulous remarks about Dr. Potter's "saccharine simplicity," and upbraided "the muddle-headed critics" who confounded his doctrine with that genuine Humanism, pure and undefiled, of which Messrs. Babbitt and More are the High Priests and the Prophets.

THIS Babbitt-and-More, simon-pure Humanism is, it seems, about to do some exceedingly startling things to the world we live in. William Carlos Williams, M. D., critic and imagist poet, author of *Kora In Hell* and other volumes, has informed the universe that: "The greatest work of the Twentieth Century will be that of those who are placing literature on a plane superior to philosophy and science. Present-day despairs of life are bred of the past triumphs of these latter." While science and philosophy were still reeling from this cruel blow, there appeared a volume of essays entitled *Humanism in America*, which is, we are told, the manifesto of the embattled Humanists.

In its opening article Louis Trenchard More, physicist and brother of Paul Elmer More, tells science, to use the vernacular, precisely where she gets off. Psychology and sociology, he insists, are mere pseudo-sciences. "The scientist should follow in his investigations

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the phenomena of the objective world only until their special forms of energy are absorbed by the nervous system. It is the province of the Humanist to study the phenomena of the subjective world after these stimuli have been translated into thought and sensation." Not content with thus throwing psychology and psycho-therapy, sociology and psychiatry out of the window, Louis T. More turns his attention to physics, and remarks that "Whitehead, Eddington, Einstein, have pictured a phantasmagoria, instead of a real world, as non-sensical as the hallucinations of the mediæval monk driven mad by the fevers of asceticism."

HAVING recaptured our breath after thus summarily disposing of a considerable portion of modern science, we turn to the next article, one by Irving Babbitt, who informs us that moderation and restraint are a most important part of the Humanist doctrine, and then proceeds to assure us that Humanism will soon concern itself with reforming education, since "if the Humanistic goal is to be achieved, if the adult is to like and dislike the right things" (which means, presumably, what Messrs. Babbitt and More regard as the right things), "he must be trained in the appropriate habits almost from infancy." Our educational policies of today, it appears, are "being controlled by Humanitarians," who "proclaim the gospel of service," a gospel the true Humanist repudiates and abhors, austerely denying himself the indulgence of bothering about anyone but himself. Exit modern education.

All this in only two essays! And there are others in the volume; several others, one of which declares that "the teacher of literature may well turn out, in the end, to be the sole means by which society and literature can be raised from their present depression." In professors and literary critics is salvation to be found.

IN TRUTH, the sacrosanctity of Messrs. Babbitt and More seems to be the first article of the Humanist creed, as the second is hatred of H. L. Mencken, and the third an abhorrence of the great English essayist and champion of Darwinism, Thomas Henry Huxley, an abhorrence so great among the Humanists that they have apparently been unable to bring themselves even to read his books. G. R. Elliott, author of *The Cycle of Modern Poetry: A series of Essays toward Clearing our Present Poetic Dilemma* (some title!), after declaring that the Twentieth Century has already "succeeded in making itself a triumphant bore," and that "we gentle readers are bored with nature, inner and outer" (alas, poor nature!), waxes enthusiastic over Mr. More: "We must go to Milton's prose works to match the analytic power, the wealth of investigation and the solidity of statement that appear in More's *Greek Tradition*." Yet even these remarks seem mild when compared with a statement in a recent number of *The Bookman*, whose owner-editor informs us with youthful, not to say juvenile, fervor that Messrs. Babbitt and More excel "the great critical intelligences of the past century and a half in wisdom and insight," since "Even Goethe, even Emerson, even Ar-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nold, even Sainte-Beuve, were caught in the conflicting currents of their time and were unable to win through to the deeper insight," as the above-named gentlemen have done. And as if that were not sufficient, "they have in their work destroyed the modern world," which strangely enough seems, poor dear, to be quite unaware of the fact.

MODERNISM, it thus appears, has received its death blow. Much of the science, all of the criticism, save of course the Humanists' own, practically the entire output of fiction, most of the philosophies of life, and a few other once cherished possessions of the Twentieth Century, are to be thrown on the scrap heap. It does seem rather a large order, but since salvation is to be found only by obeying the New Humanists, obey we must. "They have concluded that the modern world has gone wrong on first principles. . . . They saw also that the unbridled arrogance of science and the unbridled dreaming born of romanticism had united to form the most conceited and pernicious notion evolved by man; the idea of progress." Instead of going forward we must imitate the admirable crab by going backward. Gorham S. Munson, a critic exclusively and all the time, who though not of the sacred inner circle and mutual admiration society is yet an ally of the New Humanists, writes in his recent book, *Style and Form in American Prose*, that for really great literature we must turn to Pythagoras, Lao-tze, the authors of the Bhagavad-Gita, and "the author of the Egyptian *Book of the Dead*." (According to Dr. Budge, who translated it, *The Book of the Dead* was in process of being written during a period of some three thousand years. Its "author" must have attained considerable longevity.)

But what really is Humanism, apart from reverence for Messrs. Babbitt and More and the "author" of *The Book of the Dead?* Professor Babbitt's own exposition should be official. First he declares that "'Nothing too much' is indeed the central maxim of all genuine Humanists." Nevertheless, "One should not be moderate in dealing with error;" error, of course, being any disagreement with the views of Prof. Babbitt. He goes on to inform us that "Humanism differs from religion in putting at the basis of the pattern it sets up, not man's divinity, but the something in his nature that sets him apart from other animals;" that something being the sense of decorum.

THIS desirable decorum is to be achieved "by the exercise of the higher will" in checking the natural or animal part of the dual constitution of man, the higher will itself being something which "must simply be accepted as a mystery that may be studied in its practical effects, but that, in its ultimate nature, is incapable of formulation . . . one may define it as the higher immediacy that is known in its relation to the lower immediacy . . . as a power of vital control." If this seems not perfectly clear to all readers, we must refer them to Seward Collins, who insists that properly to present the case for Humanism would entail "copying the score of closely reasoned and closely written volumes in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which for a quarter of a century the proof has been packed," by Messrs. Babbitt and More. To understand the New Humanism, then, one must read a dozen volumes of More's *Shelburne Essays* and his five on *The Greek Tradition*, to say nothing of half a dozen other books largely concerned with French criticism, by Professor Babbitt. It is greatly to be feared that few persons will ever attain to a really perfect understanding.

But perhaps, after all, it doesn't matter if they don't. For while Malcolm Cowley asserts that the doctrine of Messrs. Babbitt and More, "economically, socially . . . is based on nothing and answers no questions," Paul Elmer More, himself, he who is "the supreme critical intelligence," has this to say: "I ask myself . . . whether those who advocate Humanism, as an isolated movement, are not doomed to disappointment. It is not that the direction itself is wrong; every step in the programme is right, and only by this path can we escape from the waste land of naturalism. But can we stop here in security? For purpose that will not end in bitter defeat; for values that will not mock us like empty masks, must we not look for a happiness based on something beside the swaying tides of mortal success and failure? Will not the Humanist, unless he adds to his creed the faith and hope of religion, find himself at the last, despite his protests, dragged back into the camp of the Naturalist?" So the way of escape offered by Humanism is not in truth any way of escape at all!

IN WHICH respect it is very like any number of others. Not so long ago we were being informed that to be perfectly well in mind and body we must get rid of all our repressions, inhibitions, etc., and "express ourselves" as freely as the police would permit. We might have known that the next thing we'd be told would be that we must practise decorum!

Classicism, Romanticism, Realism, Expressionism, Behaviorism, Modernism, and now the New Humanism. Tomorrow—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sarajevos in Asia

By Raymond Fuller

In the new Balkans shall we have to contend for Chinese trade with the "Bear that Walks Like a Man"?

It's an odd world! Here we are a nation of "business getters," at a point in our development when salesmanship is far more important than production, and — so far as the record reveals — we are all looking on at war and famine in China as if we were idly watching a motion picture.

In the United States millions of farmers struggling to get a remunerative price for the foodstuffs they have produced; in China a hundred million farmers likely to starve because they can not buy foodstuffs. In the United States the near-perfection of the quantity-production system heaping up unemployment at the steady rate of 200,000 a year; in China the utter lack of that system keeping 200,000,000 consumers at the destitution line. Twenty-five American weavers today do the work of 60,000 in 1830; twenty-five American agriculturists today feed one hundred Americans, while in 1800 it took ninety. Weaving and agriculture are two of the most important crafts in China, and there the *per capita* production is actually far less today than a hundred years ago!

At the two ends of the Machine Age ladder: the United States and China. Each must take a gigantic economic step if their populations are to remain static — not to say contented. Let us then cast a glance at the problem of America's relationship to China. Unfortunately for brevity, a glance at China must take Russia and Japan into the picture, too. For over there that group still remains one family which the trend of modernism is not likely to break up.

The first threat to the Kellogg Pact came to light in China over the Chinese Eastern Railroad's seizure. In future, if the Pact fails, it will be because of conflict over trade; or over foreign investments; or over theories as to the distribution of wealth. And where else than in China (and in India) will this triple threat be likeliest? What of the present and future of China as a market for American exports? Will Soviet Russia be in a position soon to dominate that market (as well as the Indian market) and take it from us? Are these questions of any particular moment to Americans? Yes. For The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Man In The Street today may be tomorrow The Man In The Ranks. China (and India) are the new Balkans, the Balkans of Asia.

The working out of "the Russian Experiment" — if it is successful — will hold many surprises, no doubt; not the least of which will be the stern competition Soviet Russia develops with the manufacturing industries of America and Europe.

THERE are three factors not to be lost sight of in estimating the possibility of such competition:

(1) That the chaotic state of industry now in the Soviet States and the lack of workmen equal in skill to the workmen in other Western countries are not criteria by which to judge of the future—is only too clearly shown by the record of Japan. If we consider that the totally un-machined Japanese saw, met and conquered the modern industrial system in the astonishingly short space of two generations, what can we prophesy as to the time before Russians will do likewise? Russia steps into the highly developed industrial arena of today. Russia's key policy for regeneration is a determination to accomplish mass-production by and of machinery. At the outset, Russia has a large nucleus of educated and experienced engineers; while Japan had none. Russian technical colleges and schools, though few, are of high grade, while Japan had nothing of the sort and had to send men to Germany and England to learn the rudiments. Moreover, Japan started to imitate the West at a time when the West little knew in what direction the machines were going, or how far. Today Japan is making not only its own electric railway equipment, marine and stationary engines, nautical instruments, delicate scientific apparatus, printing presses, radios, motion-picture machines; but also is producing textiles, glassware, ceramics, wines, and countless other complicated things at par with the best. Japan had a dictatorship of intelligent leaders to direct its industrial revolution — so has Russia.

(2) That Soviet Russia has hardly tapped the natural resources within its boundaries, which enclose one-sixth of the habitable area of the globe!

(3) That a few years hence, their costs of production seem likely to undercut those in the United States, Germany, England and France. Stalin boasts that they will. If the present ideas of the Soviets continue to function, their industries will not have to bear the high overheads now burdening Western production. They will largely eliminate such price-raising factors as high-salaried executives, watered stock, advertising which creates unnecessary "wants," production of identical yet competing articles, and distribution-costs pyramided upon each of these foregoing surcharges *plus* the rates necessitated by competitive transportation lines run for private profit.

TO THESE factors, add the high morale of workers laboring for their own share in the wealth produced and you have almost a certainty that when Russia attains mass production she will undersell the world.

Now let us look at China again. A country, yes, but not yet a nation because she is not the result of a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

century of growing economic institutions — factories and science, etc. So far the Chinese have not become industrialized. Scientific knowledge and practice are not in them. And transportation still remains the key to the Chinese puzzle. There are today easily less than 500 miles of real highway in a land exactly as large as the United States. There are no long roads. There are wheelbarrow lanes and stepping-stone trails hollowed by centuries of treading. Except for the four long east and west rivers, the five single-track railways, and the now decaying Grand Canal, no important arteries of transport exist. How can a central government control from Nanking under such conditions? How can adequate interchange of trade or travel take place?

THE present Nanking Government is going through all the national motions dignified by use in the West, but ineffectively, because there is no nation behind it to heed or obey its resounding dicta. The enthusiasts at Nanking have worked out codes for child labor, agricultural relief, judicial procedures, which are modern models — but to put them into practice is quite another thing. The Government has — with the best will in the world — functioned largely on a slogan: "Don't Fight, Telegraph." Telegraph poles are the only lanes of communication open to them. China's telegraph system is very good, and her postal system fair; but both deliver only words.

Probably one-half of the Chinese are engaged professionally in carrying the other half — or the other half's goods! Transport is by man rather than by beast, and not at all by machines. Coolies, men and women, are the draft-animals of the city streets. Four coolies deliver a piano! Think, please of buildings being erected whose every shovel of sand and hod of brick have been brought to the sites by human muscles. Compare that with work by gasoline and steam in America.

IT WAS a mad and foolish thing that the struggling coterie at Nanking did in bringing about a clash with the Soviets over the Chinese Eastern Railway. They have emerged with a distinct loss of prestige. By force of arms China could not have hoped to withstand any determined effort on the part of its vast northern neighbor. No Chinese "army" could for a moment carry on warfare against a "modern" foe. Except for two or three picked and trained regiments in the pay of certain military *tuchuns*, none of the so-called armies has either adequate modern weapons or any money with which to back them.

Apparently the idea behind it all was to arouse a unifying patriotism in the face of a foreign menace, for there is no patriotism among the masses in China. At most five per cent of the Chinese are active or interested in such movements as boycotting Japanese and British trade, or establishing a modern political state. The sand-like heaviness of the inert ninety-five per cent is a weight no modern *theories* can budge. Soldiering is a despised occupation. The age-old traditions of China are against militarism — and China is a militarist's easy prey. Undoubtedly a large proportion of all the men referred to euphemistically in news

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dispatches as "soldiers" are in uniform because they must starve if they stay at home.

In Peking last winter I encountered thousands of Chinese soldiers. They were the ragged and loafing remnants of the Nationalist army which had driven Feng out of Peking. Without apparent regulation or discipline at all, they roamed about the city and vicinity, curiously staring at its wonders and at the white people they encountered. Many were not over sixteen; more were obviously over forty. A few carried guns or bayonets or holsters, handling them as though they were as proud of them as they were obviously unaccustomed to their use. It seemed that they carried them about because afraid of having them stolen if left at barracks. A majority were country lads never before off the farm. Soldiering was at least a chance for them, to "see the world." Since that time, the masses of all China north of the Yangtze are on the verge of starvation. Up and down, east and west, mobs of bandits mostly remnants of unpaid or disbanded "armies" have marched and looted and levied for more than ten years. These men about Peking were, in their desperation, futility and misery, epitomes of the rural population.

I HAVE been told by an American who had lived a long time in China that certain statistics showed more millionaires there than in the United States. It seems likely that this statement is true, or nearly true. Certain families have had fortunes handed down for centuries. Alone among the peoples of the world, China has never passed through a Feudal stage of lord, knight and serf; yet she has had an aristocracy of wealthy families which has had remarkably little part in politics. But the condition of the vast rank and file gives an entirely new definition to the word poverty. It is hard for Americans even to imagine that poverty. The coolie or laboring class numbers about sixty-two per cent of the population — in another land they would be classed as serfs. An emperor at the top, serfs at the bottom; yet somehow the rule has been paternal and the acceptance democratic. The force of passive resistance and social disapproval has managed to keep unpopular governors restrained and oppressive laws nullified — until the fall of the Manchu dynasty, the last emperors.

BUT of late years what? Floods, droughts, plagues, and constant warfare between rival *tuchuns* (provincial military dictators), added to the increasing over-population of the country, have pressed the interior districts nearly to the line of hopelessness. And among the workers of the towns where all crafts are performed practically as they have been for the last 3,000 years, conditions are scarcely better.

The present long drawn out turmoil in the enormous area of China is a token and a warning that the race is trying to accommodate itself to the meaning of machinery. It is only a question of time before China will be dominated by machinery, as is most of the rest of the world. Of this there can be no doubt. And there can be no doubt but that in the process the machines will throw into

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

starvation millions of hand-workers. Until the Chinese race realizes that the inevitable must be accepted, there can be no peace and no unity among the scores of isolated sections in the Land of Han. The beginning of this struggle is a bloody debate as to whether the outcome shall be Communism or Capitalism. Beneath all the swiftly changing situations and alignments runs this undercurrent — let those who write the news dispatches and magazine articles for Americans disguise it as they will.

ESSENTIALLY, Chinese village and rural life has always been of a communal nature, and the management of city affairs a purely local concern. Both the recent abject misery of the masses and the teachings of Soviet emissaries and native Radicals have sown a new discontent everywhere. China is, therefore, struggling in an economic revolution, and in the Soviet's way out the people are being well instructed. It would be futile for foreigners to sit back and hope for peace and order for some years to come. Doubtless peace and order will come, even as they have arrived in every other land which has gone through revolution. But will Sovietism stretch from the North Sea to the southwestern province of Kwangtung — embracing one-third of the civilized human race in communism? That is something to think about.

Four hundred and fifty million Chinese already have proved themselves a big market for American products. Petroleum, cigarettes, canned goods, railway supplies, munitions; these things China is buying steadily. The interior is hardly aware of Henry Ford, Charlie Schwab, Mr. Farrell and Mr. Dupont. What the Chinese have bought is but a drop in the bucket compared with what they must buy when China becomes a nation.

In the present series of Chinese revolutions the interests of both England and France are antagonistic to our own. Louis Fischer (*The Nation:* December 11, 1929) has put it aptly:

> Japan, England and France have well-defined spheres of influence in China. The United States has none. America, moreover, disposes of sufficient surplus capital to invest in large quantities in China's natural wealth, whereas England is interested primarily in *trade*, and Japan concentrates on the resources of Manchuria. America gets less from special rights on the coast, and is in greater need of peace in the interior. Washington consequently favors Chinese unity; Britain, France and Japan oppose it. They must oppose any movement, be it nationalism, communism, or American imperialism, which threatens to unite China and thereby weakens their regional footholds.

That herein is material for "Balkanizing" China is evident.

MAY we look to a future China as affording us a huge and eager market, or will we have to dispute it with the European Powers as well as with Soviet Russia? Presently England, Germany and France will be likewise facing Soviet competition. Can they and we afford to impede the unification of the Chinese provinces?

The startling jump in over-production in America, with its consequent increase of discharged workers, makes the future of our export trade all-important. Our industries must sell what they are so abundantly able to manufacture. The domestic market is reaching saturation; with increasing unemployment, buying-power in

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

America is lessened. After all, hard-working Americans must look forward for foreign markets fifty years hence to only four large areas in the world: China, India, South Africa and South America. The last two are going to be well taken care of by their own industrialists. If we do not beat the Soviet workers at our own game, remember that through Afghanistan on the one hand and Manchuria on the other, Soviet citizens dwell at the very gates of two of these areas!

JAPAN? I have hardly mentioned Japan. Industrially, despite her uncanny competence, the rivalry of Japan with us in China does not compare at all with that of the Soviets. Her real importance is that, with whatever Power she allies herself in a struggle on the Pacific, Japan will tip the scales.

The Russian War, which made Japan into a "Power," was lost in St. Petersburg before a shot was fired. Without adequate iron and other metals, and without room for agricultural expansion, as she is, Japan could neither fight a first class war nor dominate industrially a first class market. The implacable dislike of both China and Korea is her perpetual handicap. Iron and agriculture are her vital stakes in Manchuria but where will she get either oil or rubber? The first from China? No, China will hold on to that, somehow, for modern China is past bullying by Japan. And who controls the world's rubber?

However, just at present, Japan is one of the jealous players in the new Balkan chess game; a player who can cause many checkmates. But let not the business man nor the worker of America be misled into overwhelming fear of over-populated Japan. Let them not build bigger and bitterer navies because of that spectre. Wiser, if their sons and daughters should keep their learning faculties intent upon the Bear Who Walks like a Man: for the brute may presently be walking like a man, indeed, a workingman "in business for himself."

IN ASIA are ten times ten Balkans. We who can pile up seventy-story skyscrapers, tunnel and bridge the mighty Hudson, curb the Mississippi, erect a Boulder Dam, need not hesitate to help China with goods rather than guns. The price of one battleship would feed every Celestial north of the Yangtze for six months. General Motors and Ford, the United States Steel Products Company, Standard Oil, Goodyear and other American manufacturers could get better returns from a thousand miles of automobile highway in China than from any style or price competition in the United States. Two new railroads east and west through China will sell more products than an elevated motor drive from New York to Boston. A power plant at Nanking would yield future dividends to rival Muscle Shoals. America, as a Government, or as an aggregation of manufacturers, can well afford to "invest until it hurts" in a land which has no funds to invest itself. If we can not introduce China to the Twentieth Century, who will?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

High School Poets

By Nellie B. Sergent

The mind of the new generation as reflected in its verse

The writers of every period mold their age and are molded by it. Homer has set forth for all men of all time the character and the ideals of the early Greeks; Shakespeare's love of life and love of language were of, by, and for the Elizabethans; Tennyson, Dickens, and Thackeray were the Victorians, and the Victorians were Tennyson, Dickens, and Thackeray. So the writers of the Younger Generation that has but recently passed its majority, expressed the reaction of recklessness and cynicism that follows every war. Now we have a newer generation, the beneficiaries of a rich legacy of knowledge and experience; and they have their spokesmen in the large number of young poets to be found in the high schools.

Since 1925 there has been a remarkable development of verse writing among high school students. In that year the first anthology of high school poetry was published, at the Los Angeles High School; the next year one appeared in New York City. Almost simultaneously poetry began to spring up in high schools and in private schools everywhere. The first attempts have sometimes been crude; but the second volume is always better than the first, and this year's harvest better than last year's. At the present time there is a good deal of high school poetry that ranks with the best magazine verse. I have in my own collection more than fifty volumes devoted exclusively to such verse, beside magazines and newspapers. I am going to point out some characteristics of these young writers whom I have known personally or through their poems, and so derive the philosophy and the ideals of the generation represented by the poets.

The outstanding quality in all of them is love of beauty. This is their great prepossession — beauty in nature, in human nature, in art, in ideas, in little things. It is a kind of religion with them and is reflected in their conduct, in courtesy, gentleness, and good living. With this love of all beautiful things is a keen awareness of the qualities of these things and of their significance. This awareness has been developed in them by the arts which they practise, for many of them have been artists of some kind since their early childhood. This is the new education.

Here are nature poems, from three different States:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reverie

There is so much of beauty in the world
That life is never long enough to see it all.
It must be hard to meet death bravely,
Knowing this. And even if, as people say,
There is an after life, what can it offer
In exchange for trees, and cool night rain,
The stormy roar of surf,
And sunlight glancing on a sea gull's wing?

Martha Harmon
High School, New Haven, Connecticut

Bounds

You can revisit places where a fence
Holds back the woods, and not expect to find
Things altered much, but there's a difference
As soon as wheel-marked roads are left behind.
Some spots are never twice the same. The sun
Slants through a clump of birches and is lost
Forever; stones change color, webs are spun;
Then, like a silver shadow, comes the frost.
Nature's a chary giver. We must go
Watchful and wise beyond our own domain,
Piecing together what she'd have us know
And what we may not ever meet again —
A flash of winged scarlet, unforetold,
Or a far hilltop turning into gold.

Eleanor Price
Evander Childs High School, New York City

Riding Alone*

It is not fear that fills my wondering heart
When, flashed across the snow-choked way
Before the swinging lantern of my sleigh,
Two startled deer like tawny shadows dart
In wild dismay.
It is not fear, but rather some
Strange craving for a truth unknown,
That, swept against my soul, is blown
Beyond my reach, while leaves with dry laugh come
To mock in whirling gusts — frost-crisped array —
The one who rides alone.

Robert McConnell Hatch
St. Mark's School,
Southborough, Massachusetts

Often the poet identifies himself with nature, as in these two:

* From *The Magazine World.*

To a Campus Oak

Very young and lovely, she
Unfurls green banners to the rain.
Thrill not so madly, little tree —
Spring will come again!

Muriel Hochdorf
George Washington High School,
New York City

Prophecy

These mountains long to show their worth;
They dream that they run!
But wake in the sun,
Held down to the earth.

Some day, no doubt, they will all arise,
And shaking with sand
Will wander the land
And sniff at the skies!

Josephine Miles
Los Angeles High School, California

City poets write as sympathetically about the city as country poets do about the country. They have accepted the modern world of machinery and so-called materialism that made E. A. Robinson and others of his generation so discouraged. The younger poets see beauty and meaning in it, and even humor. It is as much their background as Wordsworth's lakes and hills were his background.

Umbrellas

High in an office building,
Eyes on the glistening street,
Watching the purple turtles crawl
In a queer chaotic tangle — all
A mile below my feet.

An orchestra of color,
An endless, irresolute line;
Each in its bent and crooked course,
Crawling away from its twisted source
In a path like a trickle of wine.

Herzl Fife
Evander Childs High School, New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Babel

I see a city glistening in the sun,
With pyramids and towers climbing high;
And in its harbor ships from strange ports lie,
While gems and silks are bartered, lost, and won,
That men may live and women smile. I see
A thousand thousands toiling in this mart,
As worker, banker, teacher. There is art,
Conjoined with hope and wealth and poverty.
Ye scoffers of the new are wont to call
This city Babel, preaching that its sin
And seeming mammon-worship have begun
To cause decay. Ye predicate its fall!
Tear off your veil! See beauty there within
This strong, new city glistening in the sun.

Jean F. Bristol
High School, New Haven, Connecticut

Like young people of all times, most of them are religious in a very real way. They seem not to be worried over the reconciliation of science and religion; that has been settled for them by their predecessors. They are not atheists or cynics or pessimists. There are no poems defying or challenging God, a popular subject with poets a few years ago. Their attitude toward religious dogma is a kind of cheerful skepticism, but they see the truth behind the dogma. They appreciate the beauty of the old religion — they "believe it poetically" — and they use the old imagery to talk with.

"A Travelled Route"

Gethsemane is a consoling place
With all its footprints eloquent of pain.
Before me and behind me greater griefs than mine,
My imprint is so light, shall I complain?

Helen E. Murphy
Evander Childs High School, New York City

A Sonnet

The sun comes forth, the city is astir.
The office buildings fill with workers fresh
From suburbs near. There is a general rush
To manage man's machines which clang and whir.
The hammers from the nearby riveters
Resound among the turmoils of the day.
A rush of human life; no time for play;
The traffic streams in never ending blurs.
Amid this great confusion let us wait,
And see if we approach our end long sought:
To live for Him and be as He was once,
And try in part ourselves to consecrate
To Him who loves us when with troubles fraught,
Who speaks to all alike in His response.

Fred Bolman, Jr.
The Hill School, Pottstown, Pennsylvania

Love of things; not in an acquisitive way, but delight in the beauty and charm of homely, familiar things, characterizes some of the loveliest of these poems.

Keepsakes

Now I am my neighbor's friend,
For she has shown me her possessions:

Shells from Pensacola and shells from Catalina,
That her grandfather carried about in his pockets
When he was old and childish;
Gray shells,
And white star-shells
That none might touch until he died,
When they were divided among his grandchildren.

She showed me a compass
For keeping straight with the earth,
And a little red clay god
Some ancient priest had lost
In the Peruvian forest.

Her Angora cat lay in my lap and purred
And dug his claws into my knees.

She gave me a pale pink shell
For my own.

Now we are friends.

Beatrice West Borst
Junior College, Fullerton, California

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TOUCHING THE THINGS I LOVED LIGHTLY

I departed
Touching the things I loved lightly.
For soon, I thought, I should return.

They fell from my hands
Like petals falling from a rose
On a sultry day.

I went away slowly,
In the heat of noon,
On a lazy day,
Puffing the dust of the road
With my child's shoes.
I need not hurry;
For nothing would be changed:
I should return soon.

Ah! A day, a year, many years!

I had forgotten time that changes;
I must hasten, straight as the crow flies.
The dearest one of all that I touched so lightly,
Has gone;
And I do not know where to find him.

BEATRICE WEST BORST
Junior College, Fullerton, California

BESIDES this love of beauty, awareness, and joy in life, these poets seem to possess keener intelligence than the two preceding generations have displayed. They discriminate between good and bad and also between better and best. They are without that externality — obsession with money, luxury, and amusements — that has characterized their predecessors, but are interested, rather, in the things of the mind and the spirit. Instead of the fear-hedged morality of their parents and grandparents, they have a new morality based on beauty and health. They will work out their own salvation, not with fear and trembling, but with interest, intelligence, and coöperation. They will take what makes for growth and will reject all that does not make for growth.

This new variety of intelligence and self-reliance is the opposite of selfishness. Besides "making this much loved earth more lovely" in their poems, they make people more interesting and lovable. They have sympathy and tenderness for all sorts of human beings — parents, children, old people, queer persons, derelicts.

THERE is no such chasm between them and their parents as existed between the two previous generations. This is due to both parents and children; they have met each other halfway. The parents have kept themselves young and creative and have treated their children as friends and equals. A great English educator, Sir Michael Sadler, says, "A liberal education should make us sensitive and keep us creative." Sensitiveness and creativeness will annihilate differences in age as well as other differences. That there is a great deal of sympathy between these two generations is suggested by this group of poems:

HERITAGE

If your father had walked on the cold coast of Clare,
With only the wind and the rain and a smile,
If he heeded the laughter in eyes that were fair
Yet thought of one woman mile after mile;

If your mother had danced in a sun-patterned patio,
With a rose in her hair and the sun on her throat,
If her eyes were the night, star-littered and slumbrous,
And her lyrical voice held the nightingale note;

You should have more than a failing for beauty,
More than a smile for a star in the night,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More than a kinship with crimson and scarlet —
You daughter of laughter! You child of delight!

HELEN E. MURPHY
Evander Childs High School, New York City

THE FATHER *

Hearing his son and daughter
Laugh, and talk of dances, theatres,
Of their school, and friends,
And books,
Taking it all for granted —
He sighs a bit,
Remembering wistfully
A certain mill-town
And his boyhood there,
And puts his arm
Across his son's broad shoulders,
Dumbly, as fathers do.

JOHN HOLMES
High School, Somerville, Massachusetts

INEXPERIENCE

Oh, I will go with carefree laugh —
A lilting song,
And you will smile a sad, wise smile,
Knowing I'm wrong.

Then I'll come back with drooping head,
Hurt and burned,
And you will smile a sad, wise smile,
Knowing I've learned.

JUNE BREINING
High School, Williamsport, Pennsylvania

Even their love poems are amazingly free from sentimentality and egotism. There is good psychology in the first two:

PRUDENT APRIL

If I can only come safely through April,
And keep my eyes detached and cold,
And keep my dreams behind my lips,
And on my heart a firm, sure hold;

This would be different from other Aprils,
This would be peacefully quiet, and then
I could go softly the rest of the year —
But, oh, my heart is high again!

HELEN E. MURPHY
Evander Childs High School, New York City

* From *Progressive Education*

MEDITATION WHILE DANCING TO A WILD TUNE

Come, let's dance away,
Abandon ourselves to this red, maddening tune
Of hot jungles, teeming life,
Murky, carved undergrowth,
Yellow wildcats and laughing lizards,
Gaping monkeys, hairy and chatty,
And the wild, endless note of a crazy tom-tom
Whose owner, painted grotesquely,
Leering, aims a poisoned arrow at our hearts.

RAYMOND McMAHON
High School, Williamsport, Pennsylvania

NO MATTER!

It doesn't matter if you didn't mean it,
You said it so beautifully.
I shall always remember
The twist of your lips
And the deep, soft look in your eyes.
You didn't mean it; I know, I know.
But it doesn't really matter —
You said it so beautifully!

BEATRICE MAZER
South Philadelphia High School
Pennsylvania

A TRIFLE

Nothing there is to ask of you,
I begged not long ago,
I wanted — oh, why say again,
As well as I you know.

Only a tiny thing to ask
That you would understand —
I did not hope to hold your heart
In my so trembling hand.

KATHRYN MERSHON
High School, Williamsport, Pennsylvania

LACK of prejudice and intolerance is another new thing under the sun. There is no sentimentality or condescension in this tolerance, but acceptance of other races and other classes without race or class consciousness. A California girl, who might be supposed to dislike both Japan and Germany, writes these poems about her "enemy" countries:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JAPAN

People of Cipango with their slanting almond eyes
Call to us, across a depth of sea
With their faëry cherry orchards and their low, sun-gilded rice fields
And their painted poetry.

Statued bronze and incense and high-roofed twisted temples,
And the white-robed goddess mountain with her unchanging smile
Call us gently for a little to their beauty, half remembered,
On the far, fantastic isle.

JOSEPHINE MILES
Los Angeles High School, California

GERMANY

Little things make Germany a lovely place:
Small square fields where cabbages grow red,
Fire glowing golden on blue tiles,
Flowered cloth around a feather bed.

White geese that cackle and a cock that crows
Lustily as the old fables told,
Terraced grapes grown purple in the sun,
Blue smoke rising slowly through the cold.

Little things make Germany a lovely place,
Time does not change them but goes gently by,
He does not wish to wake the old gray towers,
The low thatched roofs against a low blue sky.

JOSEPHINE MILES
Los Angeles High School, California

And, to show how far-flung is her sympathy, I must add this one, by the same poet:

PERSIA

Let us who are friends be adventurers together
In an ancient, quiet, half-forgotten land
Where the desert prays in monotone to Allah smiling
On the wide, gold sand.

Let us climb now together the high, white mountains
Where shepherds and poets talk with the sky,
And all things sleep in a daze of sunshine
While countless years go by.

JOSEPHINE MILES
Los Angeles High School, California

Here is another expression of internationalism, coöperation, or "togetherness," to use a new word for the same thing:

HAPPY TO BE

Happy to be, happy to be,
My joys like the sea currents flow through me;
And I will go swimming swift and far —
Out to the edge of the morning star
With the whole human race as company.

Happy to be, happy to be,
My joys like the singing winds blow through me;
And I will run o'er the waving grass plain —
Out where the sun is a flaming red stain,
With my hand in the hand of humanity.

MARY TANENHAUS
Evander Childs High School, New York City

IT WOULD seem that the new material and spiritual bonds between countries — news, radio, travel, poetry, art, philosophy — are dispelling fear and prejudice and creating an interest and an understanding that will make another great war really "unthinkable." These young people write much about war, but they never glorify it or suggest any of the old-fashioned "compensations for the horrors of war."

HEROES

He had to be brave
To meet the clipped ranks
Black against the red.
He had to be brave
To feel that last
Swift rush of pain.

But what of her?
She had to be brave
To meet the long, long lines
Of people marching, marching down the street

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To see those thousand weary eyes
And not a pair, not a pair
To light to a flame
As they met hers!

LELIA KAUFFMAN
Los Angeles High School, California

WAR TIME*

I was a child when first they marched away.
I held my nurse's hand and watched them pass,
Dim shapes against the sea-fog's rolling gray,
So far beneath my window's misty glass.

How brave they were I was too young to know.
I only saw the flags and heard the cheers.
I watched the band; I did not hear the low,
Tense sobbing, or the hidden bitter fears.

SYLVIA GARDNER
High School, Boise, Idaho

Their depth and sincerity of feeling and their intelligence give a "remarkable rightness" to their judgments. There is none of that standardization of opinion and behavior that we have come to expect in young persons. Nor can we discern any self-consciousness or artificiality, because they have genuine interests outside themselves. They actually seem to "see life steadily and see it whole." I shall prove, or illustrate, these rather sweeping statements by quoting one more poem:

CHRISTMAS NIGHT

Before an altar a nun is praying.
Her face is the color of fallen snow,
And its wrinkles are like the finest tracework.
Her slender fingers accent the rhythm of her voice,
As they tell the beads at her wrist.
The beads stand out as silver 'gainst the rich blackness of her robes;
And yet seem purer than any silver.
Within the chapel her prayer is the only sound,
And as it rises and falls the altar candles flicker,
And the light passes and repasses over the marble-pure image of the Virgin.

A room of the Travellers' Hotel in New York
Filled with cigar smoke, whiskey bottles, shouting men.
"Ain't this a roaring brawl?" cries a fat man in his shirt sleeves.
"Reminds me of the time I had in Chi last Easter.
We had a case of rye, and say, by two o'clock. . . . . ."
"Gee, she was some looker," whispers a little pimply man.
"Not skinny — naw I don't believe in this here dieting."
"But as I was saying. . . . .big blue eyes. . . . . ."
Some one throws a bottle through the window.
It bursts and splatters on the snow outside.
"I call you!" cries one of the group of card players.

"Why do we have Christmas, Mummy?"
"I have told you about the Christ Child, dear."
"But can I stay up an' see Santa, Mummy?"
"Why, I suppose so, dear, if you stay awake. Can't she, John?"
The tired-looking man, who is reading, makes no reply.
"Aren't you feeling well, John? You seem so tired."
"Oh, I'm all right if you'll keep that kid quiet."
The child starts nodding. She curls up in the chair and falls asleep.
As the mother tenderly takes her in her arms the man looks up,
And a smile sweeps his care-worn face, "Let me put her to bed, Jane."

"Here's to Hades with bottoms up!" shrieks the orchestra,
And all Harlem seems swirling in and out on the dance floor.
Suddenly, the motion slows as the tune changes to a blues rhythm.
Dark colored lights, swaying bodies, make the scene sensually beautiful.
A giant black man leans across his table.
He whispers in the ear of a beautiful yellow girl,
And then shouts across to some friends at another table,
"Weah gettin' mahied tomorro and you all invited!"

* From *The Scholastic*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They shout and he takes the girl's hand,
"C'mon kid, less dance!"
And the two swirl in and are lost among the
writhing bodies.

The nun finishes her prayers and kneels
silently for a long time
While the candles burn low.
Finally she rises and bows her head,
As she whispers the prayer of her own making.
"Thy mercy on thy people!" and she moves
slowly from the chapel.

GILBERT MACPHERSON
The Hill School, Pottstown, Pennsylvania

Most of the poems quoted in this article are careful works of art as well as criticisms of life. In the last poem, the concreteness of the descriptions makes them extraordinarily vivid, the use of contrast heightens the effect of the pictures, and unity is given to the whole by having the poem end, as it began, with the praying nun. As artists these writers have the good qualities of the *vers libre* school, with more willingness to work over their poems. Free verse is the easiest way, and a poem that has beauty of form and sound as well as the "modern" requirements is a higher achievement. So we find them going back to rhymes, regular rhythms, and the old patterns. But not always; free verse is better suited to some types of material. These poets are good critics and understand the medium in which they are working. They will not confine themselves to any form or school, but will use all forms according to their needs.

It is interesting to speculate what this youngest generation will do to the future of America. Their creative and intellectual superiority promises much. The initiative and the originality which our ancestors have displayed in the settlement of this country and in its material development, these youngsters, I prognosticate, will carry on into the artistic and spiritual realms of our national life. To judge by their freedom from prejudice and their attitude toward war, World Peace will be safer in their hands than it has been at any previous time in history.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stuff and Nonsense

By Donald Rose

A Monthly Magazine of No Importance, Dealing Lightly with Matters Pertinent and Profound, and Weightily with Those of No Consequence Whatever

JULY, 1930 VOL. 6, NUMBER 7

BLADES OF GRASS

The majority middle class of America is made up of approximately forty-three million men, women and children whose summer programme revolves around a lawn mower. On other matters they are variously disagreed, but the care of the lawn is the least common denominator of their national family likeness. The length and breadth of their grass plot is their pride and their affliction. All through the summer they are cutting the lawn, or contemplating cutting it, or wishing it were cut.

The philosophy of their devotion to a personal patch of green is not particularly lucid or intelligible. As a rule they have no definite need of a lawn sufficient to justify its enormous labors and responsibilities. They do not expect to roll on it or sleep on it or even eat it. They may play a little croquet on it, croquet being a murderous game invented by the devil, but croquet comes to a bad end when the man of the house first falls over a forgotten wicket.

Yet the lawn is an essential to the truly suburban scene. It is the green and grateful setting to the home, the velvety carpet edged and adorned by smiling flowers, the skin-deep beauty that glorifies the fruitful soil. Nothing looks so cool to summer-weary eyes as the verdant green of a well-tended lawn. Nothing is so cooling to the innocent bystander or the neighbor across the street as the spectacle of you cutting it.

There is a technique to this perennial process, which may be acquired by grim experience or through kindly advice. The latter is preferable, since self-restraint is better than repentance and a word of warning may induce you to be content with your neighbors' lawns and devote your own surplus acreage to cabbages or chickens. We are in an admirable position and condition to offer such advice. We have had a lawn and no longer have one. Nor shall we ever have one again, until kind Providence supplies us with a colored man to cut it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In order to cultivate a lawn you will need a lawnmower. A lawnmower is an undersized and domesticated harvesting machine with an unfortunate habit of staying out in wet weather. If you fail to leave it out in the rain, your neighbor will borrow it and do so for you, so that after a single season every self-respecting lawnmower is good for nothing. It has coagulated, congealed and ossified; its joints are stiff with rheumatism, its transmission is jammed, its bolts are shot, its back teeth are all gone. It can not be rejuvenated, though you bathe it in oil and swear at it. It can not be repaired, for by the cunning contrivance of American industry there are no spare parts to lawnmowers and the twin to your own machine was never made or is vanished beyond discovery. So every season you will buy a new one, and give the old one to the Salvation Army or the American Red Cross.

BEFORE cutting the lawn, you should borrow your neighbor's rake or a fine-toothed curry comb, and remove all foreign matter from the grass. Foreign matter, of course, is everything but the grass, and the average suburban lawn will yield a ton of it per season. Even though you live in a select and restricted neighborhood, sticks and stones and bricks and bones will sprout like mushrooms on your lawn throughout the summer. Cinders and fragments of broken bottles will crawl for miles to hide in your grass and die at last between the jaws of your lawnmower. And if you miss but one, the lawnmower will go looking for it and find it just as you reach top speed across the grass. And the mower will clamp its iron jaws upon it and the wheels will stop and the handle will go on, and you will be hurled like a comet through the air into a rosebush. And the lawnmower, having accomplished its worst ambitions, will break all its blades and die happy.

But patient preliminary labor will postpone this calamity until the end of the summer, when you will no longer particularly care. In the meantime, the lawn must be cut. The wife says so, the neighbors say so, each waving blade of grass seems to say so. So grit your teeth, spit on your hands, arch your back like a small-scale dinosaur, and charge down the lawn. The lawnmower will rattle, the grass will fly behind you, the grasshoppers will get out of the way and the children get into it. It will be great fun for as much as five minutes, after which the charm of it will diminish geometrically as the square of the distance until your enthusiasm is fifteen degrees below absolute zero. It becomes at last a question which will hold out the longer — your personal vertebræ or the lawn.

WHEN you are done, you may stop to gaze with pride, and will find that your lawn is studded all over with the decapitated stems of weeds which have been hiding in the grass and are now mocking you. It is better not to pursue them any further with the lawnmower. Get down on your hands and knees and stalk them with a pair of nail scissors or a razor.

This programme is to be repeated once a week throughout the summer and twice in rainy weather. Drought brings another problem. Somewhere in every summer comes an arid spell, when the lawn goes suddenly bald and brown. So let us get out the hose and water it.

A garden hose is by no means as simple as it looks. It comes fresh and fair from the department store, but it immediately begins to cause trouble. Its initial offense is that like a snake it sheds its first coat, whether of red rubber or black, all over your hands and white flannel pants and Christian disposition. Then it gets itself dirty. Next it gets lost, crawling away into the long grass and lying quiet while you call it pet names and accuse the children of mislaying it. Then your neighbor borrows it,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

casually and without troubling to tell you about it, and loans it in turn to another neighbor across the fence, who passes it on to his brother-in-law at the other end of town. By the time you catch up to it, it doesn't look like a member of your family at all, and you are practically charged with petty larceny of your own hose. But perhaps you establish your right to it and start to take it home.

To gather up fifty feet of hose into a manageable bundle calls for the anatomy of an octopus and the agility of a slack-rope walker who is thinking of falling off. The same section of hose which will kink at a thought while you are watering the lawn with it, becomes totally unbendable when you try to carry it. Its head and tail come suddenly alive, and its coils wriggle madly in your arms. While you are getting a half-nelson hold on twenty feet of it, the other thirty are undulating like a sea serpent down the street or climbing up the leg of your trousers. In about ten minutes of trying to carry a fifty-foot hose, you have learned to sympathize profoundly with Laocoön and his relatives, and are partially strangled and entirely and profanely inarticulate.

But perhaps a kind bystander comes to your aid and drapes the hose around you in graceful folds, at which time you discover that there is still water in it and that by some gravitational miracle it is all running down the back of your neck. And so you stagger away with it, and it grows heavier and wetter and meaner every minute, and slips down around your ankles and tries to run away from you, and pulls your shirt off and gets into your hair. And at last you get it home and throw it on the lawn, looking around for a hatchet with which to break its back. By which time it is suddenly dead and quiet again and limp as last year's garter; and so are you.

So you hitch its tail to the water supply and straighten out its detours and right-angle turns, and then discover that the nozzle is gone. It is altogether gone. Every member of the family has seen the nozzle in as many places, but the nozzle is in none of them. So you resolve to obtain the scattering and sprinkling effect by plugging the hose with your thumb, which will be more fun anyway, and order the water turned on.

Nothing happens. There is a faint gurgling within the esophagus of the hose, but no water. You shout at your wife and children to turn the water on and they all shout back. So you investigate the source of supply and find that the so-called union or connection between hose and house is spouting like a Senator or a playful whale, and that water is pouring merrily through the cellar window and into the gas meter. You wrap the joint with tape and string and hospital bandages and try again.

But your difficulties are not over. If you squeeze the hose or foreclose it with your thumb to contrive the fine arching spray which your soul yearns after, a dozen leaks break forth at once throughout its length, and water is spread generously on the gravel path, on the bird bath and the wash on the line, and none at all on the lawn. But if you remove your thumb the stream simply pours into your shoes and practically drowns you in your tracks. Moreover the children all come around and all the neighbors' children come around, and three dogs turn up from nowhere and get wet and shake themselves, and your wife's mother drops in to call and is only saved by artificial respiration. And at last the lawn is thoroughly drowned out, together with most of the adjacent scenery, and you wade wearily in to supper. And within half an hour a thunderstorm comes up, with torrential rains and cloudbursts, and your wife says, "I told you so."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Begging the Issue

Since the world first began to call itself civilized it has been in a mess. The pride of progress and achievement has hardly ever been for final victory over disorder and distress but for the hope of it, which has very often seemed justified. Again and again men and nations have nearly solved the riddle of peace and happiness, and as often the answer has been postponed. The world is always in a mess and always hopeful of getting out of it. That mood is civilization, and without it the world would die laughing or weeping at its own blunders.

So it is with politics, which are nothing but the ferment of new remedies for old diseases, which will not stay long enough in one place to be cured out of existence. Politics are always a mess. If order were established and peace and prosperity assured there would be no space or function in the world for politics. But so long as one generation of politicians has made a mess of things, another will be ready and willing to make a new mess out of the leavings.

But sometimes it seems to the innocent bystander that the present mess in American politics is a superlative mess, a monumental mess, a mess so comprehensive and complete that it defies the parallels of the past and the competition of the future. The political arena of today is become like the parade ground of a lunatic asylum. The political discussions of today are like the jabberings of intoxicated jackdaws. The political strategy of today is like the scrambling of small boys for peanuts. There must be particular cause for a condition without apparent precedent in American political history. There has always been stupidity in politics, there have always been corruption and self-interest and trading and treachery. There have always been little men in big hats and wolves in cutaway coats and striped trousers. There have always been public indifference and political astuteness to take advantage of it.

But there has not always been Prohibition. And whether Prohibition be real and earnest or ridiculous and outrageous, it must be held responsible for much of what has happened to American political life during the past decade. The eighteenth afterthought to the Constitution was intended to provide us with a prisonless peace, with moral order and social sanity. It may do so yet and it very likely may not, but in the meantime it has made a wagon-load of monkeys out of our public servants and political aspirants.

That is, unfortunately, only a part of the prodigious mess of the present, with whose full proportions posterity must reckon. It is possibly permissable to anticipate a little. Some day the school books in American history or the more serious records of what is done and can't be helped, must say something about these times. What will they dare to say? Will they tell the coming generation, which we hope will have more sense than this one, that in the Year of Grace 1930, the Supreme Court of the United States was called upon under the law and its own solemn authority to declare a cork a criminal and a can of malt extract a misdemeanor? Will it be believed that bottles were once banned and cracked ice officially condemned? Will the history books of the future show pictures of the public burning of corkscrews and the arrest by armed police of cases of ginger ale, under suspicion of criminal intent? Will our descendants credit the report that we padlocked hotels because soda water flowed too freely within them, and packed our jails so full with offenders against the liquor laws that they each had waiting lists like the Union League or a high-hat private school?

One generation will believe almost anything of another, if only to make itself as complacently comfortable as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEWARK, OHIO

possible in its own indiscretions. But the politicians of today will be hard to explain away, supposing that anyone thinks it worth while to do so when their day is done. For they are caught today between the devil and the deep sea, which is the last place a politician chooses for a parking place. Damnation waits for them on both sides, whether it be from the embattled Drys or the embittered Wets. They are used to walking warily, but not to walking on a tightrope above a free-for-all fight.

WHEN there was but one militant minority to be reckoned with, a politician could get along. But now there are two of them. For every rousing Dry there is a wringing Wet, while between the two ebbs and flows the opinion of the muddled majority. If Wets and Drys would have it out with each other like the Kilkenny cats, the politicians would be able to stand aside and saw wood, ready with suitable applause and fair promises for the winner. But in the incredible circus of American politics today the opposing cohorts are intent not on each other but on the political gentry, large and small, who are consequently quite uncomfortable.

Therefore we have all over this nation the spectacle of public aspirants attempting to carry water on one shoulder and whiskey on the other, and running their political races with one foot in the water bucket and the other on a brass rail. Never were politicians so anxious to please, or so uncertain who should properly be pleased. Never was so much dodging in and out of the wet, or such sudden panics of drought. Never were so many or such varied attempts to be all things to all men and a number of others to all women.

The cause of such confusion, at which Socrates would split his sides and Alexander reach for his sword again to cut the worst Gordian knot in history, is the sudden intrusion of a real issue into a political system which had nearly triumphed over issues. An issue is something which concerns the citizen, and there are very few of them. The tariff, for example, is no longer an issue, for nobody can understand it and nobody cares about it in good times or can do anything about it in bad. Prosperity is only an issue when we haven't got it, and public ownership is a dead horse which can hardly be whipped back to life.

FREE silver, Wall Street, the full dinner pail, preparedness, disarmament and a dozen other matters which could once start a fight are skeletons in the American political closet or have been made too complex or too respectable for politics. But Prohibition is an issue. Whatever else it may be — and a number of suggestions have been made — it is an issue. The public is awake to it, and wants it settled, even though it was supposed to have been settled before. By all the signs, unless we quit dodging the issue soon we shall be nationally and indvidually crazy.

Wanderlust

It's daffodil time in New Zealand,
It's artichoke season in Gaul;
The wandering breezes
Bring vagabond sneezes,
While visions and vapors enthrall
Withal,
Which isn't important at all.

My heart's in the highlands, or somewhere;
My arteries yearn for the sea;
My soul has its eyes on
A purple horizon,
Where romance is waiting for me,
To free
My spirit from gloom and ennui.

The zephyrs sing soft in my whiskers
From off of a piebald plateau,
The wanderlust itches,
Let's hitch up our breeches,
And buy us some tickets and go,
What ho!
To the land where the daffodils grow.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Inlaying of the Linoleum

My wife has purchased some new linoleum.

Linoleum, it may be explained for the benefit of those who were born to the purple and the Persian rug, is a product of cork, burlap, linseed oil, and applied geometry, and is intended to be spread on the floor and mopped continuously. If you can believe the advertisements, linoleum also supplies the final touch of distinction to the halls and rooms of the stately residence, which is probably why you never see it there.

We make no secret of the fact that we use linoleum, even though we know that there are women who would cry for a week if they could not spread a conglomeration of poisonously colored rugs all over their house. We use it, for instance, in the dining room, because the baby or one of his next-of-kin upsets his refreshments on the floor not less than once a day. We use it in the kitchen, in the bathroom, and for patching our oldest son's pants. We are, in fact, one of the largest investors in linoleum acreage that the world has known.

There is no recriminatory bitterness in this narrative. It is simply an exposition of one way to buy linoleum, and the wrong way at that. There is nothing personal in the fact that the incident is ascribed to my wife; it might as well have happened to hundreds of other women, and probably has. One has only to say "linoleum remnant" in the average home to arouse the conscious blush and perhaps precipitate a family fracas.

There stops a truck at the gate. From it emerges a squat and swarthy gentleman, faintly reminiscent of Jerusalem, Dublin, Rome and garlic. Over his shoulder is a roll of linoleum. The door is opened to his confident knock, and the roll which is thrown skilfully across the threshold makes it impossible to shut the door. A torrent of words breaks enthusiastically from his lips, on the crest of which he rides irresistibly into the house. His remarks are in part as follows:

"Lady, you wanter see this here wonderful piece of genuine inlaid linoleum what will cover two floors, never wear out, last you a lifetime, beautify your happy home, and us practically giving it away less than it costs us just to advertise, and that's a fact what I'll swear to. We just done finishing the floors of Mr. Wanamaker's house — conservatory and music rooms both — with this same wonderful made-to-order pattern, and if Mr. Wanamaker wouldn't want the best linoleum in his house, why, who would, and that's what I want to know. This here is a remnant of that same linoleum. Lady, if Mr. Wanamaker saw me selling his own exclusive pattern of genuine inlaid linoleum, and two yards wide, mind you, to anybody in his own neighborhood, he wouldn't never forgive me, and that's why I'm here with it out in the country as you might say. Mind you, I ain't offering this here pattern to everybody; no sir — I mean, no ma'am — but I says to myself — there's a home what will appreciate our linoleum; there's a home what deserves a nice snappy remnant, two yards wide and big enough for two rooms, and which will last you a lifetime and me just giving it away.

"Lady, if you live to be a hundred you ain't never going to have an opportunity like this, and I can't hardly bring myself to tell you the price I'm going to offer you on this wonderful piece of floor covering for fear you'll think I'm joking like, but with an intelligent lady like you I'm just going to make a rock bottom price which you can't turn down if you're going to treat yourself right. I'm just about going to give you this here piece of linoleum because I can see that you've got the artistic nature which can appreciate it and I'd sooner give it to you than take a hundred dollars from somebody

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

what would think it's only a bit of floor covering and not something what will beautify your home. Look at it, ma'am — there's the makings of two big rugs, and all I'm asking is twenty dollars.

"Well, ma'am, if you ain't got twenty dollars, for the sake of these here beautiful children of yours I'm going to make the price eighteen dollars, and that's less than it cost me, and would make John Wanamaker cry, it would. Look, lady, I'll scrape it for you; see the quality of this linoleum goes right through to the back; stuff like this don't know how to wear out. You surely ain't going to let this opportunity go, and as a gift to the children I'll give it to you for fifteen dollars.

"Madam, I ain't going to let you live to repent for letting this chance get away from you. I've set my heart on your having this piece, and the price is twelve dollars, and that's what two yards of it would cost you down town. Think of it, ma'am; enough for both these here rooms, and for twelve dollars — for ten dollars.

"Ma'am, it ain't right; it ain't right to me, and it ain't right to you; it ain't right to the children. If it wasn't that I see how much you need this linoleum, and what a wonderful beautiful thing it's going to be for your home, I wouldn't spend my time talking about it to you. Smell it, ma'am; look at it; scrape it; give me eight dollars for it. All right ma'am. I'll take seven fifty."

WE HAVE laid the linoleum. We approached the job with misgivings, contemplating the problem of fitting it to corners and around doorways. We need not have worried. The piece sits disconsolately in the middle of the room, surrounded by wide strips of bare floor. It must have shrunk since it was last measured. We have had it three weeks and it has gone bald in spots; the pattern comes out in the wash, and we are now wondering what its end will be.

SILENCE IS REQUESTED

The man who sits silent at a noisy meeting will eventually be suspected of wisdom above the ordinary. Distinction will gather imperceptibly about him, and when all foolish things have been said it will appear that the most cogent comment of all must be hidden in him who has said nothing. If he speaks at last he may wreck this illusion, but at least he will be listened to.

SO THE silence of Charlie Chaplin amid the mad racket of the speaking films has been something portentous in its considered calm. He has said nothing while all his companions and competitors in celluloid have been saying everything. And though the greatest of all talking and singing films has been forty-seven times announced within the past six months, the name of the screen's greatest comedian and pantomimist has been attached to none of them.

But now the Sphinx has spoken. While he was about it, he has said something. Item, he has said that he will never participate in a talking picture. Item, he has said that his forthcoming film is silent as a sunset. Item, he has announced that he will incorporate, finance and forthwith equip himself to produce the biggest and best pictures of his career, and they will all be speechless. Doubtless he has heard somewhere that silence is golden, and proposes to prove it.

This is news, and very comforting to those who can not stomach the raucous barbarities lately practised in the name of drama. The silent screen story is not dead while one of its greatest interpreters will do it so much honor. It may yet fulfil its destiny, which was in danger of being talked to death. There will still be sanctuaries somewhere for the art of pantomime, a very ancient art which waited until the Twentieth Century for its ideal instrument.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is Chaplin's message to his times, and it clarifies not a little the confusion created by all the mechanical devils of today in the temples of the muses. It is the message of an artist and a gentleman, whose æsthetic sensibilities are at least as keen as his box-office instincts. It may mean that some of us can determine now whether we like the talking pictures or not, and why. It may compel a shade more honesty among producers and a shade more discrimination in the audience, both of which are desirable commodities.

THE movies, we maintain, were made to order for the art of pantomime. They gave it greater scope than it had ever known, they adorned it with settings of magnificence and significance, they freed it from every limitation of space and time. But they did not change its character nor much threaten its artistic integrity. The thing that mattered was the actor and his action, from the least lift of an eyebrow to the behavior of a crowd of ten thousand. There were subtitles, of course, as a somewhat noisome necessity, but the better the film the briefer were the captions. And at their best, the silent films demanded pure acting, or something approaching it.

Charles Chaplin did much in this direction with his genius, his medium, and its amazing opportunities. So did many others. The films were getting along very nicely when they were so suddenly interrupted by their own noisy voices. And since then, nobody has known what would come of them, except that their growing pains were terrible, and their artistic manners worse. Undoubtedly they will eventually achieve something so fine, so true and so artistically honest that our mechanical wisdom will be justified even of its noisiest offspring. But these bastard products of mismated arts, these incredible alloys of golden beauty and sordid themes, these emasculated dramas and overdressed vaudeville acts are far removed from so desirable an achievement.

THEY have tried everything, because the folk who fashion them know nothing about them except that the public is easily pleased. They have reduced Shakespeare to two dimensions and glorified the American girl in full colors. They have given melodrama a new absurdity and made passion ridiculous. They have revived every threadbare gag and every vulgar wisecrack, offering them as new goods to a public which has had too little theatrical experience to hold them accountable. They have imitated everything worthy of it and a great deal that isn't. They have borrowed or stolen every plot within reach. They have got away with it all because the mechanical marvel of the achievement is still great enough to prevent calm consideration of what it is worth. They have made the screen talk, and while this miracle is fresh nobody complains that it has so little to say.

There are many things correspondingly to the credit of the talkies, including the fact that their best seats cost something less than a full week's wages. They tell some excellent stories, even though we may have heard them before. They have broken the theatrical drought in the great American desert of the hinterlands, and absorbed a large share of the leisure which is a problem of this second industrial revolution of modern times. But they still don't know where they are going, and not even their best friends can tell them.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED